

# Transform: New Blood

## Chapter One

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure he’s been Transformed.” Chuck was grinning his half-smile as he watched the screen. Frazz sat next to him on the couch in the unusually large and undoubtedly very expensive Manhattan apartment of their friends Michael and Carlos, both of whom stood near the floor to ceiling windows that overlooked Central Park west. Another pair of naked men, Joseph and Bobby, stood at the back of the room holding beers in one hand and their hard cocks in the other. It was dark outside, and the 48” HD screen projected the light from the sunlit scene of pornographic perfection into the room, casting shadows across the four men’s naked muscular bodies.

The six of them had much in common, but chiefly it was the fact that each of them had been dramatically and fantastically altered at a genetic level. They were, for all intents and purposes, supermen, gifted with strength surpassing that of 20 or 30 ordinary men, with the muscular size and development to match. They were naked out of habit and partial necessity rather than circumstance, unused to draping their glorious and flawless bodies in anything except the silken flesh and forests of curls that carpeted their broad, heavy chests and dusted their arms, legs and ass cracks. Their bodies had been altered to such an extreme extent that the clothing designed for the average male body – or even designed for above average male bodies – could not contain the masses of muscle and the thick, long, nearly perpetually hard cocks throbbing hotly from between their legs.

Carlos had helped to develop the formula they had come to call Transform. He was a smooth-skinned Latino god with thick, wavy hair the color of dark coffee that fell across his shoulders and draped nearly to his toned, buffed ass. A gargantuan tube of meat sprouted from a shining black forest of curls at his groin, the only other hair on his body. He stood quietly with his arms folded against the mountains of his chest, his gold-colored eyes watching the others in the room.

Next to him, his partner Michael was an alabaster statue carved from pure masculinity. He had huge, fat nipples sitting at the lower edge of two round hemispheres of muscle that cast shadows across the rippled expanse of his tight belly. His face was achingly gorgeous, with long dark lashes that matched the blue-black of the shock of hair kept short and neat. He had small ears and high cheekbones, seemingly carved to perfectly match the piercing deep blue of his eyes. Of all the men there, he seemed the most exquisite example of perfect male development.

Chuck, on the other hand, was raw male power incarnate. From the close-cropped flat-top on his head to the mustache and goatee on his lip and chin to the deep, full forest of curls that flowed like water across the huge muscled mounds of his chest and swam into the deep chasms etched between every bulging muscle on his torso, his presence screamed masculine dominance. Only the perpetual smile on his lips and the playful gleam in his dark

brown gaze hinted that beneath this behemoth of brawn and power lurked the mind and soul of a jokester whose dearest wish would be to fuck the living daylights out of everyone he met.

The final two men in the room could hardly be called men at all, being lately turned 17 and 18 years of age. Joseph, or Joe, was the baby of the group, but no less powerfully muscled for it. His body, athletic and sleek, bulged with tightly suppressed energy and an obvious and copious sexual vigor. His face, too, seemed to be lit by a permanent smile, but one less lascivious and knowing than Chuck's. Joseph was like a puppy in wolf's clothing, seeking genuinely to please in any and every way that he could, and happily capable to do so thanks to the hyper-muscled body and ever-flowing balls at his constant disposal. But his appetites were never sated fully, and he was in almost constant motion in the room, his cock showing its constant state of readiness for any challenge put to it.

His friend and companion Joseph was only slightly older but worlds wiser. Bobby and his brother had both been changed, and they shared the wonder and excitement of their new lives and bodies with the same openness and acceptance that they had always known. Joseph had lived a somewhat more sheltered and certainly more hidden life before receiving the gift of Transform. His body was just as perfect, just as flawlessly beautiful and powerfully muscled as Bobby's, but his stance was one of stillness and waiting, his gaze one of need and desire. He recognized the man on the screen, though not literally. But he could have easily been that guy, alone in his room, getting off on getting off on himself.

They were all watching a particularly hot piece of male solo video action starring a man none of them knew, but with whom all of them, it was certain, had a connection. For the sheer physical size and beauty of the man, coupled with his unusual flexibility, obvious strength and size and the copious and nearly continual fountain of cum erupting from his very large, very thick, very long dick and fat, low-hanging balls were all mirrors of their own heightened sexual and physical capabilities.

The man was massive, there were no two ways about that. His face contained the same flawless properties that the six watchers owned, looking to be in his late teens or early 20's with a patch of whiskers below his lower lip and a smile that would make, as the Stones once sang, a dead man cum. As he moved, the muscles of his body flexed and bulged in a dance of such sexually charged meaning that it was a wonder the others weren't involuntarily pumping out fountains of cream from their own monstrous cocks. Mere weight-lifting could never have built the body before them. No one that young was that huge, even with steroids.

"You downloaded this?" Frazz's deep voice, issuing from somewhere inside the dark-skinned man's huge chest, nearly rattled the inch-thick window panes. Frazz, who happened to be Chuck's main squeeze, was sprawled across half the huge couch. The muscles of his body, clothed in skin so dark it was almost black, flexed and bulged like writhing animals. One large hand was slowly stroking the mammoth appendage leaking streams of pre-cum across his thigh while the other carelessly plucked at the peanut-size nub of his left nipple. His almond-shaped eyes sparkled like dark jewels and his perfect

teeth shone brightly against his dark, full lips. He was smiling in spite of himself. This was a clear breach of protocol, a Transformed man displaying himself so publicly and openly, but he was certainly enjoying the show.

Chuck sucked in a deep breath to still his own burgeoning desires. The man on the screen seemed to be looking directly at him, though he knew that this was filmed some days ago, possibly in the man's own bedroom, and he was looking into the lens of his own webcam as he brought his beautiful hand to his mouth and licked a shining trail of spit across his palm before reapplying it to the massive meat arcing proudly from between his legs. The head of his cock was swollen and shiny, probably hard enough to shove itself into a brick wall, and even though the quality of the video was far from pristine it was clear that the flow of pre-cum flowing from the eye of his beast was as full and unending as Frazz's.

The video was called "Self Suck Sam" and, sure, that was an interesting portion of the presentation, though hardly unique as things go. As 'Sam' leaned down to swallow himself – and it was an impressive undertaking, given the gargantuan size of his equipment and the seemingly unfettered manner in which he managed to welcome the thick hardness of himself into his own throat, the telltale portion of the video was perhaps obvious only to the four men watching it now and their counterparts around the world.

In comments accompanying the video post, most viewers underestimated the actual events taking place before their eyes, even if logically speaking it was completely ludicrous that anyone would take the time and effort and expense to digitally manipulate a homemade self-suck video – even one starring a man as obviously handsome and accomplished as Sam. But what seemed to be happening was clearly happening in front of their eyes.

Sam was growing. Quickly and powerfully, his body blossoming with muscle as his limbs stretched and his entire body expanded.

As he sucked himself, his shoulders swelled wider and his neck grew thicker and everything about him, from the muscles on his arms to the size of his feet, began to expand. Unfortunately for the viewer, as he sucked himself he evidently became so enamored of his own cock – and who could blame him? – that his hand or his foot or something slipped against the mouse or keyboard and the video ended abruptly before the final payoff. Even though a gushing flood of something white began to spill from his lips as his giant cock erupted, there was no money shot to be had. The audience was left to ponder in their own sweat-soaked fantasies what a cock of such size, beauty and capability looked like finally letting its fountain of cream fly. And how could a man's body be doing what his was apparently doing? How could muscles simply be growing bigger?

The men in the apartment knew at least one answer to that question, for it had happened to each of them. But the reason they were there was because there was also a connection between every man who had been Transformed, an unbroken and deeply personal connection linking them not only by their physical properties but also by a strong mental thread that allowed them all to be inside the heads of every other man who had been changed.

But there seemed to be no connection to this man at all. "No one recognizes him?" Michael's clear, deep voice carried musically through the silence.

There were shaking heads and Bobby said what they were all thinking. "Nope. But if I ever see him, I'm going to fuck his ever loving brains out. That is one sexy fucker."

Bobby asked, "Where did this come from?"

"YouTube, where else?"

"You Tube? What's that?"

Bobby rolled his eyes, "Jesus, Chuck, take your dick out of an ass once in a while and get online! YouTube? Dot Com? Biggest fucking video site on the web? I have a bunch of YouTubes on my MySpace blog and..."

"Blahg? My Space?" Chuck made a confused face and then started laughing. "Shit, Bobby, if you weren't so fucking beautiful I'd have to think twice about putting this dick near anyone's ass as gullible as you." He walked toward the moving image of the man's face staring back at them from the huge monitor as the video looped back. "And now it's gone?"

"Terms of service or some such nonsense. This is apparently considered pornographic."

"Well, it might be porno but it's hardly graphic. I mean, where's the sheep? Where's the fisting? Where's the double-ended dildo and the bacon grease?" Bobby suggested. He laughed softly and elbowed his young friend who was also laughing not so softly. The two had participated in more than a few pornographic acts, but never on film. They preferred their actions to be as real, sweaty, lustful and as dirty as possible. Neither one of them had a particular fondness for watching the play acting of two guys on a screen when they could be actually plugging a few firm, fine butts on their own.

Chuck nodded. "Well, clearly the fellow needs some lessons."

"You haven't even seen the most interesting part, yet."

"There's more?" Chuck sounded particularly interested. Frazz just chuckled.

Carlos lifted the remote and said, "I was trying to see if there was anything embedded in the stream that might clue us into his whereabouts, an IP address or a system signature... I'm not a computer technician on my own but thanks to the brain drain I don't have to be." Carlos was referring to the subtle but intrinsic mental link that each Transformed man with every other, allowing them access to the entire collected mass of information and memory of all the men in the brotherhood. It was like having a spigot inside one's head with a flow of information that went in and out, and it could be controlled completely to allow or restrain access when desired.

“So you found something?”

“I did.” He clicked the remote and the video streamed into life again. A snowstorm of static covered the image and it broke down into colored digital bytes now and again, but it wasn’t the image itself that Carlos wanted to provide. “This was buried in a cloud of seemingly random garbage data at the end of the video.”

The men gathered nearer to the badly rendered image and watched the man readjusting the camera and something on his desk after realizing that his broadcast had been interrupted. He pushed the stray locks of his dark brown hair from his sea green eyes and smiled into the camera again. He said something that didn’t come over, which may have been “Watch this” or “Match this,” and then leaned back in his chair, pulling his hands behind his head and relaxing back into his chair. The muscles of his arms bulged enormously, the biceps so large they nearly kissed his ears. His huge cock was still at attention, streaming a steady flood of pre-cum down its throbbing shaft and he merely sat and watched himself cumming the flow of clear honey for a heartbeat before he looked into the camera and smiled.

And that's when it happened.

## Chapter Two

He reached his hand forward toward the camera's lens, moving the tip of his finger closer and closer, blotting out the streaming video of his amazing and beautiful body until the screen went dark when he touched the camera.

A sudden shock of sexually charged erotic bliss shook each of the men to their toes. It was as if something passed through the screen and into their bodies, shoving itself deeply into the core of their immense sexual power. The shock was hot and cold at the same time, bathing them in an orgasmic tremor that grew in strength, larger and larger from within, shoving its way into their muscles and cocks until their balls tingled and writhed and their pricks swelled and lengthened, hot veins surging with blood to feed the sudden need their cocks held, their skin aflame and every thought in their head turned into ones of unbridled carnal lust and need.

They were all suddenly creaming hot loads of cum that fountained from their mammoth cocks and pumped from their swollen balls as if they had no control over themselves. Something had been released inside them, the feral beast of their unstoppable sexual power had been uncaged and they swelled with power and muscle and sex.

Then as quickly as it had begun, it was over. Breathing hard, giddy and coated with each other's creamy spunk, they looked again at the screen where the man sat back in his chair, his arms once again folded over his huge chest, that lock of auburn hair straying across his gaze again, and he winked at them.

Then the screen went black.

"What. The fuck. Was that?" Chuck had a look of dumbfounded lust on his face.

"And," chimed Joseph, "how can we get some more of it?"

"But... that's impossible."

"Yes, Frazz. And that's why we all just experienced it." Chuck rolled his eyes. "Impossible, huh? Who here can fly? Can I see a show of hands?"

"You know what I mean. If what I think just happened just happened, that's a physical impossibility! You can't manifest an involuntary bodily reaction like we just felt through a TV screen. The guy wasn't even in the room with us! Hell, the guy doesn't even exist as far as we're concerned! How could he do that?"

"There's only one way to find out."

“We need to find that guy,” Chuck said darkly. His voice was rumbling with lust.

“And you’re volunteering, I suppose,” remarked Frazz, who was licking the cream off his fingers, his neck muscles bulging as he swallowed the delivery of his own salty spunk. Bright splashes of cream stood out starkly on his dark skin before his body quickly absorbed the excess back into itself -- a Transformed man’s most potent and copious muscle food was never to be wasted.

An undiluted drop of the man’s super-charged spunk was enough to hurry any ordinary man down the road to physical perfection. It acted as both catalyst and fuel in the process, enriched with the distilled essence of Transform’s powers and refined and purified with hundreds if not thousands of other Transformed men’s hyper-masculine powers until its evolutionary strength was overwhelming and unstoppable.

It also, coincidentally, tasted great. Frazz felt the cleansing warmth of Transform invigorate and renew him. A Transformed man needed nothing more than his own unending tide of cum to live on, a happy circumstance brought about by its originally intended use as a method of manufacturing super soldiers who could endure and survive – in fact, thrive – with the most minimal of resources while they grew constantly stronger. But it was only from other men’s creamy richness that they could gain even more power and strength, whether that man had already been Transformed or not.

Chuck watched his lover and protégé – for it was Chuck who had personally Transformed Frazz so many months ago – with interest and jealousy. Of all the Transformed men and their hyperactive libidos, it was Chuck who seemed to possess the most hyperactive sexuality of all. The man dripped with masculinity and sex, it came off him in waves, it coated every inch of his massively muscled form, it looked out from his dark gaze and danced in his sideways smile. Michael may have been more beautiful, and Joseph more eager and energetic, but Chuck was an incarnated fuck machine. Every movement shouted sexual prowess and capability, from the shift of his hip to the rubbing of one fingertip against another. Even standing in a room filled with other men just like him, he would be the one that a sex-starved man would be drawn to like a feast.

“I assume there was a reason Michael asked us here, and I am nothing if not an eager disciple to continue spreading the gospel of our exclusive little church.” He moved across the softly carpeted floor and knelt down before Frazz’s thick hard-on, moving his mouth over the ample helmet and sucking the plum inside the warm wetness of his mouth, using his talented tongue to tease another rich flood of cream from his lover’s 16-inch tool. Frazz’s eyes rolled into his head as his body happily delivered another thick pump of cum, and then another, and another again, fucking Chuck’s handsome face.

Chuck grinned and pushed his mouth further down on Frazz’s fat pole and began to moan deeply, gripping the base of the black-skinned cock in his strong hand and rubbing Frazz’s shiny, bulging balls with his other. Frazz came again, shoving his cock so deeply into Chuck’s throat that it was a wonder that the man didn’t gag on it.

Instead, he simply moaned more deeply and with more satisfaction and enjoyed another fat pump of Frazz's unending load of hot, salty cream.

"Yes," Carlos answered, raising an eyebrow at the display. Dr. Carlos Martinez's current appearance belied his actual number of years on this Earth, and he sometimes still, even given his current status as a big-dicked Hulk of a fuck-pistoned man, found himself taken aback at the overt sexuality with which some others behaved. Still more brain than brown, even given the abundance of raw muscle his body was displaying, he had long ago learned to simply accept Chuck at his full-blooded self and not worry too much about him.

It didn't help matters that Chuck's sweet, tight hole was currently pointed directly at him and that Chuck seemed to know this inherently and was managing to sway his ass in such an alarmingly attractive manner that Carlos found his own prick rising to the occasion, even though he knew instinctively that he had utter control over every aspect of his physical being.

But it certainly felt nice.

"Er, if I may continue?" Chuck waved him on without exactly detaching from his current pursuit, and even if Carlos wasn't quite ready to go push himself into that warm, waiting ass, it did not apparently stop Bobby from practically flying across the room (which, on reflection, he may well have done) before releasing a flood of lubing pre-cum from his own ample cock and shoving himself deeply inside Chuck's talented butt hole, where the young man began to vigorously fuck his friend with a mastery learned from many, many, many hours of practice. Carlos watched the young man's supple buttocks bulge and flex as he fucked Chuck's ass before continuing. "The predicament is not exactly unforeseen. I'm sure we are all aware of the rate with which new members are joining the brotherhood?"

"Shit, yeah!" Joe answered, brightly. "It's exponential, right? When we were back on the island, what were there, like 140 guys? 150?"

"214, to be precise," Carlos corrected.

"And now I can feel, easily, three times that number. With more added every day. Every minute."

Michael nodded. "It is, as Carlos said, an entirely predictable dilemma. Just as Transform nourishes and protects us, it is also a very hungry master that demands constant feeding. We'll always find comfort in each other," he said, looking pointedly at the trio, "but it's only with the introduction of fresh meat, so to speak, that we can continue to evolve and grow stronger." His body seemed to swell with power as if echoing the words, the deep crevasses between the heavy mounds of muscle deepening slightly.

"So, what's the problem? So there are, like, 500 or 600 guys on the planet like us. In a sea of billions. Who's gonna care?" Joe walked over to the screen and stood in front of the frozen gaze of the gorgeous man staring back at him. "I mean, if everyone turns out like him,



what's to complain about?" He licked his lips as if anticipating his first encounter with Self Suck Sam and his massive meat.

"True, the danger has been minimized, and with Scott doing what he can in stealth mode to..."

"Scott what now?" Chuck's voice boomed out wetly, since Frazz was painting his face with another flood of cum. Bobby never slowed a beat.

"Scott Maddox has teamed up with certain other brothers..."

"That would be Wolf and Sherman," Carlos interjected.

"And they are attempting to foil our would-be captors from the inside out."

"The who did what?" Chuck sucked streams of cum off his full lips and arched his back against Bobby's vigorous fucks.

"You remember the U.S. military, Chuck? Annoying types? Scheming little bitches who tried to turn us all into mounds of useless blubber, like our friend Kevin was for a time?"

"Sort of. (Mmm, yeah, right there.) Wolf? (Jesus Fuck) Was that the guy with the big dick? (Oh my fucking God, Bobby, your cock feels fucking fine!)"

"Erm, yes. Anyway, they've gone undercover to infiltrate Main Office, though I, for one, am dubious of their success." Carlos folded his arms across his chest, though one finger was absently toying with a fat nipple cap.

"Why for?" Joseph asked the question as he was prying Bobby's legs apart to get his face in-between his friend's muscular butt cheeks before applying his long, wet tongue to Bobby's asshole to rim him into heaven's embrace. Which was quite a feat considering that Bobby never stopped fucking Chuck for a second.

"Well, none of us are exactly inconspicuous. Though the plan has merits, and of course both Scott and Sherman have extensive background knowledge of the facilities and organization – I'm just not sure such a rash action..."

"What's done is done," Michael stated with finality. "Unfortunately, though understandably, they have broken off contact via the brain drain with the brotherhood, so we are left to speculate and worry. The matter at hand," he said, gesturing once again at the gargantuan naked man on the screen slowly pleasuring himself, "is what concerns us now."

"And that's where we come in?"

"Among the brotherhood, you four have been the most active... recruiters. Chuck, of course, could have built an army of Transformed men all by himself." The man grunted proudly at

Michael's words. His mouth was full at the moment. "Though you two haven't exactly been slouching off." Joe slapped Bobby on his tight, muscular ass. Bobby never missed a fuck, but he did rub the reddening spot. "I'm sorry, but if you could just cease what you're doing for a minute? It's just a tad distracting carrying on a conversation with a four-way in action."

Joseph shoved his tongue inside Bobby's ass for one last good rimming before stepping aside. Bobby let out a little moan of disappointment as he unplugged from Chuck's well-worked hole. He had allowed his cock to grow to gigantic proportions so that he had more inches to be tightly gripped and expertly sucked by Chuck's magic ass, and it hung slightly lower than ninety degrees from his tightly muscled body, its sheer weight and mass pulled down by gravity. His 2-foot-long-plus prick was shiny and red, slick with lube and cum and pulsing with every heartbeat. He grabbed it in both hands and pointed it at Joe, letting loose a final volley of hot cream that splashed against the other boy's chest and abs before his body pulled it inside. Chuck ceased his loving oral devotion to Frazz's mammoth prick and stood up, his own cock hard as a rock and leaking profusely.

"Thank you. Now, then, where was I?"

"Something about an army," Chuck said, grinning.

"The army comes later. For now I only want you to find this one very talented recruit. As I said, the four of you represent our most successful and ardent recruiters, so at least one thing you have in common is a love for the public and a willingness if not eagerness to engage with them."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning we wanted someone who's comfortable being out among the unwashed, so to speak."

"How do you think he's doing it?"

Carlos scratched his chin. "Hard to say, of course. I could conjecture any number of possibilities, none of which are very feasible. We know that our augmented voices can make a man orgasm, he may be audibly imprinting a command on the video, although none of us heard his voice. I note, though, that the action of him physically touching the camera lens set off our collective reaction..."

"Set off? More like launched like a fucking rocket!"

"Isn't there an obvious answer to the question of why we can't hear him in here," Frazz said, tapping his clean-shaven noggin, "and why he seems able to do at least one thing we can't – not to mention the fact that he managed to do it to six men who, we all thought, couldn't be so easily manipulated in our carnal desires."

"In English, please? I'm beautiful, not brainy."

Frazz laughed softly. "Far from true, you delicious cocksucker," he rumbled to Chuck rubbing his head as he went back to sucking on Frazz's beautiful monster, "but what I mean to say is that maybe this is not a Transformed man. Maybe he is something... else."

"The thought had occurred to me," Carlos said.

"Which brings us back to... us. Why not just send out an A.P.B. to the brothers and see what turns up? We can go anywhere and do anything and..."

"No, we can't. I don't suppose it ever occurs to you that not everyone leads their life in an entirely naked and erect state. You must have realized that, although we are not bound by the larger problems that others may face on a daily basis – things like paying the rent and going to work and trying to find the next ass to fuck online – we are somewhat restricted in our day-to-day interactions with the larger population of the planet.

"Perhaps you have been Transformed to long to remember what it was like before, or to realize the impact just one of us would have if we left this apartment right now, went downstairs to Fifth Avenue and simply stood on the corner. And keep in mind we're not anywhere near full power. I'm talking just one prick, and standing a mere six-foot six-inches. Naked men are unusual, but this is, after all, New York. There's a guy in Times Square playing a guitar in his tightie whities right now getting his picture taken by a family of four from Ohio. We're a notch or two above that, just standing there."

Chuck clicked his tongue. "Come to think of it, it does get to be something of a hassle finding clothes all the time. I keep ripping through them accidentally. And God knows that this monster does not like to be caged up," he said, hefting his enormous dick. "Couldn't tell you how many zippers I've busted."

"Yeah, and then there's the whole driver's license thing! I mean, not that we need one, we can just hop a ride on the wind and be in Hawaii in a few hours. But..." Joe looked at Bobby. "Remember that time we went to that bar in... someplace? And we were just looking to have a good time, you know, fuck someone's ass, watch him sprout some heavy duty muscle, then invite him to fuck us. And we're hardly even getting started when the bartender's all up in our cases about 'how old are you?' and 'show me some ID' and shit like that. Stupid!"

"Yeah, lucky for him he was the first guy we fucked." He looked at Chuck. "You met him! Remember that guy Phil? Blonde hair? Butt like a pair of basketballs?"

"I'm not sure..."

"Phil! He lifted you up and planted your ass on his hard-on and started fucking you in mid-air?"

"I have a vague recollection."

"Anyway," Michael said loudly, "the point is valid. So what Carlos and I propose to do is to set you boys up with everything you need to pass in public."

"Pass?"

Frazz said, "It's like being in the closet, only we're from a much larger closet. I think he and Carlos want to dress us up to be presentable so we can walk among the mere mortals of this world and hunt down Self Suck Sam."

"Just so," Carlos agreed. "Michael has the financial means to keep you all outfitted and licensed, as it were, and we're hoping you can find out who this man is and..."

"Fuck someone's ass."

## Chapter Three

Scott Maddox was bored. The fact of it surprised even him, but the more he examined his feelings and the more he thought about his life as it had become, it was very hard not to keep walking into the same conclusion.

And this, to Maddox, was unacceptable. At first he wondered how he could possibly be bored. He considered what he was able to do now, and how much of it he could do, and how often and how satisfying it all was. He could fucking fly, for Chrissakes! He could fucking fuck until... well, until forever, it seemed. He had a constant hard-on, he could cum buckets over and over, he could seduce anyone he wanted to and could even make them cum without ever touching them.

He had everything he had ever wanted, and even some things he never dreamed possible, but still he was bored. And the reason for it was staring him in the face the whole time, but he didn't really want to look back at it because it felt... rude. He had been given all this, and it still wasn't enough?

He put a cap on these feelings and thoughts so that he didn't share them openly among his brothers. The shared mindlink, the "brain drain" as it was now popularly called, could instantly provide anyone else similarly Transformed with an exact printout of what was going on inside his head. But another advantage of the Transform process was that he had complete innate control over what he shared, just as he had complete innate control over every other aspect of himself. Size, muscularity, appearance, hair length and color, number of cocks, everything.

And that, in itself, was the key to his problem. Maddox thrived on challenge. It was his bread and butter. He was a competitor through and through. Every aspect of his former life was about winning. He needed to best someone else, but now he simply was the best. There was no more challenge left. Anything he wanted, he got. He was constantly succeeding in every effort because he was now perfect in every way. Obstacles were no longer obstacles. There wasn't a mountain he couldn't climb (or fly over) or an ocean he couldn't cross or a man he couldn't have.

Hell, even that iceberg of humanity Sherman Tipton was on his side now. And, if anything, that annoyed him even more.

He thought about that as he was fucking Tipton's perfect ass for the umpteenth time. Oh, God, it was amazing! Fucking another Transformed man was nothing short of the perfect sexual release and ultimate sensual pleasure. Everything about them – him, included – was built for pleasure and satisfaction. Their skin was silken, they smelled fantastic, their bodies could flex and twist into any position, they had two dicks, their asses could suck like a whore's mouth and if you didn't exactly like how they looked, they could change to accommodate you. Bigger? Stronger? Darker? Leaner? It didn't matter what you wanted, they were it.

And Tipton, for all his former officiousness and amazing dick-headed asshole demeanor, was now, maybe, the best fuck Maddox ever had. Assuming that he couldn't meet his own double and fuck himself, of course. Maybe it was the idea of fucking one's boss. Maybe it was the fantasy of being able to do this to the old Tipton, to ram his hot, hard, thick cock into Major Sherman Tipton's tight hole over and over. But whatever it was, Maddox was suddenly somewhere else.

"You're doing it again," Tipton said. His deep voice sent shivers through Maddox. He pushed himself inside Tipton's ass deeply and felt the man grab hold and send cascades of intense sexual joy through every inch of his prodigious cock.

"Yeah, I know. Sorry."

"Am I doing something wrong?" He knew he wasn't. He knew it was perfect. But Tipton asked anyway, because Maddox wasn't open to him in the mindlink.

"I'm... distracted."

"Again." Maddox could hear that familiar tone in his former boss's augmented voice. For all his change in appearance and demeanor, he was still Major Sherman Tipton – even if he now looked like a 21-year-old bodybuilder porn star with a cock big enough to choke a horse and a look in his clear, beautiful eyes of pure carnal lust. "What is your major malfunction, son?"

"You know I hate it when you call me that. A little too... Deliverance for my tastes."

"Sorry, old habits and all that." They were now disengaged from their former preoccupation and Tipton was lying on his back in the grass looking up at Scott. He folded his arms behind him, clasping his hands behind his neck and his biceps bulged nearly as large as his head. His perfect body gleamed with sweat, and his 10-pack swelled with every breath. He was hairless across his broad chest, and the caps of his fat nipples poked up like small cockheads. Maddox felt a familiar urge to pounce on the man and chew those rosy buds until he screamed and came across his back. He could feel his ever-present libido growling for more. "You want to talk about it, yet?"

Maddox shook his head. "Still unfocused," he lied. He kept the lid shut tight on his brain.

Tipton smiled. "You always did enjoy your little mysteries."

"Even if you always had tabs on me and knew what I was doing anyway."

Tipton sat up, leaning on one elbow. Maddox watched the muscles of his body stretch and bulge as he did so, marveling at the sheer beauty and power that screamed from every inch of the man. "I didn't get to be where I am... er, was, by being lazy."

Sherman reached down and started caressing his dick. It swelled and lengthened against his expert touch. He released a flow of the clear lubricating pre-cum, another advantage of being Transformed, to help his manipulations along. His cock grew redder and firmer, the head blooming wider and the shaft visibly thickening as the whole of it gleamed with lube. Fat veins fed it larger still. Maddox felt his own still-hard cock pulse in return. A heavy load of cum was bulging in his unsatisfied nutsack.

Sherman's eyes never left Maddox's as he jerked his impressive prick to full glory. He was pumping a stream of lube that coated his tool and drizzled to the lawn under his equally impressive ass, the scent of his sexuality was carried on the warm breezes to Scott's nostrils. Tipton's scent was like leather and wood and something else unique to the man that Scott couldn't place, but it shouted power and sex and bliss in equal measure. "You can join in at any time, Scott."

Maddox smiled in spite of himself. "Believe me, it's very hard not to, but I think neither one of us is going to be completely satisfied until I resolve a couple of things." A strong whiff of Tipton's sexy scent made Scott's cock throb. "It's hard to explain, other than to say..."

"I know. You just don't find me sexy anymore." Tipton sat forward and moved his mouth onto his own cock head, sucking the full helmet of it into his mouth. Scott watched his muscled neck flex as he swallowed thick pumps of sweet, salty pre-cum into his body. He drew his mouth away and sat back, wiping his mouth of the slick, shiny lube with the back of his free hand while his other continued slowly jerking himself off. "It's easy to understand."

"Yeah, that's it entirely. You're just not turning me on." Scott's cock easily called his bluff, plumping to full mast as he watched Tipton suck on his own dick. A thick stream of pre-cum flowed over the fat inches of his cock and coated his balls in warm honey. He wanted to kneel down and suck on Tipton's cock himself, taste the man's skin and swallow his salty pre-cum. It was almost a form of torture to deny himself what he knew would be another incredible round of good, old fashioned man fucking, but in the back of his mind that nagging irritation persisted.

"So you're not going to let me in?"

Maddox considered his options. While this wasn't the same Sherman Tipton he was used to dealing with, this also was. The body might look completely different, and he might want to fuck like a bunny and suck his own dick, but somewhere inside that luscious and muscular frame sat the brain of the man who knew more about the Transform Project than perhaps anyone else. That was both an advantage and a disadvantage to Maddox's own plans, even though they weren't quite solid in his own head. "Before I answer that question, I need to ask you one."

Sherman didn't stop manipulating his giant hard-on as he nodded. "Go ahead. I'm wide open – as you very well know."

Scott glanced toward Sherman's ass and sucked in a cooling breath before proceeding. "I'm thinking about going back in."

"Excellent! I'm ready, willing and able!" Tipton spread his legs, licked his fingers and shoved them into his hole, lubing up the hot, tight canal for Scott's fat dick to slide home.

"That's not exactly what I meant. But you knew that."

Sherman nodded, laughing slightly. He did not, however, remove his fingers from his butt hole. "I surmised as much. You're too much the soldier to give up so easily. Running from the island was a form of defeat, no matter what Michael and Carlos may think. Sure, we have absolute freedom..."

"So far as we know," Scott inserted, thinking at the same time that Sherman was having way too much fun on his own for the tone of this conversation, but he was used to that, too. These bodies were insatiable. There was no such thing as too much.

Tipton agreed with a nod. "So far as we know." He tilted his head slightly. A sucking sound came from his ass and he inserted a fourth finger. "You don't suspect that I'm still in with them, do you?"

Truthfully, he had considered it. And he said as much. "We can all hide as much as we want to from each other. I know more about you than you'd ever easily reveal, and vice versa. The past is the past. I'm interested in the future."

Sherman stopped short of fisting himself and relaxed back onto his elbows. His prick subsided slightly, growling limp though no less massive as it lay thickly across his slim hip. "You're proposing some sort of double agent assignment?"

"I'm not sure that's even possible. How much do they know?"

"Almost everything. The physical stuff, naturally. That's kind of hard to hide. A lot of the mental stuff, too. The mindspeech was known, but I don't recall there being anything about the link. They knew – we knew the guys could communicate non-verbally, but the deeper exchange of ideas, experiences, emotions and the like wasn't yet part of the package. They must know now that they can't use Demolish on us. It's ineffective, Transform is just too powerful. They must also realize that they really have no defense against us simply flooding the system of whomever they send against us with T and turning them into another over-muscled flying fuck machine."

"Women?"

Sherman shook his head. "We considered that, of course. But even so, what weapons would they use? Bullets don't penetrate, fire doesn't sear us, we're impervious because they built us that way. Perfect fighting machines."



"Only we don't fight."

"We fuck." Sherman grinned, licking his lips as he focused on Scott's own enormous cock. "Speaking of which..."

"Try to stay focused, Sherman." Sherman was intently focused. "On something other than my dick." Sherman sighed but brought his gaze back up. "Do you think they'll just leave us alone?"

"No fucking way. They're scared shitless of us. Scared we'll switch sides, scared we'll turn the world into muscled fag zombies intent on fucking the human race into obsolescence, scared of a hundred different possibilities let loose by this thing swimming through every cell in our bodies. Scared of what they do know, and scared more about what they don't." Sherman's gaze narrowed. "But this isn't all about that, is it? It's something else?"

Tipton did know his recruits very well. Maddox shrugged and nodded. "Truthfully, I'm bored. Not with the sex and the flying and all that, but... don't you find this all sort of... lacking? I mean, where's the challenge? Sure, endlessly fucking each other into sexual paradise has its advantages, and I enjoy watching some dude get Transformed as much as anyone else, but life is about more than that, at least it used to be."

"You're getting a little too existential for my tastes, Scott. I see your point, but I've been there and done that. I paid my dues. I was in the race and I ran a good one, and I don't really want to do much more than lay here naked in front of the most gorgeous man I've ever seen and, as you say, fuck each other into sexual paradise. I'm over the hill... well, not that you can tell by looking at me, but I'm content with this. I fucking love it!"

Scott sighed again. "I don't blame you."

"But you're not giving up."

"Am I stupid?"

"I called you plenty of things when we were both back there serving the country, but stupid was never one of them. I think what you're proposing probably has to be done by someone. And I can't think of anyone more qualified than you."

"So, you wanna come along?"

Sherman stood up and put his hand on Maddox's thickly muscled shoulder. "Of course! You'll just fuck it up without me guiding you, as usual." He was lying, and they both knew it. What wasn't he saying? "And I think I have an idea about someone else – the perfect man for this job." He placed his other hand on Scott's fat cock. "But how about one last good fuck before we leave?"

Scott started to object, but he couldn't speak another word with Sherman's lips pressed to his own.

## Chapter Four

Stefan gulped, his mouth was dry as he watched the man in his bed grow more powerfully erotic and overwhelmingly beautiful with each passing moment. He never dreamed that his fantasies would come true, that he'd witness what he was seeing now, as the man grew ever more muscular, his chest expanding and plumping, his abs popping and swelling, and his cock was just... unbelievable.

"Fuck," he said quietly, his senses overcome by what he saw. How was this possible? Yet there it was, there he was, lying across his cotton sheets, growing bigger. Stefan watched as thick veins sprouted along the man's fat cock and visibly pulsed, pumping the organ bigger and longer, shoving the ample head further up the man's developing body toward his enormous pecs. His nipples grew like ink stains at the swollen edge of muscle, the caps gaining mass and drooping from the sheer size of his twin globes of thick chest muscle.

Stefan looked at the man's face and saw a smile wind across his full, moist lips. His eyes burned with something like lustful desire or satisfaction, as if the act of growing ever more muscular on Stefan's bed was, of itself, sexually gratifying. A bubble of pre-cum erupted from his huge prick's dangling helmet and drizzled across his ever-growing landscape of bulging power.

Stefan wanted to move closer but felt held in place by what he was seeing. The man had promised he could do this, had drawn the wish from Stefan as they lay naked after one of the best rounds of ass-licking that Stefan had ever had the pleasure of experiencing. The man's tongue felt like some prehensile cock, hot and thick and wet, drilling inside him and pushing in deeper than almost any dick ever had. He'd felt it to his toes, that tongue practically shoved his load from his balls, shoving insistently against his prostate and driving him batshit in the process. His own cock had never felt so hard.

"What else do you like?" the man had purred, holding Stefan's naked form atop his own, surrounding his smaller body in those hard, bulging arms. "Muscle," Stefan had said, thinking he'd already met about the most beautiful and powerful man he was ever likely to. The man was bursting the seams of his clothing, had almost managed to literally tear his way out of his shirt with the mere flexing of his shoulders. "How much?" the man then asked, his voice a whisper in Stefan's ear, though the depth of that voice rumbled against Stefan's body with innate and restrained power. "As much as I can get," was his standard response.

"Be careful what you wish for," the man half-teased. "If I was wishing," he'd replied, "I'd wish..."

"What?" the man asked.

"I want to see a guy get big. To see his muscles grow. To watch him develop and get bigger and bigger."

“Would that get you off?”

Stefan rolled his eyes and moaned. “Stand up,” the man had instructed, “and watch.”

Wolf loved the taste of a man’s ass. He had just had his long, agile tongue buried deeply inside the warm, sweet butthole of a young man he’d picked up on the street – a young man who, it must be pointed out, really knew how to package his assets in a pair of G-Stars that accentuated the full roundness and perfection of his beautiful butt. Just seeing the lad walking down the avenue had Wolf’s cock pumped and primed, and all he wanted was to strip him naked and shove everything inside that ass.

It probably helped that Wolf looked the way he did. It was hard to disguise his intense beauty from the world, though he could morph his appearance at will and become any other man he chose. His body was another matter. There was only so much compacting that level of muscular development was willing to put up with, so while he could alter his looks there wasn’t much he could do to mask the fact that his body was overwhelmed with perfect, bulging muscle across every inch. So he would do what most other Transformed men did in public – appear as a young man in his late teens or early 20’s between 6’4” and 6’8” with a body that looked like it had spent the last 18 years in the gym doing nothing but working out and consuming protein bars.

Clothing was always an issue. It was impossible to find any that could actually fit his muscle-swollen frame, and he didn’t often spend much time shopping. The most common pastime for the brothers of the T was fucking – and making more brothers. So he, like the others, often wore cast-off clothing that not only didn’t fit, but often did more to accentuate than hide their impressive assets. Low-slung jeans bearing eruptions of dark curls above the waist, or giving away a taste of the deep, dark crevasse between their round, full butt cheeks. Shirts split open and torn apart by the flex and bulge of the muscles covering their backs and chests and arms. They looked like someone’s wet dream of rough trade hookers, primed for sex and hung like horses.

Now he was doing something else he enjoyed – showing off his impressive assets in a way he was mostly prevented from doing. He was growing bigger and bigger, allowing his huge muscles to expand, and feeling his cock swelling inch by inch as it crawled up his body and grew fatter and longer.

The link had all but erased his Russian accent, except when he was speaking as himself, whatever that meant anymore. Assuming another personality and appearance was so easy now that he sometimes wondered who he really was anymore.

As the network of Transformed men grew, and as more and more from all walks of life and all nationalities joined, the mass mind shared not only thoughts, visions, memories and emotions, but languages as well. Any of the Transformed men could switch immediately and fully into another man’s native tongue and speak it as if born to it. Yet another advantage that allowed them to blend into their surroundings.

He gazed up and over his growing body at the face of the young man he'd had the pleasure of eating out. He could still taste him, even now. It made his cock surge and tingle and a stream of pre-cum erupted. The boy sighed or moaned, some soft sound in the darkness. "Come here," Wolf instructed. His voice was tinted with the power of Transform. It entered the other man's head like a dick in his ass.

The boy moved slowly forward, mesmerized. Wolf stretched his swelling arms wide and beckoned the boy into his embrace. The young man moved onto the bed and moved one hand along the swelling muscular contours of his lover, his goggle-eyed gaze drinking in the metamorphosis happening beneath his touch. He moved his hand over the bulging collection of abdominals and felt their hardness beneath the man's soft, warm skin. He rested his hand atop the man's belly and felt the muscle expanding, felt the man's flash stretching to accommodate the burgeoning masses.

He felt something brushing against the edge of his hand and pulled his gaze upward to see the man's pectorals swelling so large that they were surmounting his small hand, building up layer after layer of muscled glory. Every cable of brawn, every fiber of strength was stretching and swelling and dividing. The man's perfect, suckable nipples swelled in unison, moving further down the globes of power as they grew.

The man's body was so warm and alive beneath his hand. He felt the man growing and breathing, watched his chest rise and fall, watched it rising like bread dough and growing wider and thicker. Was the warm, soft jungle of golden curls also growing thicker? It seemed so. He wanted to watch the fur spread like water over the hard-packed earth but he heard that voice again, a sound so deep and masculine and saturated with sex and power that he couldn't help but obey.

"Kiss me," he said. The words seemed to enter his body and strum him like a taught guitar string, the sound reverberating along his limbs and skin and ending at his own hard, hungry cock, vibrating up his hot shaft, pushing a fresh sweet gob of honey up its length until the sound found its outlet at the eye of his prick, emerging hot and wet and thick.

He leaned himself over the man, felt the man's arms surrounding him, felt the muscles lining his limbs swelling against him, felt himself pulled easily atop this colossal collection of everything good and hard and rough and ready and smelled the man's scent everywhere like a shower of heat against his skin. He smelled like air and sea and frozen mountains. He smelled like the earth and the sky. He smelled like a god should smell.

He looked into the man's ghostly gray eyes and felt himself falling into their depths, dizzy with desire and lust as the man's strength and size and continuing muscular growth now enveloped his body, he could feel the man's firm, heavy prick pressing against his leg like a fiery rod of marble, and the man's skin and fur so soft and warm. He leaned his lips to the man's open mouth and was suddenly overcome, as if the past few seconds had lasted hours, and now time was catching up to him and there was no more time to waste.

He kissed the man with hunger and animal lust, pushing his tongue inside the man's soft, wet warmth and feeling his tongue teasing him back. He shuddered in ecstatic bliss as a feeling of utter sexual gratification washed over him, he felt as if he was being plunged into a hot bath of orgasmic bliss. The man's embrace tightened as the kiss grew deeper, he felt the man's huge hand against the back of his head, as if the man wanted to eat him alive, to pull him entirely inside the kiss. He felt a surge of pre-cum erupt again, felt something stirring in his loins, something powerful and huge and growing stronger.

He felt his body heat suddenly, his skin was on fire and his muscles stretched tight and hard and everything changed in an instant. He was changed.

Wolf shoved a hard, sudden rush of Transform into the young man's body and experienced again the overwhelming pleasure that the act provided. It was another kind of orgasm for a Transformed man, this sharing of the power. The more he shared, the higher the reward in physical pleasure, in the sense of utter fulfillment and sexual release. He pulled Stefan closer, held him tighter still, shoved another thick dose of Transform into his body through the kiss and through his skin and with a sudden fat gush of cream from his prodigious cock and felt the boy's growth take off.

Stefan felt a hot flood of wetness against his groin and wondered for a moment if he'd cum, wondered if this level of sexual excitement had caused him to suddenly orgasm without intention, and as quickly as the feeling arrived it was gone again, as if the wealth of sticky sweet cream had been sucked back inside his body. A shock of something deep inside the core of his being shook him completely, as if his soul had been lit aflame and was now swelling with ecstasy.

Wolf smiled against the kiss. Stefan was growing quickly now, he could feel the muscles of his body inflating with power. His back expanded and his belly grow hard and rippled. He felt Stefan's body extending along his own, now, could feel the young man growing taller and thicker and wider as Transform sank into his every cell and began its miraculous process of masculine perfection. Stefan made a sound, a moan or a groan, something that passed through Wolf's body, too. Fuck, this guy could kiss!

Stefan felt hot and wild and powerful. He needed a dick in his mouth. He wanted to feel that heat and power and thickness against his tongue, shoving itself against his throat. He wanted to suck the head, let his spit run down the inches of Wolf's hugeness and stroke the shaft to orgasmic bliss. He moved himself down the body again, kissing and licking every inch as he moved, the scent of the man strong and spicy in his senses. He sat up, his legs straddling the man's huge muscular form and smiled. "You look good enough to eat," he joked, before he stuck his firm, round ass in the air and plunged his mouth down on Wolf's 14-inch tool.

Wolf loved this part, the part between foundation and realization. Stefan's body was changing rapidly now, growing more muscled and beautiful by the second. Transform was deeply in control and manifesting its power across the man's body. Wolf shoved his hard cock into Stefan's mouth and allowed himself to grow in unison, swelling massively, beyond

normal human dimensions, grabbing hold of Stefan's head sinking into the blowjob's essential and undeniable passion. He had another fat load swelling in his balls. They ached with it, wanted to release it like a tide, to flood the man's mouth and throat and body with hot cream.

He held back.

Stefan could not believe the hardness of Wolf's dick. Shit! It was a rock! The spongy head was the only pliable part and he sucked against it with intense pleasure, rewarded with a salty surge of pre-cum that drove him on for the ultimate reward. The man felt like he was still swelling against Stefan's grip, as if a cock could get any bigger than it already was! It raised his horniness to a new level and he felt like he was growing in unison, like his own body and prick were filling up from the inside with power and muscle, as if he was swelling with the essence of masculinity. His buttohole tingled with need, it wanted to be licked and sicked and stuffed with this iron-hard cock and fucked to heaven and back. His skin was slick with sweat and hot as hell. He had never felt so good in his life.

Wolf smiled as he allowed his balls to release the flood they held. He felt every millimeter of his creamy load as it rushed through his loins and erupted up the thick inches of his shaft and fountained from the wide piss slit into Stefan's mouth. He shoved his load from his body and felt the next one start to build, sinking into the orgasmic release while knowing he could do it again and again and again. Fuck it felt so good.

Stefan felt Wolf's cock swell and lengthen and instinct kicked in. He shoved his mouth down on the hot prick and swallowed his reward eagerly. It filled his mouth and tasted like the man smelled, a rich tang that filled his head and coated his teeth and tongue as he gulped it down. The man came and came, shooting fat torrents of cum from his huge dick and Stefan didn't miss a drop. He sucked until the man was dry and licked the man's hard cock clean and sat back, still holding Wolf's tall tool in his grip, squeezing it for every last drop.

Wolf leaned up on his elbows looking down his amazing body at Stefan. His belly rippled with power and the heavy globes of his chest rose and fell, stretching the muscle with every flex. "Ready?"

Stefan huffed a laugh from his nose, licking his lips of Wolf's delicious taste. "Ready for what?"

Wolf pulled himself toward Stefan, sitting up and applying his lips to the man's perfected mouth. He could taste himself on Stefan's tongue. He knew his own taste intimately. He looked at the improved countenance of his latest quarry, drinking in his forest-green eyes and the slightly askew nose, Slavic blood no doubt, and the shining blue-black hair falling across his smooth, pale forehead. He looked down at the man's new body, at his massive chest and those huge, fat nipples, dark as night against his porcelain skin, knowing how ultra sensitive they were now, how the merest brush of a fingertip against the luscious plump cap would send a quicksilver rush of sexual bliss strait to his enormous cock, throbbing with hot need between his muscled thighs.

He brought his gaze back up to the other man's clear, bright eyes and kissed him again before moving his mouth close to Stefan's ear and whispering, "Fuck me, Stefan. Fuck me with that huge cock of yours. Fill me up with your hot flood and make me scream."

Stefan's body shook with desire. "Okay," he said.



## Chapter Five

Chuck sat naked on a very plush, very comfortable chair in a large, mirrored room off the master bedroom in Michael and Carlos's apartment. A wide couch, dark gray with fat, soft pillows, sat to his right where Joseph, wearing only a pair of gray cotton boxer briefs and Bobby, wearing the smallest pair of briefs Chuck had ever seen – barely more than a pouch that sagged under the girth and heft of Bobby's massive meat and balls – were very passionately making out. A copious wet spot stained the crotch of Joe's underwear to a dark gray and Bobby's already challenges shorts were stretching as far as they could to accommodate his growing erection.

Chuck, as usual, wore nothing at all. As far as he was concerned, he was going to stay butt naked as long as possible before he was forced to cover an inch of his beauty in cloth.

Frazz stood on a low platform in front of him wearing a black jockstrap. At the moment, Frazz's butt was facing Chuck and he had to admit, if only to himself, that there was something decidedly sexy about a man's ass cupped in an athletic supporter, even an ass as perfect as his boyfriend's.

He absently rubbed his palm against the smooth, thin skin of his cock as he watched his lover getting measured by the oddest little man Chuck had ever encountered. He had to be 100 years old if he was a day, a stooped little leprechaun with fly-away wisps of snow white hair on his age-spotted head, glasses as thick as the bottom of a Coke bottle, fingers that looked as close to dried twigs as anything else and a back stooped by age or occupation, since this was, according to Michael, the best tailor on the island of Manhattan.

Chuck wondered absently what the man thought about these four gigantic gentlemen and their highly unusual measurements, which he jotted down in a little lined yellow pad. He stretched the tape along every curve and bulge and mass as if these amazing and unbelievable measurements were nothing out of the ordinary at all.

Chuck twisted his arm and bulged his right bicep into full glory – or as full as was allowed in his currently compressed physical state. He wondered how big it was as he looked back at Frazz's impressive upper arm, and he built a couple of extra inches of muscle mass into it just in case.

He caught Frazz watching him as he did it, and the dark man smirked and glanced down at his thigh while the man measured its circumference. "I better flex it, so you can make plenty of room." Chuck frowned as he watched Frazz's thigh swell to enormity, thick veins popping up along the masses of defined brawn, each muscle separating as it swelled.

The man allowed the tape to stretch without comment, merely marking another measurement on his pad before moving on. "Is this as tall as you plan on being?"

Frazz scowled. "Excuse me?"

"I need to take your inseam, sir. I just want to be sure that you're at your preferred height. Wouldn't want the cuff to ride too high."

"He's our tailor, Frazz," Michael explained as he entered the fitting area. "He's aware that we have certain undefined talents in this area."

Frazz raised an eyebrow curiously, but simply stated in his low rumble, "I think I'm adequately tall, thank you. This will do."

"Very good, sir," the man replied, as he stretched the tape from Frazz's heel to a point on his inner thigh at his crotch.

"Deft touch," he complimented. The man said nothing and simply marked the measurement and continued.

Chuck looked at Michael. He had to admit that the man looked good in a suit, particularly one so expertly tailored to his exact dimensions. "He does all your work and you've never..." He lifted his dick and pointed it at the man's bent body, wagging his monster in expression of intent.

"No. We've explained it to him, of course. Our measurements change sometimes rather drastically, depending on our mood. He's conjured up some rather interesting gear for Carlos and I – the man works wonders with leather. But he doesn't express an interest, so we just leave the offer on the table." He smiled slyly. "He likes to watch, though."

"I'd fuck him," Bobby volunteered. "I get off on watching old dudes bulge out and get all hot and horny."

The man might have cast a glance at the two young men in passionate embrace on the couch, or he may not have. He simply said, "Thank you, sir." As Frazz stepped off the platform, and he cast his wizened gaze at Chuck's naked form. "Would you care to be next?"

Chuck shrugged and rose to his full height, 6 feet 4 inches of solid muscular beauty. "You said he knows..." Michael nodded. Chuck smiled one of his sideways grins and was suddenly swelling out and up, growing more mass and gaining a couple more inches in height before he stepped upon the dais, the epitome of masculine sexuality. "Just wanted to put my best foot forward. So to speak."

"I'd say that's more than a foot, Chucker," Frazz commented with a leer at Chuck's substantial appendage.

The man was looking at Chuck's fat cock as well. It was almost hard not to. "Sir, if I may suggest?"

Chuck folded his arms across his chest. The muscle wrestled for room. "Yeah?"

The man touched Chuck's cock lightly with the eraser of his pencil. "This will make the trousers drape somewhat incorrectly. We could alleviate that somewhat with the correct under garments, but you don't strike me as the type of man who appreciates a pair of BVDs."

Chuck grunted, looking down at his colossus. "It's too big, is what you're saying."

"One would never wish to adversely comment on sir's appreciable gifts, and I can, of course, accommodate sir's natural assets if necessary. I am only advising you that such a, you'll pardon me for saying, preponderance of material will cause sir's trousers to... balloon."

"Balloon?"

"Even with three or four pleats, I'm afraid sir would be... uncomfortable."

"So, what you're saying is that my cock is too big."

"In a manner of speaking."

"How big would you suggest?"

The tailor, without hesitation, applied one end of his measuring tape to the root of Chuck's prick and extended it down its considerable length, peering through his thick spectacles at the number at the tip. "I should think if sir reduced his manhood to ten inches?"

Chuck leaned over slightly to see what the tape showed at present. "Man, you want me to lose five inches?"

The man smiled slimly. "Five and one-half. Only if sir wishes, of course."

"Say when," Chuck sighed, and his cock retreated up the tape until the man said, "Perfect, sir."

"Anything else I need to adjust?"

The man looked up across Chuck's formidable dimensions. "No, sir. I do beg your pardon." He looked at Michael. "My understanding was that sir's clothing should allow him to pass with more finesse among the general public. My suggestion in this area," he said, glancing back at the majestic beauty of Chuck's perfect cock, "is merely to alleviate some rather pointed attention, no pun intended."

Michael smiled. "Quite right, Jenkins. Chuck, we'll make you something you'll enjoy with all your inches if you prefer."

"I'm not wearing a stitch of clothing for a second longer than necessary." He looked at the tailor. "No offense."

"None taken sir. I quite understand."

Chuck leaned down and glanced at Frazz before he whispered. "Jenkins, lemme know if any of my measurements are smaller than that black dudes so I can, you know, make an adjustment here or there."

Jenkins smiled slimly. "Of course, sir, though if my eyes don't deceive me you have nothing at all to worry about." His smile grew slightly larger. "Let's make it twelve inches."

"I could kiss you."

"Plenty of time for that later. Now then, please raise your right arm?"

## Chapter 6

“Holy...”

“Shit...”

Derek turned around immediately when Cal and Murph unintentionally announced the arrival of the two most beautiful men he'd ever seen. The club was dark and the music was loud, but it felt as if they were some sort of black hole of sexual energy because every eye and every dick in the place was suddenly and irrevocable turned in their direction.

They were both huge, taller by a head than almost any other guy in the club. One dude was a swarthy golden god, with a sideways grin that was practically an aphrodisiac unto itself and the kind of face he wanted to be looking up into as he was sucking a cock. The other, standing right next to him, was a chocolate giant as smooth of skin as the other was furry. The bronzed guy was wearing nothing at all above the waist, and from Derek's view from the bar across the dance floor he already looked naked. Muscles bulged everywhere, huge and powerful and perfect, with full, heavy bellies of evident brawn stuffed under his tanned flesh. His nipples looked pre-licked, and as he laid his strong arm across his equally muscled companion's broad shoulders, it felt like he was releasing heat from his dark, furry pit even 30 feet away.

His friend was removing a stark, white wife beater, stripping the tight garment over his head and slapping it over a shoulder. Derek felt his hard-on grow painful as he watched the play of muscle moving beneath the dark skin as the bicep, pec and shoulders all wrestled for room. They were talking to each other and smiling, and then the white guy caught Derek's hungry stare and his smile grew positively immoral. “Fuck me,” he whispered, and as if the guy could hear him, he nodded and started to push his dark friend through the tangle of sweaty bodies directly toward him and his two friends.

“Holy...”

“You said that already, dumb ass. Just act cool, for Chissakes. If you blow this one...”

“You blow this one, I want to blow that one!”

Derek rolled his eyes. “My point exactly! Shut the fuck up and let me... hi! Hey, wussup?”

They were suddenly standing right next to him, and they were even bigger close up. That heat he had imagined seemed to increase, and he could smell them both now. The smell of a man, almost more than anything else, could drive Derek into a sexual frenzy. But he'd never encountered anything as arousing as the smell that filled his head now. “Nothing much, yet. Wussup with you dudes?”

His voice was a deep rumble that easily carried under the screaming diva currently exhorting everyone to please get down right now. Derek tried unsuccessfully from letting

his eyes wander over the man's body like a dog in heat, but he simply could not help it. Everywhere he looked on the man, he saw muscle, muscle and more muscle. He watched it flex and bulge with the man's every movement. His skin seemed to glow with a sheen of something like silk, and the dark jungle of curls coating his broad chest and thick arms lead his gaze on a quest south until he saw an eruption of pubic glory escaping the lowest pair of hip-hugging jeans on the planet. In addition to the fact that they seemed painted onto his skin, the waist rode so low that he swore he could see the thick root of the man's cock above the button fly.

Chuck could feel a surge of sexuality pumping through his body. He was surrounded by young, virile, libidinous men out looking for other young, virile, libidinous men to fuck and be fucked by. The room was practically bathed in testosterone and male hormones, it leaked out of the pores of the half-naked and mostly naked bodies that surrounded him. His own highly evolved sexuality swelled in response, making him a veritable hurricane of male energy that sucked up everything it passed and left the devastation of men in desperate lust with him behind.

Prior to entering the club, he'd used Frazz as a sounding board to see exactly how low and tight he could make the jeans he was wearing without necessarily requiring a visit from the vice squad. He could already feel the fly straining against the thickness and length of his cock where it arched above from his cum-swollen balls. An inch or two of asscrack peeked above the waistband in back and more than one finger found its way down that dark, hot tunnel as he wandered across the dancefloor, sampling the passage between the hard, muscular globes of his butt.

"How's this?" Chuck and Frazz stood in an alley a couple of blocks from the club. Chuck was shirtless, the mounds of muscle piled on his body thrown into stark relief by the street lamp on the corner. He was molding his body to conform to the jeans in order to show his assets to their best condition.

"You could be a little more ab-tastic. Don't go, y'know, insane on them but maube bring out that bottom pair a bit more... yeah, like that. That's good. Now get those twin pillars of muscle on the side to flare a bit. The... whatever they're called? These right here." Frazz ran his hands along his own pair of traverse abdominals and watches Chuck's swell around the prefect rows of his 8-pack. "Niiice. Okay, now get these worked up a little? These? No, these, here!" He reached over and rubbed on Chuck's obliques and watched the finger-thick muscles swell and separate. "Perfect."

"Of course," Chuck said with a smile. He clapped his hands together and rubbed them with anticipation. His chest muscles went into spasms of swollen flexing. "This is gonna be fun!"

"Remember the mission, Chuckster. Info first, fucking later."

Chuck wiggled his dark brow. "Of course! How the fur? Think I need a little more? A little less?"

Frazz considered the curls of dark hair that coated Chuck's bronzed skin. In the shadows of the alleyway, the man's dark swath of glistening curls, short and gleaming like gossamer threads against the vascular brawn, managed to make him look even more imposing and powerful, deepening the valleys between the globes of his chest and making the egg carton of abs pop hard. His two heavy nipples poked through the forest like invitations, fat little peanuts that practically begged to be tortured. "Like I said, you're perfect." He leaned in and pressed his soft, thick lips to Chuck's mouth and kissed him deeply. "Just keep the monsters at bay for a couple of hours and see if we get any leads before you unleash the beasts. How do I look?"

Frazz was wearing a pair of black leather lace-up pants that had more than a whiff of Frederick's of Hollywood or International Male, but he got off on the ironic sexuality of them. Just pulling the silly things up his legs made him think about Conan the Barbarian and his hordes of surly, musclebound fighting men all licking each other by the fire. He left the lacings undone so his own mammoth monster had some room in the tight cowskin, and his ass looked like two bowling balls in the snug seat. Nothing at all about his anatomical proportions was left to imagination in the pants, and with the removal of the stretchy white cotton tank top, it looked like he had been poured into those pants. The darkness of his skin and the darkness of the club made it difficult to see where he ended and the leather began.

"Good enough to eat."

Inside the club, Chuck pulled Frazz in tighter among the trio of smooth-skinned twinkies sipping fruity drinks at the bar. "I'm Chuck, and this is Frazz."

"Cool. I'm Derek, and this is Calvin and Stan, but everyone calls him Murph."

Chuck turned his dark gaze on him. "Everyone?"

He shrugged. "Yeah. Just started in high school. There were two other Stans and so they decided to call me Murph, since my last name's Murphy, and it kind of stuck, you know, because I never really corrected anybody or anything, so..."

"Tell me, Murph, when you're nervous, do you tend to talk a lot?"

"Yeah," Derek said with a scowl. "He does."

Frazz purred like a tiger. "What are you nervous about?" He reached down and rubbed his knuckles against Murph's insistent erection, pressing with urgent need against his G-Stars. "I'm not sure I want you more relaxed, though. This feels pretty good to me." His thumb found the head of Murph's cock and playfully polished it.

"That's nothing," Cal boasted, and he easily unbuckled his belt and pulled open his pants, unleashing a very thick, very long, very tasty looking piece of meat that bounced outward eagerly, its entire length throbbing with every beat of his young, excited heart. The head was red and wet, with a smear of pre-cum across the glossy flesh. The kid was extremely

hard. "I've got nine inches." Cal's freckled face smiled. He had a brush of red hair atop his head and the same color down below. Like his companions, his body was thin, but not frail, and he looked to be barely legal enough to be drinking.

Chuck raised an eyebrow as he looked down at the beauty. "So you have. That's very impressive, Calvin." He placed his hand on the erection and squeezed it in his rough grip, eliciting a gasp from the young initiate and a fresh gob of pre-cum from the piss slit. Chuck absently rubbed the helmet with the clear lube, running the pad of his thumb in small circles around and around. "And what about you, Derek? What have you got to offer?"

Derek smiled and pulled up his shirt, showing off a fatless torso with a surprisingly muscled belly. He was entirely hairless, save for a thin treasure trail emitting from his navel. It was of the same dark color as the tumble of soft waves on his head. He had the longest eyelashes surrounding his dark brown eyes that Chuck had ever seen.

Derek grabbed the hem of the shirt under his chin as he started undoing his own belt, but a hand appeared on his shoulder and the bartender shook his head. "Sorry," the man said, a gorgeous dark-eyed man with a shaven head and tattoos running down his well-trained arms. "Shirtless is okay. Underwear is okay. Cocks out? Not okay." He smiled as he said it. "Look, if it was up to me the six of us would be roughly fucking each other's asses right here on the bar, but the city of New York frowns on unlicensed nudity." He drew his hand away as Calvin stopped playing with his belt. "We just got busted the other night for a couple of randy little fuckers doing it in the back alley – and they weren't even in the club. So if you guys could just cool your engines until you get home, or at least get a half a block away?"

Chuck tucked Cal's stiffy back into his jeans – carefully -- and leaned toward the barman. "Apologies. No harm intended. And if you're serious about the rough fucking thing, I'd like to..."

"Chuck," Frazz warned. "Discipline."

Chuck rubbed his palm across his bulging basket. "I'm afraid my engines are always running hot." He offered his pre-cum-sticky hand to the bartender. "And who might you be?"

"Paul. Very happy to meet you." Paul's tattoos continued up his muscular arms and coated his lean torso with pictures of entwined roses, complete with bloody thorns, as well as an array of hunky sailors, swelling biceps, bubble butts and assorted muscular fantasies straight out of a Tom of Finland wet dream. He wore a blond goatee on his chin and his skin was as pale as milk. Two small pink nipples sat on his defined chest, and if Chuck had to think up a word for his build, it would be "sinewy." He was thin, true, but there was a lot of potential there to work with – not that it would matter much once Transform got hold of him. Chuck's cock swelled at the thought of watching Paul's slender body inflating with power. "What'll you have?"



Chuck glanced around, and said, "Looks like beer is the drink of choice around here. Just give me something tall and wet to suck on and I'll be happy. Same for my friend, Frazz, here." Frazz nodded and smiled, his teeth bright against his dark skin.

Derek was determined not to let the bartender undermine his position. "First time here? I think I'd remember someone like you."

"You're a regular then?" Paul set the beers on the bar. Neither Chuck nor Frazz reached for them.

"All three of us. We're here every weekend."

"At least," Cal chimed in. His pants were still hanging open, and his cock did not seem to want to comply with the bartender's pleadings. Murph was being uncharacteristically quiet, given the rate with which his heart was pumping and the sheen of sweat that had broken out across his forehead.

Chuck, hoping to pique the boy's interests, hung his heavy, hard arm across Murph's shoulders, a strong tang of his male scent issuing from the damp curls in his armpit. "What about you, Murph? Up for a little fun?" Chuck reached his other hand down to check out Murph's package.

"I'm always up for something! Just ask Derek! Last week? Like, we were in here, Derek an' Cal an' me, and we're like being all cool and shit, right? Looking pretty fucking fine, like we do? Right? And this dude comes up, he's all in my case sayin' like 'who's the pretty girl? Why'd you bring a girl in here?' and I'm like, 'Fuck you, asshole!' and then later, I did."

"Did what?"

"Fuck his asshole!" Murph grinned. He had long dirty blonde hair, past his shoulders, that likely brought the mystery man's remarks. His features were also delicate and feminine, but Murph was sporting a nice piece of meat in his drawers. Chuck's expert touch could tell that it was long and thin, with a slight upward bend that would be able to reach even the deepest prostate.

"Well, Frazz and I are here looking for someone in particular, and we were wondering if you dudes know anything at all about a vid that's been making the rounds on YouTube and XTube and so on."

"What, did some guy stick a pack of Mentos up his ass and perform a Diet Coke enema on himself?" All three of the young men laughed.

"Heard of Self Suck Sam?" Derek shook his head. Murph looked at Cal and Cal looked guilty about something. Chuck took the cue and looked at Cal, reaching his grip back into the guy's jeans and re-engaging his expert touch on his cock, coincidentally passing a flashing

promise of The Touch, just one of a Transformed man's impressive arsenal of sexual pleasures, along Cal's dick.

The Touch allowed Chuck's skin to become a conduit of increased sensual sensitivity with a mere thought and intention – an example of Transform working its sometimes subtle magic on another man's flesh where contact is made. The Touch can, when used at full force, cause another man to spontaneously and powerfully orgasm no matter where it is applied. Chuck was passing only a whisper of its power through his contact, but doing so on one of Cal's most sensitive tactile areas. He smoothly stroked Cal to iron hardness and the young man gasped and felt his knees buckle when the wave hit. "Something on your mind, Cal?"

"Cal can suck his own dick," Murph replied, helpfully. "Yeah! And it's not like you sometimes see, you know, where the guy is like kissing the tip or licking it or whatever. Cal can fully blow himself! Like, all the way! Totally cums in his own mouth! It's awesome!"

"Really, Cal?" The young man nodded once. Chuck was still manipulating the tool in question and was slowly increasing the amount of The Touch he was applying with his slow, steady strokes. "The whole thing?" Cal nodded again, going slightly up on his toes when Chuck squeezed the shaft to emphasize his question. "I'd love to see that firsthand – and I might be able to teach you a new trick or two if you're interested." He brought up his free arm and bent it at the elbow. The entire limb exploded with muscle, the bicep swelling massively before the head split in two. His shoulder built upon itself with cables of power and his chest rose and hardened, lifting his nipple to mouth-sucking glory. Fat veins traversed the hard brawn and another heavy whiff of Chuck's unique and vigorous man scent showered the group. "Would you like that, Cal? Would that interest you at all?"

Cal swallowed hard and nodded again. Murph chimed in, "Whoa," as he peeked over Chuck's peak, and Derek was literally speechless. Cal finally found his voice again, staring at Chuck's monster of a bicep. "Wha... what sort of tricks?"

Chuck grinned. "This one, for starters." Chuck lowered his arm and wound it around Cal's slight frame. Then he leaned his head down, pulling Cal's lips to his own, and granted the guy one of his patented, never-fails, swoontastic full-on lip locks.

Chuck was good at many things. Chuck had thousands of hours of naked practice coupling with the most sexually attuned and morally capricious group of men on the planet. Chuck had intimate knowledge of where to touch a man, what to do with his body, and how to share pleasure in literally millions of ways. There was no orifice he hadn't explored, no millimeter of skin he hadn't touched, licked or stroked, and no ideas about what was right or wrong when it came to sexually pleasing himself and whomever he happened to be with.

Of all the things Chuck was good at, he considered himself a master of the kiss. Kissing was, in his mind, the most perfect introduction between any two people, and how he kissed – the depth of it and the passion, the use of lips and tongue and teeth, the accompanying body-to-body contact, where his hands were and what they were doing, his breathing, his need, his lust -- was perhaps more important to him than any other act.

Chuck was good at many things. Chuck was very, very good at kissing.

He never meant to cheat, and maybe it wasn't cheating if all he was using was his body's own capabilities. After all, wasn't that what anyone did? And could he help it if his body's particular capabilities were so... robust? Cal was surrounded by Chuck's intense muscular power and overwhelming sexual energy. His scent, the feel of his skin, the hardness of his muscles, the size of him and the feel of him was everywhere. And it felt, suddenly, as if that well of sexual intensity, that irresistible, overpowering, awe-inspiring supply of masculine sexual energy was focused down into that single kiss.

Frazz folded his arms across his chest and watched his lover win again. He wasn't sure he'd call it a trick, though. He'd been there many times, and even as a Transformed man himself, he had to admit that Chuck's kiss, when he put himself fully into it, was probably better than a Hoover on your cock or the best fuck you ever had. The man was just amazing.

The effect on the others may not have been as powerful as it was for Cal, but it was clear to them that something amazing was happening, and they frankly wanted in on it. Even Paul, the bartender, was stopped dead in his tracks watching the two men in lip-locked perfection.

Cal wanted to cum so badly and so hard. He wanted to shove the biggest load of hot cream from his dick, it wasn't even funny. He didn't understand how it was happening or what was happening to him, but Chuck's kiss was the best sex he'd ever had. His whole body pulsed with pleasure, he was lost in bliss, he was drowning in sex. He wanted to cum, Jesus God but he wanted to cum.

Chuck could feel Cal's body's desire to release the pent-up sexual energy he continued pumping into it through the kiss. Cal's fat, throbbing cock told him all he needed to know. He recognized that need, it was the same one he lived with constantly. He, however, was capable of relieving that need in multiple ways. This kiss, for example. Or swelling his muscles into sharp, powerful relief. His body was built for pleasure and delivered it endlessly. And some lucky few individuals got to share a piece of that immense source when they were with him, just like now. He knew what Cal felt, because he was feeling it too. Times a thousand.

Chuck pulled his lips away and said, "Oh. And one more thing." Then he kneeled down, pulled Cal's hard prick into his warm, wet mouth, and sucked the boy dry.

## Chapter Seven

It was raining in Seattle, that was hardly unusual. What was unusual was the sight of two human forms who seemed to be swimming or diving through the dark skies overhead without the aid or protection of wings or engine or, indeed, clothing. Scott Maddox was following Sherman Tipton through the quick and wet funnels of wind with ease, although the man was moving at close to 200 miles per hour. The storm helped, of course. In a calm sky, it would have been a challenge to approach half that speed, though using gravity's pull and one's own immense muscular power enabled a member of the Brotherhood to speed their magnificent naked bodies at a rate far faster than the other sky dwelling creatures.

Who said feathers were an advantage?

The storm was gathering energy from the north and shoving curtains of rain down the northwestern coast. Scott gloried in the sensation of the wind and rain caressing his skin. His golden mane of hair cascaded along his back and whipped his flesh in an agreeable fashion, and the roar of the wind in his ears drowned out any other sound like white noise, easing his mind into a calm contemplation.

He saw Tipton bend himself into a V, then dive toward the city lights shrouded in haze below them. Scott paused in midair, allowing the currents to hold him aloft, using his arms to lift himself on the vast weight of air that surrounded the planet. He moved his head back and stretched his muscled neck and breathed in the clean, clear, cold storm before arching over and following the older man downward.

Maddox loved to fly. He always had, but nothing could compare to this feeling of absolute freedom. He had no clothing against his skin, no shell of metal surrounding him, no need to grasp a wheel or push a pedal or do anything more than be who he was and use his heightened senses and acute awareness of the environment to simply fly naked through the clouds. Everything else about being Transformed was phenomenal, to be sure, but this... this was fucking miraculous.

The cityscape was coming up fast now as he dove through the dark clouds and heavy rain. The water streaked along his skin, like fingers caressing his back and ass and legs. ::Careful Scott,:: Tipton said inside the mind connection, ::you don't want to overshoot the building::

Maddox grinned. He was a hot shit pilot. He knew exactly what he was doing.

The city swelled up at him with its towers and dark streets and he reached forward as he slowed, keeping his eye on the flagpole that sat atop the structure in question. He gauged the distance, felt the winds buck and coil, used his immense power with finesse and grabbed onto the thick steel pole with one hand as he twisted his body around and planted his feet against the metal, spinning about for three revolutions before stopping, perched sideways on the pole 100 feet above the roof, breathing fast with exhilaration and excitement.

He looked down to see Tipton standing on the roof looking back up at him. He grinned and doffed a mock salute before sliding down the cold, slick surface and lighting easily to his feet. The rain was splattering into puddles and ponds and the wind was pushing it into curtains. Tipton clicked his tongue and shook his head. "You ever going to grow up?"

Maddox shrugged. "Doubtful." He held his hands out to the downpour and allowed the water to wash off the flagpole's filth. "What's he doing here, anyway?"

"You object to coming?"

"Hell, no! Any excuse to go flying is an excuse I'll take in a second. I was just wondering why he was here. Last I heard, he was with those men of his and they were somewhere in Eastern Europe."

"Wolf is still close to his men. An admirable loyalty." Maddox thought he heard an accusation in the tone, but he discarded the notion as quickly as it occurred to him.

Tipton looked at the man who used to be his underling, a man who would do his bidding time and time again, a man who, he knew, had hated his guts. Now, all Tipton wanted to do was fuck the guy's perfect ass forever.

It was almost unfair – oh, hell, it was unfair. Maddox was beyond beautiful. Transform had taken what was already one handsome hunk of prime man meat and sculpted him into something so far beyond the term 'masculine perfection' that it was sometimes hard to believe it even when he was standing three feet away from him, like now.

The essence of Scott Maddox hadn't changed very much at all. Inside that head, the man's brain was as sharp, clear and damnably single-minded as ever. He'd call him egotistical or arrogant except those words only applied to people who couldn't walk the walk, and Maddox could not only walk, he could run. Hell, the man could fly!

Even now, with a storm raging around him and torrents of rain pouring down, splashing across those muscular contours, the man was magnificent. From one angle, he could be all virile power and male distillate, dripping with testosterone and carved from granite. A turn of the head, a shift of the body and all that hard muscular glory was suddenly somehow nothing but pure sexual animal attraction, every inch primed to start fucking you so good you'd think you'd died and gone to heaven.

Scott reached up to push a wealth of sodden locks from his flawless countenance, lifting his face into the rain and allowing it to bathe his beauty and make his warm, soft skin glisten. How he did that, Tipton had no idea. Was he glowing from within? Did he make his own light? It didn't seem all that far-fetched. His arms bulged with brawn. Cascades of water flowed across the glorious expanse of his mammoth chest, down and between the hard cobblestones of his abdominals and swam across the fat, firm length of his colossal and astounding cock. Fuck, but he wanted it inside him.

“What are you looking at?” Scott’s amused tone told Tipton that the question was partly facetious and partly superfluous. What was Sherman always looking at lately? It was like Scott was a drug and Sherman was a hopeless addict. Not that he wanted a cure at all, all he wanted was more.

‘How did I end up with this guy?’ Maddox wondered, watching the refortified Major Sherman Tipton eating him alive with his gaze. He had to admit that the new, improved version of his ex-boss was leagues better than he’d ever been before, and he also had to admit that if he was Sherman Tipton, he’d probably be eating himself alive as well – Scott knew he looked good, but he had not been enjoying the view himself. Mirrors were a low priority lately, no matter how much Maddox liked himself.

He wished, though, that Tipton could settle on just one countenance. He had taken on the maddening habit of altering his physical appearance at almost every turn, as if he were trying out clothes to see what looked best. Not only his skin tone and general build, but his facial features could change from day to day, if not hour to hour. Maddox wondered, idly, if the reasons for this constant metamorphosis were a general lack of self awareness or a need to be constantly improving himself.

It was hard to remember exactly what Tipton looked like. Scott remembered fur and lots of it. He recalled watching the old man’s wrinkles being smoothed over as he developed and he remembered his initial attraction to the man was a marriage of lust and revenge, the feeling that all the ‘fuck you’s’ inside him could be made literal, and that they’d both benefit from the results.

It may have been weird watching the man’s metamorphoses, but he was nothing but happy with the man’s sexual performance. He was insatiable, and a fucking good lay to boot. It was as if a switch had been thrown inside Tipton’s head and the years of pent-up sexual energy and voyeurism were being unleashed in an extended orgasmic fuckfest of mind-bending proportions. If they never slept again, Maddox figured they’d be coupled constantly, engaged in carnal acts of such intensity and length and debauchery that entire novels could be written about them and the only action for thousands of pages would be the varied and lengthy bouts of naked sexual release. Tipton’s needs and abilities matched up to Maddox’s own, and he felt lucky that he had the wealth of sexual knowledge his years of experimentation and experience provided or else he was worried the man might become bored.

Now if he could only get him to stop changing. Currently, Tipton looked a little young for Maddox’s tastes. The dude was a twink in a bodybuilder’s physique, with a gorgeous face that looked like it couldn’t push out a whisker on a dare, and a hairless, flawless body with a perfection of form that seemed almost unnatural. Going from his former elderly form to this was probably not hard to understand, and Maddox certainly couldn’t fault him for his taste, because even if he looked like little more than a boy, he was certainly the most beautiful and well-built boy the world had ever seen. Still, Maddox liked his men to be men, and he hoped

inwardly that Tipton would come to some finality in his appearance and hopefully one more closely resembling furry monster of a muscle hunk he had first manifested as.

“We’re just going to wait?”

Tipton nodded. “Unless you wanted to help him out with his current preoccupation.” Maddox opened himself to the link and allowed Wolf’s mind connection into his own, suddenly seeing and feeling and experiencing the other man’s current Transformation of a young dude named Stefan. He was in mid-metamorphosis, already huge by any standards but growing bigger and more powerful by the second.

Maddox’s body responded to the encounter by releasing a flow of pre-cum and a heavy dose of manscent into the storm’s wind. Transform was a powerful drive, and it was easy to succumb to its thirst. He felt momentarily as if he was Transforming the young man himself, feeling his own ass penetrated by the man’s developing cocks, felt that man’s soft and hungry lips on his own mouth, the weight of the man’s growing muscle pressing against his body, the man’s hands on his skin, the man’s cum pumping hot inside him. “Looks like he’s managing fine without our help for the time being. I’m sure that if he needs our aid, he’ll let us know.”

Wolf was broadcasting his encounter on an open channel, or something like that. It was hard not to think of the mindlink like a television broadcast, only it was for all five senses. He always tried to leave himself open for his brothers. After being alone for so long and cut off from his sexuality, he wanted to experience it all as fully as possible, and that meant allowing the brain drain to be plugged in almost 24/7.

The practice was like experiencing sex from multiple angles, as if he could observe and participate at the same time. It magnified the pleasure for him, intensified the sensations and emotions because he was not only in the moment himself, but was allowed to feel what the observers were feeling and doing at the same time, gaining from their multiple perspectives and enjoying every ounce of pleasure to be derived from his actions.

Some others engaged in his actions were simultaneously engaged in their own. Still others were at rest or traveling or going about the business of living a Transformed man’s life, which consisted mainly of physical pleasure in its myriad forms and sharing that pleasure with as many others as possible. The open channel was a fat pipe of sex that ran constantly, feeding an unending and copious flood of bliss.

Wolf felt Maddox join the network. He was very familiar with Scott’s unique masculine energy. It was the same as the others’ and at the same time it was completely different. Scott’s well of pleasure, from both the giving and the receiving ends, was absolute and infinite in its scope and depth. Others touched that quantity of sexual perfection, some few even surpassed it – chiefly the ones born early to the transformation, Todd and Michael and, particularly, Chuck – but when Scott Maddox joined the connection, it was like a new star

shone in the heavens. He whispered a welcome to him and felt his pleasure in return, magnifying the actions he was already enjoying.

Wolf looked back up at the man he was changing, watching him with the eyes of a hundred men all experiencing the Transformation. He felt his cock swell and tingle and another thick wealth of cum erupted across his own muscled form and splattered across the sweat-slickened skin of the man fucking his ass. The cream splashed hotly across his flesh and fed the growth of the man above him. Stefan's cock pushed in deeper, harder and faster.

Maddox sighed and stroked his own cock. He could feel Stefan's prick inside his tight hole, his skin was warmed by Wolf's gushing flood. It never ceased to amaze and please him, this connection. He felt Tipton inside the brain drain as well, sensing his unspoken curiosity coloring the unique sensation of the man inside the network. He could feel every other man in there, their emotions, their physicality and power. What they tasted and touched and saw and smelled. It was overwhelming and comforting at the same time.

He looked at Sherman and wrinkled his brow. "I was only wondering why you shut yourself off so often from this," he said aloud. "One would think that you were used to being observed, at least by yours truly, and the mindlink offers so many opportunities for pleasure and experience."

He shrugged his giant shoulders. "Habit, I suppose. It's always there, available for me, and I understand the benefits very well." He closed his eyes for a moment and let the combined concurrent sexual activities of a couple dozen Transform-enhanced men wash over him, feeling every thrust, every orgasm, every gushing pump of cum, the skin beneath his hands, the muscle growing harder and thicker, the rush of sexual bliss throbbing in abundance and fulfilling him utterly. He sighed and rubbed his thumb across the tip of his own hard cock and erupted with a sudden flood of hot cream that coated his hand and dripped over his fat balls and down his muscled legs.

He opened his eyes and brought his hand to his mouth and sucked it clean of his cum, swallowing the powerful fuel and feeling it warm his gut. "Sometimes I just want to be alone with my own thoughts."

Sherman rolled his eyes. "Whatever." He turned the majority of his attention back at the action in the room below their feet and felt the building shake slightly as the now fully-Transformed Stefan stretched out his arms and pushed against the brick walls. "My, my, he's a big one!"

"We're all big ones, Sherman." But Maddox had to agree. As Transform grew ever more powerful in its ability to develop a man beyond human potential, the men it was creating were also growing ever more powerful. Stefan was a monster of a man, his frame so loaded with bulging brawn that each movement caused fat ripples of muscle to form and recede. His face had taken on an aching masculine beauty, with full, moist lips and a shadow of whiskers across his strong chin. His eyes were a dark blue, nearly violet in color, and he owned a cock that would choke – well, almost anything. His balls roiled with his full load of



creamy cum and a stream of lubing pre-cum was pouring from the tip like honey. Maddox called to Wolf and told the man to get his perfect butt up on the roof and bring his new massive friend with him. Wolf signaled the unvoiced equivalent of 'hold your fucking horses, I have a cock that needs sucking' and Scott and Sherman both laughed as the storm threw a fresh tantrum and lashed their powerful bodies with torrents of rain.

Shortly, the roof door swung open and two huge naked men stepped out into the blustery night. As if the heavens themselves were heeding the emergence of a new God, lightning flashed overhead and a peel of thunder rocked the building when Stefan emerged.

A bright smile lit his face, causing dimples in his cheeks and a cleft in his chin to deepen. His eyes looked dark in the dim evening light and the masses of muscle that now swelled from every inch of his augmented height were thrown into sharp relief, adding to their abundant size. Two fat nipples jutted like butt plugs at the edge of the heavy masses of brawn hanging off his chest, and the thick forest of dark hair was plastered against his olive skin by the rain. Both cocks – his original and extraordinarily enlarged original model accompanied by the twin secondary prick with which all Transformed men were gifted – hung thickly between the wedges of muscle that bulged on his thighs like cobras hungry for their next meal, and the V-taper of his torso was dramatically emphasized when another lightning strike threw his figure into silhouette. He had dark hair, black in the rain, that cascaded across his shoulders and reached for the twin perfect globes of his ass, high and proud and round as bubbles. He was already shrunk down to a more manageable height than a fully enlarged Transform man, standing now somewhere between 6' 6" and 6' 8" high.

"Gentlemen," Wolf announced proudly, "this is Stefan. Stefan, may I present my good friends and my brothers Scott and Sherman."

Tipton approached the new recruit and wrapped his body in his muscled arms, pulling the young man into a bear hug before planting a deep kiss on his mouth. Maddox knew that there had to be a good 50 years difference in ages between the two men, but Sherman's present appearance made him look like a teenager next to Stefan's furry ruggedness.

Stefan reached down and cupped Tipton's ass in his grip and squeezed the other man's ass, rubbing his fingers on the lips of Sherman's warm hole. Wolf looked at Maddox and wiggled an eyebrow and Scott smiled. It was clear why Wolf was enamored of this one.

Then Stefan broke from Sherman's kiss and approached Scott, dropping to his knees before the man's utter beauty and sucking his half-hard cock into his mouth. Maddox was surprised and pulled in a deep cooling breath of air when Stefan immediately applied a full dose of The Touch to his cocksucking expertise, sucking on Scott's massive meat with apparent proficiency and obvious practice. Scott obliged him with a flood of hot cream from his overflowing balls, which the other man swallowed with eagerness and evident joy. "Pleased to meet you," he said.

Stefan removed Scott's cock from his mouth with an audible 'pop' – sucking until the very last moment -- and smiled up at him, regaining his feet easily and planting a kiss on Scott's

mouth that contained more than a little of his own warm cream. Their tongues wrestled and caressed each other and Scott could feel Stefan's compressed body swell slightly against his before the newest Transformed man looked into his eyes and said, "Fuck me, but you're gorgeous."

"Likewise, I'm sure," Scott responded. He threw an arm over the other man's shoulders and turned them both toward the rest of the quartet, looking at Wolf to see if there was any jealousy there. And of course, there wasn't. There was always enough to go around among the brotherhood.

"So," Wolf asked, "what brings you boys to this neck of the woods?"

Wolf's Russian accent tended to come and go. Currently it was there in his deep tones, thick and sexy. Scott said, "A proposition."

"Yes?"

"Yes." He looked at Sherman, who nodded once in agreement. "We're going back in."

"Yes?" he repeated, but the inflection was completely different. Now, he was truly interested. A thin smile crossed his lips and his eyes narrowed slightly. Rain funneled down his chiseled features and another sudden shock of lightning lit the sky overhead. "When do we leave?"

"Immediately," Sherman interjected. He cast a meaningful glance at Stefan's beautiful naked form and then looked back at Wolf, who sighed and nodded.

"Stefan, you will be all right?"

"Where are you going?"

"I need to help my brothers do something important."

"Can I come?"

Wolf kissed his mouth. "No, Stefan. You have many unique and... amazing talents. But some experiences can not be so easily taught, no matter how close a connection may be." He moved his hand down the other man's collection of hard brawn. "You will be all right?"

He nodded, but he did not look happy. "I'll find the others."

"Good. They will not be hard to find." He tapped the young man's temple with a finger and smiled. "I will see you again soon, Stefan."

"Okay," he said. His deep voice sounded sad.

Wolf turned to Scott and Sherman and raised his hand toward the storm. "Shall we?"

Without another word, the three muscular giants launched themselves into the sky and were gone.

"Fuck me," Stefan whispered, staring into space.

"If you insist," said a voice behind him.

Turning toward the sound, Stefan felt his cocks inflate and his body heat up as if he had been pushed into a fire. "Oh my god."

The other man smiled. "Not god, Stefan. Call me Adam."

## Chapter Eight

Chuck, it was easy to deduce, worshipped men. Chuck worshipped everything about men. Chuck venerated the feel of a man, the scent and the mere presence of men. He revered the fur that sprouted from their skin, he deified the round, beautiful butts they were gifted with, their wide shoulders and their thick necks, the scruff of their beards against his flesh, the muscle that lined their frames and their broad noses and hard brows. He bowed before the power of men, the strength and authority and dominance of men. And of all the physical aspects of a man, Chuck worshipped the cock most of all.

The cock was the fount of power, the truest symbol, the ultimate expression of the beauty of men. Chuck never met a cock he didn't like, and Chuck had met an awful lot of cocks.

He was a huge man, unmistakably powerful and completely and overwhelmingly masculine. What any other man had, Chuck had ten-fold. Insatiably lustful, powerful almost beyond measure, possessed of a magnetism and libidinous licentiousness of boundless proportions, Chuck was a walking hard-on, the living, breathing epitome of masculinity and the purest form of male dominance striding the planet. But give the man a dick to worship, and you were his master.

Chuck clutched Cal's firm, fat erection in his huge grip and moved his mouth towards its gleaming head. A shining drop of pre-cum glistened at the tip, and Chuck's tongue slowly emerged from between his soft, warm, full lips and licked the invitation clean, tasting the essence of Cal's maleness and succumbing to its power. He licked his lips, closing his eyes to concentrate its power and pulled air into his lungs, expanding his chest outward with the masculine tang that flavored his breath. He leaned forward and pressed his lips against the yielding flesh, kissing Cal's prick with reverent adoration.

Chuck opened his eyes and looked up, a sideways smile quirking across those lips as he met the gaze of the young owner of this amazing and colossal cock. He squeezed him gently and watched the dude gasp and shudder. Oh, yeah, this was gonna be great. He kept his dark eyes fixed on the young man's face as he leaned in and kissed his cockhead again, gently, and again, softly, and again, teasing the tip of his tongue forward to suck the fresh gob of pre-cum from the piss slit. He licked the slim, smooth split under the helmet, tickling the sensitive skin with his adept tongue before moving his mouth slowly, oh so slowly over the entirety of the helmet, breathing warm wetness across its expanse. He encompassed the head of Cal's plum entirely and then slowly closed his lips about the head, moving his slick, hot tongue around and around its surface before sucking against it, feeling the cockhead swell inside his mouth.

He twisted his head and began to lick and suck against Cal's cock, moving his lips and tongue and mouth across the receptive flesh as the tool grew harder and harder in his grip. He could feel the heat of it growing and he sank a shock of The Touch into its firm shaft. The sensation of sexual bliss erupted through Cal's dick and spread across his groin like fire, moving under to tickle his balls and lick his asshole and send his entire body into spasms of

orgasmic delight. Chuck moaned, his deep voice reverberating through Cal's cock like a heartbeat, and Cal could feel the other man's power in the sound.

If there was a more agreeable way to lose one's job, Paul didn't know what it could be as he watched the huge, musclebound giant sucking the lucky kid's joint with obvious pleasure and expertise. He leaned over the bar to watch the action, suddenly oblivious to anything else that was happening in the bar. He felt his cock grow suddenly huge and hard, painfully erect in his tight jeans and hungry to be free. He reached down and, almost without knowing it, unbuttoned his fly and let his own cock free of its confines. He lifted his hand to his mouth and licked his palm before applying it to his hard-on and stroking himself slowly. He already felt like cumming.

Murph was spellbound by what he was witnessing. It was like a dream unfolding before his eyes. It was almost as if he could feel the man's mouth on his own cock. His body overheated and his cock inflated and he was gasping for air in the suddenly too-hot bar. His hand was under his shirt, his fingers teasing a nipple to hardness, his prick swelling inside his pants. He felt a hand on his shoulder, he felt himself pulled into an embrace, a kiss, and he moved his arms to attempt to surround the man whose tongue was shoving itself into his mouth, but he couldn't manage it. The shoulders were too wide, the chest too big. The huge black man was kissing him and reaching his big hand down and pulling his jeans open. The huge black man moved his hand onto Murph's stiff prick and slowly, slowly jacked him off. He could hear the sound of leather stretching, and the strong, powerful smell of the man filled his sense.

Derek was spellbound. He had often wished that something like this would happen, had even seen a porn video where this kind of thing occurred – but this was a thousand times better than the film. A million times better. The huge white dude, Chuck, the muscular ode to masculine perfection was going down on his friend Cal's amazing cock. They all agreed he had an amazing cock. Derek was intensely familiar with Cal's amazing cock, but he somehow doubted that Cal could even remember Derek's name at the moment. His own cock was tingling and throbbing in his pants and he was rubbing his crotch with his hand when he heard something, some sort of sound half-familiar to him, the sound of leather moving, stretching, pulling tighter and tighter and he felt a hand on his shoulder and he looked over and down and the black dude, the gigantic black dude, his pants, his pants were pulling themselves apart, and his ass, his glorious ass, and his cock, his glorious cock, bigger than anything, fat and amazing and dripping with sex, and Derek fell to his knees and pushed his face into the black dude's tight, muscular bubble butt and licked his hot, wet hole.

Chuck sucked Cal's fat dick deeper inside his mouth. He felt the contours of the beautiful cock filling his mouth, felt the head shove against the back of his throat, smelled the boy's

scent growing stronger. He sucked against the hard shaft, pushed out his tongue and dragged its hot wetness across the inches of the boy's firmness, tasting his musky tang, the salty goodness of him, and he swallowed and drank him inside.

Chuck moved his hand off the root of the prick and cupped the boy's ballsack, feeling the two soft nuts inside, teasing them with his deft touch. He gently tugged and the cock swelled and lengthened before retreating. He felt every movement and sucked against the glossy skin. Chuck moved his middle finger underneath and rubbed it against the boy's taint, gently, gently, making small circles and dragging his finger across the sensitive skin. A fresh, salty glob of pre-cum bloomed inside his mouth and he swallowed it greedily, wanting nothing but more, more, more.

Cal sucked in a shuddering breath and felt his knees buckle. He wanted to fuck the man's face, to drive the enormity of his hard, heavy cock deeper inside, to feel that gorgeous hot wetness bathing his entire huge prick, to feel that tingling sensation of utter bliss envelope him, and he placed his hands on either side of Chuck's head and slowly, tentatively started to push himself inside.

Chuck started to slowly fuck Cal's enormity with his mouth. He moved to swallow him whole, then pulled back slowly, so slowly that Cal could feel every inch withdrawing, realize the sensation of coolness as the air hit his cock and then feel it sink inside Chuck's talented mouth again. His balls already ached, wanting to release an overload of hot cream, but he didn't want this to stop, couldn't stop it, chained inside the sensation of Chuck's blow job, powerless to control it.

Murph's cock stiffened and throbbed as Frazz stroked him. He'd had handjobs before, but never like this. The combination of the man's mouth against his and the man's huge hand caressing and rubbing his stiff prick was causing his toes to curl. The throbbing beat of the music all around him heightened the effect, or maybe it was the extremely public nature of it all. He was having sex with the hottest guy he'd ever seen, the dude was stroking his hard-on and kissing him like there was no tomorrow and suddenly, Murph was stripping his clothes off as fast as he could while attempting to maintain direct physical contact with this dude. When he was finally naked, stripped out of every stitch of clothing on his body, he wrapped his arms around the dude's muscles and did not intend to let go.

Derek shoved his tongue inside Frazz's ass and ate him raw. The man tasted good. He was deep and hot and sweet and salty. His butt was as smooth as a baby's... well, a baby's butt, but hard as steel. The dude was talented, there was no denying that. He was somehow managing to kiss Murph and give the guy a hand-job while Derek was eating him alive. Derek reached up and around to strip him out of his leathers and discovered that, somehow, he'd already managed it on his own. Where did the dude put his pants? But Derek only had a moment to contemplate the mystery before he realized that Murph, too, was suddenly butt nekkid and really going for it. What could Derek do but join the party?

Chuck was seriously pre-cumming. By now, both dicks were engaged and ready to start streaming fountains of Transforming cream all over the bar, but he held it together somehow. :: Dude, I am right on the edge. ::

Frazz smiled against Murph's mouth. :: No shit. I can feel you from over here. You need to tone it back a couple of notches. ::

:: Don't know if I can, lover. This dude's fat prick is so tasty. I need a lot more. ::

:: I know what you mean. But we need to cool it. ::

:: Look who's talking! I ain't the one getting a professional rim job while some other little stud is shoving his tongue in my mouth! ::

:: I highly doubt you could fit a tongue in your mouth, you look sort of busy. ::

:: Dude, have you checked out Paul? ::

:: Only so far as noticing that he's already creamed the bar once, and he's still stroking his joint – and it doesn't look an inch shorter. ::

:: That's some serious talent right there. ::

Frazz had to agree. The bar was a garden of male sexual aptitude. His hand roamed across Murph's smooth skin and he pushed his tongue deeply into his mouth. He heard Chuck in his head again as his desire climbed another notch higher.

:: I'm seriously going to lose it in a minute. This dude's cock is driving me batshit. I need to T him pronto so I can swallow both his dicks and drink down his load. ::

:: Not here. We're on a mission, remember? Let's get these dudes back to Michael's place. There's plenty of room there to watch them bust out of their old bodies, and I'm sure Carlos and Michael would appreciate some attention. I mean, there's four of them, and only two of us. ::

:: Double teaming was never a problem before. ::

:: I'm just... ohhhhh, fuck me, but that feels good. :: Frazz moaned as Derek's tongue dug in deep and warm, like a fat wet dick in his ass. :: If we're gonna move, we need to move fast. I can feel the Transform bubbling up like lava and I want to start growing some muscle around here. ::

:: Okay, lemme get this boy off, no sense asking him to walk the streets of New York with a raging hard-on and blue balls. :: Chuck looked up into Cal's eyes and smiled before flooding

Cal's stiff prick with waves of the Touch that cascaded into his body from the point of contact like liquid fire. His balls seized up, his cock swelled and Chuck's muscled neck bulged as he swallowed every drop of Cal's copious load down. He tasted good, salty and earthy, and he pumped a full dozen times before he had expended his hot cargo. Chuck sucked against him, drawing in every last morsel of his juices and licking his stiff cock clean before regaining his feet and winking at Paul.

He clapped his hands together and said, "Howzabout we take this party somewhere more private-like?" Frazz, Murph and Derek were all naked as the day they were born, and it didn't look like any one of them had intentions of getting redressed to go anywhere.

"Dude," breathed Murph, his cock a glazed triumph of male power, "I am so boned up I can hardly walk."

"Why walk," Chuck reasoned, "when you can fly?"

Flying, it must be pointed out, was always any Transformed man's favorite mode of transport. Flying was the ultimate freedom, your naked body unbound by gravity, floating in the silent skies, caressed by the winds. Your body was impenetrable, unstoppable, but your senses were heightened to a superhuman degree so that you would experience every touch, every brush of a hand or lick of a tongue or pinch of a nipple, to a factor well beyond an ordinary man's abilities. You were built for pleasure, the ability to withstand bullets and fire and pretty much anything else thrown at you was just an interesting side effect.

And even better than flying was what had come to be called flucking, or flying while fucking. "Let's fluck," was a common greeting between the brotherhood's members, and if you wondered where your friend had gone to while you were checking out the prime meat on display at the beach, all you had to do was look up.

The lads from the bar in Manhattan used a backdoor to step into the alley behind the building. The reason for the subterfuge was three-fold. Primarily, it was because Paul didn't want any trouble by parading a group of naked men out the front door. Secondly, they were a group of naked men and, although New York prides itself on a rather liberal acceptance of alternate modes of dress, there are still lawful limits on most days and evenings. Thirdly, there was the flying part.

Chuck, having stripped himself of clothing as they strode through the darkened bar, and Frazz, already naked, walked outside as naturally as any man would who was gifted with a perfect body and spent most of their time sans clothing anyway. Cal's natural proclivity to a heightened sense of self worth meant that he, also, was handling the nudity well. His cock was only slightly wilted from its previous state and it bobbed and jerked as he walked. Derek and Murph were holding up admirably, given the situation, and looked more dazed than embarrassed by what was happening. Paul was about to close the door and return to his bartending duties when Chuck reached out, growled "Where do you think you're going?" and grabbed him by the wrist, pulling him outside with the others before surrounding him



in his muscled arms and giving him one of his patented full-on deep kisses that roused Paul's limp dick back to full, uncomfortable arousal.

Frazz looked at Chuck warily. "And how do you propose to do this?"

"Do what?" Cal asked.

Chuck shrugged. "Two ways I can think of. One involves transformation, one doesn't. But doing the second one kind of gives the game away anyway, so I sort of favor the first one."

Frazz glanced up the alleyway toward the street, watching the rush of people passing by. "Not exactly the most private of environments, though."

Chuck arched a perfect eyebrow, following his gaze. "True."

"Do what?" Cal repeated.

Chuck looked down at the young naked man and wiggled his eyebrows. "I'll leave it up to you guys, then. Do you want to wander over to our place looking like this," he stated, holding his muscled arms out slightly to indicate the obvious nakedness of their situation, "Or would you rather avoid any public complications and get there via an alternate, potentially much weirder and certainly life-altering route?"

"I'm not following you."

Paul put his hand on Chuck's shoulder to get his attention, then drew it back quickly. "Jesus, you're hard!"

"Well," he said, grabbing his enormous but currently flaccid cock, "not presently." Chuck's smile was positively indecent.

"No, I mean... never mind." His eyes moved across the muscled contours of Chuck's incredible body before coming to rest on his face. He felt suddenly faint. "I just wanted to say that a conversation at this point isn't advisable. If you're going to move..."

"Say no more. Okay, dudes, show of hands; who here wants to look like Frazz and me?" Chuck swelled his musculature into thick relief, the bellies and cables growing thicker and more distinct. His cock grew inches longer and thick as a beer can. "Anyone? Anyone?" He continued to develop new muscle, his chest swelling outward with bands of brawn, the fibers growing and multiplying and dividing along the swollen globes, increasing the depth of the cleavage between his pecs by the inch. His lats flared outward under his arms, the biceps turned from oranges into grapefruits, the muscles lining his thighs carved themselves into his legs with deepening grooves.

His cock continued to grow as well, the head drooping and swelling, the shaft getting thicker and longer, and it looked like he was going to keep going until Frazz cleared his

throat and Chuck realized that the reason no one was answering his question wasn't because they couldn't tell what was happening to him, it was because they were all either too shocked or too aroused or both to even think about talking.

"Oh." He grinned a sideways smile and took a step toward Paul, who was still clothed in his jeans. "You look a little out of place," he said. "Let me help you out of those clothes." Chuck moved the palm of his hand to Paul's cheek and brushed his skin gently. A rush of Transform accompanied that feather-light touch and instantly Paul's body began swelling with power and size. The sound of ripping cloth echoed through the alleyway as Paul's tight jeans split at the seams under the onslaught of Transform's powerful evolution.

The others now turned their attentions to the growing man amongst them. Cal and Murph backed away as the man's body grew into their personal spaces. A scent of something intensely sexual suddenly assaulted them as Paul's body pumped out a thick cloud of his own personal male scent, tinged with whiskey and smoke and something floral or earthy, mingled in with the overwhelming and agreeable stink of sex. They watched his frame lengthen and heard bones crack and stretch as the bartender quickly assumed his new form.

Chuck gave him only a taste of the true source, just enough to allow him to pass into the stage where Chuck himself had been months ago, much larger, much stronger, oversexed and horny as hell, but with the added sense of seeing the sky and the wind in a much different light, one that would allow Paul to step into the embrace of the atmosphere and use the air to push himself into the heavens, to soar and dive and fly among the stars.

He watched the bartender's face coalesce into a new form, a perfected version of his former visage. The tattoos that covered his arms and, he saw now, painted his chest and back and even some dark, tribal forks etched into the smoothness of his tight belly and groin were molding themselves to his new dimensions. Chuck had never witnessed anything like that, and it didn't even occur to him that it could happen.

It was as if the body knew its own ink and was reshaping it to highlight the bulging masses of muscle appearing across its growing dimensions. The roses along his arms grew bright red and shining, the blood-tipped thorns looked almost real, as if his arms were truly entwined by the deadly flowers. The dark ink on his belly sank into the crevasses dividing his developing 8-pack. They stretched to continue to point to his burgeoning cock, and Chuck also saw now that the man had some metal embedded there, a heavy ring of steel piercing his cock head. Two small bars also passed through Paul's nipples, but at the rate that everything was developing, Chuck was sure the man would need some much larger gauges very soon.

He found the sensation of watching this painted and pierced body growing extremely erotic. He watched Paul's arms swell and the colors drilled into his skin grew more distinct and brighter, as if they had been put there only hours ago. The images of the muscled sailors and naked Tom of Finland fantasies grew more lifelike and beautiful, as the rainbow of hues regained their original brightness. He looked like a painted God, and Chuck wondered if his

own morphing abilities would allow him to do that to himself – something to play with later.

After a few minutes, Paul's rate of growth diminished and he stood now before them an improved and perfected man, having gained eight inches in height and untold pounds of muscular brawn. He retained his buzz-cut scalp and scruffy blond goatee, but his eyes were intensely blue. His skin was almost shining in the shadows of the alley, and the images that covered his body were now more distinct and vivid. He looked down at himself, running his huge paws over the painted flesh and bulging masses, then he looked up at Chuck and started to laugh.

"Fuck, that felt good! Do it again!"

"Okay," he said, and he reached over to Cal and moved the tip of his index finger down the young man's arm. He winked at Frazz and his dark-skinned lover stretched his arms out and placed his hands on the shoulders of the last two men to be gifted with the magic swimming inside his touch.

"Hey, what...?" Derek never finished his declaration. Cal and Murph never said a word. The boys simply stood in the alleyway and watched each other grow.

## Chapter Nine

Stan awoke with a start. He was lying on his broad muscular back naked on a beach somewhere on the planet Earth. Lately, time and place lost all meaning for him. His days were kept full by his many and varied sexual triumphs, driven as he was by his boundless and eager libido and his body's unbridled ability, vast muscular capacity and uncanny masculine beauty to distract, engage and fornicate with every single man he came into contact with.

His ice-blue eyes snapped open as the warm turquoise waters lapped at his powerful legs. He was laying on his back, his bronzed skin, shining and perfect, dusted with a dark forest of fur across his massive chest and down the cobblestone 8-pack bulging along his abdomen before spreading into a deep shadow of curls that erupted in perfection above the fat, thick, lengthy enormity of his twin pricks and cum-filled ballsack. One well-muscled arm was wrapped around the sun-kissed copper skin of his friend and lover, Todd, the other rested against his power-packed body, his left hand lightly grasping one of his cocks. That subtle but insistent tingle of ultimate sexual satisfaction kept erupting through him even at that gentle touch.

He pulled in a slow breath and smelled the floral and salty scents of whatever island they had landed on overnight. He thought he was probably somewhere in the dark Pacific, but he could have just as easily been in the Indian Ocean or off the coast of Africa. He moved his thumb lightly against the flaring ridge of his exposed cockhead, the ample flesh of his uncut foreskin pulled back from the red, shining plum of the helmet of his dick by the burgeoning and ever-present erection slowly growing with or without his slightest desire, the shaft gaining breadth and weight and length as inch by inch of hefty growth manifested. A flow of salty, clear pre-cum, some abnormally slick lubricant his body now produced in abundance, greased his touch and made his slowly throbbing hard-on gleam in the sunshine. Another of his profound and endless orgasms was building in intensity and relentless power as he slowly, patiently found himself approaching his first pumping flood of bliss for the day to come. His secondary, equally perfect dick rubbed itself against his hand and the feeling of pleasure redoubled, electric shocks of bliss cascading down both cocks and quaking through his body.

His full, soft lips turned into a smile filled with perfect shining teeth and he stretched his head back on his wide neck, feeling the power of his unstoppable muscles swell and magnify. He raised his head off the white sands and looked down the bulging muscular masses of his Transformed body, watching himself pleasure his quickly inflating cock. The wind caught the wealth of pre-cum now flowing freely and sent silver strands of it sailing across the tanned skin of his companion, painting shining strings across Todd's equally amazing frame.

Stan watched Todd's huge pecs rise and fall as he dozed, and gazed at Todd's achingly beautiful face, his Romanesque nose and thick, kissable lips, the silken strands of bright blonde hair blowing softly in the breeze and the glowing copper skin that covered his

muscles and felt his own desire swell in concert with his inflating pricks. He leaned over and pressed his mouth against Todd's soft lips and kissed him deeply, rousing the man from his slumbers in a most satisfying manner. Todd kissed him back with growing intensity, his talented tongue pushing against Stan's lips for entrance. "Fuck," the huge man moaned, his voice like soft thunder, "you taste good in the morning."

Todd reached down to help Stan jerk his inflating cocks, gathering a wealth of the glistening lube in his wide palm before slowly stroking Stan's secondary cock. Stan closed his eyes and sank more deeply into the boundless tide of sexual satisfaction that sang through him. He kissed Todd again and felt his balls swell with seed. Todd squeezed his plump shaft hard and a fat bubble of pre-cum swelled from the tip and flowed down Stan's massive inches. He felt himself growing hot and hard under the unrelenting sun. The waves simultaneously cooled and warmed his skin, lapping up his legs and kissing his asshole like a darting tongue. The soft tropical winds were winding through his wealth of curls and caressing his body, brushing against him with a soft warmth.

Todd moved himself atop Stan's massive muscular form. Stan moved one of his erect cocks against the sweet, hot wetness of Todd's tight hole and it pushed itself inside, thrusting in deeply, expanding as it entered. Todd growled and his kisses grew insistent and hungry. He moved his legs apart to welcome Stan inside, his talented butt sucking against Stan's swollen manhood. Todd felt his balls growing fat and heavy as his own twin monsters emerged between the men's bodies, thrusting against the hard muscle of their bellies and shoving their twin heads through the inches-deep crevasse of their pectoral bulges.

Stan's hands traveled over the mountains of his lover's hard muscular arms, feeling them swell and flex under his dark, smooth skin. His body shook with sexual and sensual power, every cell and follicle attuned to the delivery of ultimate and complete physical pleasure. He pushed himself deeper inside Todd's ass, positioning his secondary prehensile cock beside its brother, pumping a flood of gleaming lube and pushing inside to piston along with its twin, doubling Todd's level of bliss. "Get bigger for me," Todd rumbled. "I want more of you."

Stan grinned and made himself swell with muscle and power. His arms expanded, the biceps and triceps bulging outward like rising bread dough. The hemispheres of his chest grew more enormous, the bands of strength separating and expanding, shoving his fat nipples downward. The wide wings of his lats extended wider and wider, the bulging masses of brawn on his back bulging fatter. "Your cocks, lover. I meant your cocks."

"Oh," Stan said simply, and suddenly his twin monsters grew enormous inside Todd's hungry ass. Lengthening by the inch, growing ever thicker, the heads plumping as Stan fucked Todd harder and harder. Their bodies glowed with health and need, they glistened with sweat. Stan breathed in Todd's haunting scent, the smell of the man that never quite left his head grew quickly strong and filled his senses with the man's leathery, salty musk. Todd grew in proportion, his body and pricks swelling larger and larger to match Stan's newly grown size.

Alone on the deserted beach, the two huge men continued to grow and fuck each other as the sun rose in the blue sky and the breezes grew warm. Tangled together in a muscled embrace, they came over and over again, reaching the pinnacle of sexual bliss and surpassing that point to find another, then another, and another still. Gallons of hot creamy cum spilled from them into the cool water, splashed against their skin, filled them up inside to try to fulfill a hunger that never subsided.

Neither man knew how long they coupled, and neither man cared. When at last Stan drew away from Todd's embrace, the other man, breathing hard and laughing from the extended orgasm his body had gifted him with, looked into the heavens and sighed with contentment.

Stan was sitting up and looking out to sea, watching the waves crash with his eyes but it was apparent that his mind was somewhere else. "What's up?"

Stan didn't look at his lover. "I had the dream again." Stan's voice was deep and powerful. It tried to reflect his appearance, but could only approach the man's physical presence without echoing it. No sound could fully do that. He looked over at his lover and smiled.

Transform had made him into a perfected form of the human male, incredibly beautiful and strong nearly beyond measure. It had been two years since Todd's initial transformation, and how many men he'd been with and subsequently changed into a reflection of his own capacities even he wasn't sure of.

Even though he had been with multitudes of men, he could remember each of them because they were joined together into a relationship deeper than words and deeds. Stan was his lover, his passion, his need, but the other men were with him as well, a thought away. One of the benefits of the drug called Transform – or, more precisely, a side effect of what Transform had become through numerous couplings, filtered through the unique genetic make-ups of every man it touched, amplified in power and capability, then given back and made more powerful still.

Transform lived now inside every cell of Todd's augmented body, and it could be shared with another man through any of the ways in which Todd's body generated tactile, sensual or ancillary contact. It traveled in his touch through his skin cells and oil, it was in his breath and scent, it could be felt in his voice and he could even reach into another man's head and touch his pleasure centers and bring him to an orgasm so powerful that he would feel faint as it struck, the full force of Todd's sexual energy manifested with a thought.

And these men he had been with, who any of the Transformed had been with, could sense and feel and converse with their brethren through some form of mind link that seemed as limitless and powerful as everything else about their new bodies and capabilities. Strength, sex and masculinity pushed beyond mortal human boundaries. That was what it was to be Transformed.

For the past few nights – or days, if Stan chose to rest during the sun's zenith – he had been visited with a dream that he could not shake. His dreams were usually vivid, sometimes

visited by his brothers' thoughts and visions, sometimes interrupted by his body's unquenchable thirst for carnal satisfaction. He had inadvertently drawn men to him in his sleep, sending out waves of sexual power and his own strong masculine scent like some pheromone designed to attract others to his unquenchable need for sex and passion. He had found himself more than once literally fucking someone in his sleep, his body seeming to act of its own volition to spread the unstoppable power of Transform.

Now this dream. He could recognize it as a dream, though it seemed as real as living. He dreamed of a man, a beautiful man, who stood with his back to Stan. It was when the man turned toward him that his beauty truly manifested, because his face and his eyes, in particular, held some almost magical capability to attract Stan to him. He had felt something like this before on only two occasions. The first was with Michael, the ostensible head of the Transformed, whose physical beauty and mere presence was enough to make even a Transformed man lose some control over himself. The second was with Adam, a man-child born in a lab, created from the very essence of Transform itself, and thus flooded with the supreme perfection of the drug through his entire form from the first day of his existence.

And this man, the dream man, had the same effect on Stan. Todd sat up and lay a muscled arm across his lover's wide shoulders. "And...?"

Stan shrugged, the vast muscles of his back bunching and releasing under his smooth, pink flesh. "Same thing. I can see him standing there. He looks ordinary enough, nice ass, y'know, but nothing I haven't seen before. Then he turns and I feel this, like, heat or something wash over me. I look into his eyes and I feel like I'm dying and being born. I feel like I am being fucked by a dick bigger than yours – and you have two of them, so you know that's big." Todd laughed quietly. "And so I walk up to him and I move to embrace him, I want to make him over, see him Transformed. Then as I open my arms wide, he smiles and moves his hands onto my face, my cheeks, and he leans in and kisses my mouth and I feel like...."

"Like the first time all over again. Like when you were standing in that fast food joint with Bobby and Joe, growing suddenly ten time more powerful and your dick is swelling over your head and you're coming gallons and gallons and hoping it never ends." Todd had heard it before. Hell, Stan had shown him what he saw with the mind link, though the feelings that accompanied the show were muted. "And that's it? It just ends there?"

Stan nodded. "I can still see his face."

"Me, too." Todd looked out to sea with Stan, picturing the beautiful man. "So when do we leave?"

"Leave?"

"To go find him."

Jerry and Kevin had taken up permanent residence in Los Angeles after the last group fuck on the abandoned island. Their friends Michael and Carlos already owned a large condo in Manhattan, and purchasing another with the combined wealth of the Transformed men (with enough room for the myriad men, young and old, tall and short, thin and fat they brought home with them to make them over into reflections of their own masculine perfection) was a simple matter. All the members were welcome to share the space, and the two men were happiest when at home. The city was like one big gym floor populated with men who couldn't help themselves when exposed to the two Transformed men's unstoppable sexual energy and inescapable physical beauty.

Jerry was lip-locked with a young man named Sid that he found at a corner drug store where he was timidly buying a box of condoms. They were both naked on a large bed, and Sid's body was slowly morphing as Jerry pumped his system with Transform.

"Oh, shit, dude," the young man said, pulling his lips from Jerry's talented mouth and sinking deeper into the overwhelming sensation of growth that was infusing every cell of his body. He could feel himself growing in size and strength with every passing moment, feel his body swelling larger and larger with muscle, bulging thicker from his arms and chest and shoving against the larger man's impressive and muscular frame.

"You're amazing Sid," Jerry answered, his tone deep and powerful. "I can't believe you've never done this before." He lied, but Jerry had become a good liar. It came with the territory. He would explain that he was a bodybuilder, or a construction worker, or any of a hundred other occupations or lifestyles to account for his extraordinary looks and amplified muscularity. His body could literally burst the seams of the clothing he chose to cover it with, even if the crotch of his jeans emphasized the fat inches of his cock and the swollen grandeur of his balls. He was a walking sex god 24/7, and he couldn't help it if he had to tell a tale or two to the curious.

But Sid was as awkward and tentative and unschooled a lover as he had ever met. Energetic to be sure, anxious and eager and hard as a rock from the get-go, but his hands didn't know where to go, what to pinch or caress or slap, his lips were talented but his tongue was shy, and when asked if he preferred bottom or top his face reflected the utter confusion about what he should say, just as his eyes showed fear of the unknown. The kid could sure talk a good game, but virgin was painted all over him as soon as his clothes came off.

Not that getting him naked had been a particular challenge at all. Jerry smiled thinking of his little game, making Sid strip for him before he'd expose the remarkable and utterly unbelievable contours of his enhanced body. The boy's eyes never left Jerry's face as he quickly pulled off his jeans and tight T-shirt, revealing a gaunt but well-defined body and a long, thin cock dangling over a pair of the lowest hanging balls Jerry had ever seen – and he'd seen a lot. Even so, it was Sid's emerald green eyes that had first attracted Jerry to him. That and a ready smile that lit up his face and made those eyes sparkle like jewels.



“Your turn!” he had almost sung out as he stood unashamed before Jerry and watched him rise from his chair to his full (though not entire) 6’ 5” height. “You sure you’re ready?” he had teased, undoing his tie and tossing it aside.

“Fuck, Jerry, it’s all I’ve wanted since I saw you at the video store! I could see your buns inside those slacks and all I wanted was to see ‘em naked, and stick my tongue up between them and suck your balls!”

He did, Jerry recalled again, talk a good game. But when Jerry was at last stripped bare and stood next to Sid in all his inestimable glory, it was clear that Sid had felt overwhelmed by what he saw. And really, Jerry reasoned, who would not? His body was gifted with an overabundance of muscle and beauty. Everything about him was perfect, or slightly beyond perfection. No pictures on any web site of any man, real or imagined, could prepare poor Sid for the reality of Dr. Jerry Lassiter stripped naked.

His ivory, silken skin, the perfect dark nipples, round and juicy, the broad chest and high arching shoulders. His features had been sculpted to perfection. He owned an 8-pack approaching a 10-pack. The V-shaped taper of his torso was unbelievable. His legs erupted with cabled glory. And in the center of it all, as if the total perfection of his form was all pointing to this one feature, there was his enormous, beautiful, perfect dick. Long, thick, fat and gorgeous. Jerry, like every Transformed Man, was perfect.

He could see Sid’s Adam’s Apple bob as he gulped at the site before him. Would anyone want their first sexual experience to be with the most ideal, flawlessly beautiful and awesomely powerful man on the planet? Could anyone stand up to that? But gazing down Sid’s body, a perfect smile wound across his lips, because even if Sid was scared out of his wits, his cock was hard as a rock and dripping with a gleaming trail of anticipation. Jerry watched the young man’s heart beat into his dick, pumped hard and full with need as it pulsed and throbbed with every beat. “Are you ready for me, Sid?”

The 17-year-old video store clerk blinked as the full power of Jerry’s Transform-enhanced voice struck his senses. The scent of the other man filled the room, powerfully sexual and masculine. He seemed to swell even larger, the muscles of his body bulging and growing even more distinct and strong.

Sid gulped again and nodded once. Jerry smiled and moved toward Sid’s naked form, every shift of his muscular body illustrating the intense power and heightened sensuality that Transform had given him. The movement of his vast bulging network of muscles, the heavy sway of his huge prick, the overpowering sense of the man magnified with every step as he approached. His chest rose and fell as he breathed; the cobblestone roadwork of his abdominals swelled and flexed, the bulging masses of muscle on his arms twisted around each other for space under his shining flesh. Sid watched the man approaching and felt his heart racing and warmth swelling everywhere as the sexual energy reached a fever pitch in the room.

Jerry stood seven inches taller and several inches wider than Sid, and his arms easily surrounded the smaller man's body as he pulled him into a tight embrace, leaned his face towards Sid and pressed his soft lips against the young man's mouth. He cupped Sid's head in his large hand and felt him swoon into his embrace. Jerry had no idea how strong he was now, how much his body could press or lift, but he knew that his old lab partner Carlos had lifted a ton of iron even after he had first been altered, and now several months later their combined strength had certainly swelled beyond even that superhuman level. Sid felt so light and fragile in his arms, but the kiss they shared was full and deep.

Sid opened his green eyes and looked into Jerry's bright gaze. "Holy shit," he whispered, and Jerry laughed gently. "That's the best kiss I've ever gotten. Your lips are so soft."

"They're about the only thing that is on this body." To illustrate his statement, Jerry tensed his collection of awesome brawn and swelled into stone-hard relief, every muscle at his command suddenly growing hard as iron under his smooth, warm skin. His cock pressed against Sid's belly, growing fatter and firmer and hot as lava.

"Holy shit," Sid repeated.

That had been three hours ago. Jerry began slowly changing his latest protégé immediately, using the finesse and patience he had honed through countless other encounters over the months since he had been changed by the power of the serum he had helped invent. The kid was gaining pounds of powerful muscle with each moment of their coupling. His cock was longer and fatter and thicker than almost any other normal man's already, with inches more to go.

Sid's body welcomed the changes eagerly, and Jerry watched as the other man's features grew more beautiful and the Irish blood in his genetic structure intensified. His eyes became even deeper green, his skin growing milky white, his hair losing the dingy brown and becoming strawberry blonde. His body grew thick with power, his chest swelling massively and his legs blooming with cables of raw brawn. The groans of pleasure coming from his chest grew deeper and stronger, his hands stretching wider to grab onto Jerry's round, firm assflesh and squeeze hard, opening the bud of his supple hole so that Sid's growing cock could shove inside deeper and deeper.

The boy's eyes met Jerry's again and the older man gasped at the intensity of his gaze, the sheer unbridled lust and sexual desire that reflected back at him. The boy wanted more and more, more power, more muscle, more cock, more of everything Jerry was giving him. A sudden powerful rush of Transform passed between them from Jerry's body and Sid swelled inches larger everywhere in one quick pulse. Muscle on muscle, swelling eagerly and hungrily in size and power. Fat veins appeared on his arms and legs as the muscle grew larger and larger. Sid arched his back and threw back his head as he shoved himself in deeper still, fucking harder and faster until Jerry felt the hot, wet blast of another load of cum inside himself. The abrupt and powerful orgasm that accompanied Sid's eruption caused Jerry to let loose with another thick flood of Transform, and Sid's muscular size and sexual power abruptly swelled larger still.

The boy was gifted, there was no doubt about that. Jerry had intended only to push Sid to a level of muscular beauty that would be noticed on every sidewalk he strode through the gleaming mirrored towers of L.A., but he was bigger now, much bigger than any normal man could achieve. Jerry spoke in a voice saturated with Transform, one that could cause any other man to instantly let loose a flood of cum from his aching balls. "Are you ready to go all the way with me? Are you ready for all of me?"

"Yes," the huge man responded. He leaned down over the man he fucked with his enhanced cock buried deep inside and said it again, "Yes. I want it all. I want to feel like this forever."

Jerry unleashed himself on Sid's body, flooding him with the intense power of Transform and the boy was swelling with muscle and sex before his eyes as he fucked him. Jerry allowed himself to grow in unison, so that together the duo grew larger and larger with the young man's burgeoning hard-on buried deep inside the older man's hot, tight, capable ass.

Sid's body exploded with pleasure. He felt as if an orgasm of incredible strength and unfathomable depth was erupting throughout every muscle and follicle and inch of flesh. The pleasure was almost unbearable, growing incandescent and screamingly forceful as his tortured balls swelled suddenly fat with seed and he was pumping a thick flood of hot cream down the swelling inches of his cock, shoving his rush of cum out in an unending and constant fountain. He felt his body swelling with power, could feel his muscles growing bigger and stronger and heavier with every passing moment.

A bright sheen of sweat slicked his skin and dripped off the thick forest of curls that erupted across the swelling expanse of his chest. He felt a hot trail of it creep between the round, full muscle of his butt and tickle his asshole. His balls felt huge and heavy, and he continued to swell with muscular might as he delivered another sudden flood of cream into Jerry's tight hole. The tingles of sexual bliss crawling along the inches of his cockshaft grew into earthshaking eruptions of total sexual release, the level of sensation overwhelming everything else he was feeling as another intense orgasm shook his body.

Sid was sucking the Transform out of Jerry's body. His 17-year-old frame was quickly expanding with muscle and his features were coalescing into a formation of absolute male beauty. His eyes grew deeply green, emerald in intensity, and the hair on his head grew in thick, full waves. His body expanded in every direction, his limbs plumping with power, his chest growing wider and thicker and fatter with muscle on top of muscle.

Sid was quickly swelling into the next member of a very exclusive but quickly expanding club of gentlemen when Jerry's head was suddenly filled with the vision of another young man's face as he turned towards Jerry, revealing a set of features that would otherwise be ordinary, certainly not of the spectacularly beautiful caliber of a Transformed man, but his features were not what made Jerry suck in a surprised breath and release a flood of Transform into Sid's already swelling body.

It was Stan's dream man. It was the man from the video. It was the mystery man. Jerry could see and feel him. His power was overwhelming.

## Chapter Ten

His name wasn't Sam. It was Robbie. He wasn't a Transformed man, at least not formally. A member of the Brotherhood had never met him, and he had never been told or taught about the myriad benefits afforded any man evolved by the overwhelming power of Transform. He made the video himself with a single purpose in mind, one that was actually having the intended effect, if not precisely in the manner he had hoped. He wasn't intentionally invading the thoughts and dreams of his fellow Transformed brothers, he was unaware that he was even doing so. And he had no idea what was happening to him, or why, and more than anything he wanted those answers.

He didn't venture out very much because he reasoned that it would be very hard to miss or ignore Robbie Nelson now that he stood nearly seven feet tall, and looked like he weighed over 300 lbs, nearly all of that poundage comprised of pure muscle, and particularly since he suddenly had a difficult time managing his insatiable cock, whether it was hard and towering a foot high, like it was now (and usually was), or when he could control his nearly constant erections and somehow fit his 9-and-a-half-inch long, 3-inch wide, 2-inch thick cock inside a pair of jeans without busting another zipper.

No member of the brotherhood knew what had happened, but as usual... it was Chuck's fault.

Robbie had been camping in the northern reaches of Canada, on vacation from his rather boring job in Boston as a computer technician at Best Buy. He was a certified nerd, and first-class dyed-in-the-wool computer geek with enough knowledge to build a fairly decent sized network and manage the control of a collection of servers with his eyes closed. He chased down viruses and spent hours and hours sitting in front of a monitor surfing the Web, as they used to say, hunting down the latest memes and hotly fantasizing about the thousands of pictures of naked men housed on his 500 gig portable hard drive.

He'd taken a break from his nightly wanking and the too many hours spent in front of a computer for some well-earned downtime under the cool summer stars miles from anyone. He could be out in the wild, in the quiet of the woods and the blackness of a moonless sky and do nothing at all, not even think. Oh, he'd still jerk off, he was only 25 years old and had enough juice running through his slightly overweight body to keep the gonads pumping. But he wasn't what one might call an active member of the homosexual agenda. He was neither recruiting new members or engaging with the out and proud. He spent most of his time with his right hand and a bottle of lube, and that had been just fine.

Until his third day out camping in the Canadian wilderness, when something happened.

He was out by a lake, a clear, deep blue, calm body of cold, clean water in the middle of a dark forest of leafy trees. Still low enough that the pines were rare and the breezes, though cool, weren't so cold that he felt uncomfortable stripping down to his bare skin to take a skinny dip in lieu of a hot bath. It was a calm day, with a bright, cloudless sky. He had just

emerged from the cold water and was lying on his back on a smooth, flat rock at the edge of the lake staring into the sky when he saw something that looked like birds flying erratically overhead.

If they were birds, they were huge and a little bit awkward. He wasn't much of a bird watcher so he figured they were eagles or something, maybe migrating geese, only they looked weird and bulky and they kept running into each other as he watched them. They were flying extremely high, higher than he imagined birds of any kind would normally fly, and as he watched them circling and spiraling overhead, he closed his eyes and began to doze in the warm sun, naked on a rock by a lake, while two men overhead flucked each other silly.

"Oh, dude, yeah, that feels so amazing!" Chuck's latest conquest, Kelly, was held in his muscled arms as they swerved, dove and plunged in the cold, swirling winds above some dark blue body of water in the vicinity of Canada, where Kelly called home. Chuck had found the man alone in a small cabin perched above the forest where he was stationed to make sure the whole place didn't burn down. He was an employee of the Canadian forestry service, and to say that he was surprised when a huge, muscular, naked man landed on the roof of his wilderness home was an understatement of the highest order.

To say that he was shocked when the man kissed him and started tearing his clothing off before he found himself suddenly swelling with power and muscular size of his own would probably eclipse that level of surprise.

And when they both launched into the sky and began to explore each others' bodies as he continued to grow, finding the level of pleasure he was experiencing increasing at the same level of that muscular and physical growth, you could say that his head was seriously in likelihood of exploding.

Chuck shoved his hard, huge cock deeper into Kelly's tight, wet hole and felt the man's ass caress and suck against him. He shot another fat load of Transform-saturated cum into his body and felt him swelling with more power. Kelly swooned against his body and they were falling, suddenly, twisting in the winds as the ground rushed up at them.

Chuck was still exploding his flood of super-powered cream from his cock when he pulled free of Kelly's tightness and flung the man back into the sky with his powerful arms before pulling a cushion of wind around him and launching himself afterwards, a bright sideways grin on his lips as he continued to fountain a shower of cream from his fat balls – a flooded fountain of Transform infused with a high-powered, unfiltered, wildfire of man-evolving juice that fell like rain from the heavens.

Robbie felt something wet strike his chest. Something wet and hot. It splattered against him, but when he reached down to touch it, all he felt was skin.

Then he felt it again, little droplets of something wet hitting his arms, legs, even his face. Like some hot rain shower or spray of oil, dappling his naked flesh everywhere. He opened his eyes and thought he saw, dark against the sun's blinding rays, the shape of a man that was there and then suddenly gone.

Sitting up, fat splats of whatever was coming out of the clear, blue sky struck his chest and, somewhat distastefully, right across his lips and chin. He tasted it before he could stop himself, and the salty tang shocked his lips and tongue, a sharp, pleasant sensation that seemed both hot and cold at the same time. A familiar scent accompanied the wet stuff, smelling strongly of sex and cock and sweet ball sweat. The sun began to feel much warmer suddenly, heating his skin to nuclear levels. His whole body felt hotter and hotter, the heat sinking in through his skin, then boiling on the inside and reaching out to the tips of his fingers and toes and even to the end of each follicle of hair.

He felt horny. Really, really horny. Hornier than he'd ever experienced. His cock inflated in record time and it felt like it was going to get so big that it was going to burst. The heat of it, alone, was hotter than anything else on his body. He could feel his cock glowing against his groin, and his balls tingled and swelled and grew fat and heavy.

His eyes were forced closed by the searing heat infusing his entire being, and he could barely feel the surface of the smooth rock sliding under his skin. He was sweating profusely now as the heat continues, it was streaming off his naked body. He felt like he was boiling, and that scent and taste grew incandescent in his senses, overwhelming all else. Sex. It was everywhere. It surrounded and infused him. His cock grew harder still, so hard and huge, and he was suddenly pumping out a massive load of cream that splattered against his body. He felt like he was cumming constantly, as if his balls had so much cream inside them that he couldn't control the orgasmic release. His cock released the flood like a hose attached to a hydrant, it felt like his cock wasn't even big enough to allow the amount of cum he had out fast enough.

He stretched his body, arching his back and throwing his arms wide. They felt heavy, they burned, they rubbed against the rock as if they were as hard as the granite he lay against. He slid across the rock on the slickness of his own sweat, his ears were ringing and inside his head, behind the red curtain of his closed eyes, a parade of naked male flesh began to unfurl.

At first, he thought that his brain was dredging them all up, every image of muscular male pulchritude he'd ever seen and downloaded. Brutal, handsome faces. Round, prefect butts. High arching shoulders, mounds of biceps, hard rippling abs and mountainous chests coasted in dark swirls of shining fur. Then it slowly dawned on him that he wasn't seeing those frozen pictures and flat videos, he was witnessing something more real than that, flashes of amazing naked men with bulging muscles and huge cocks, kissing and fucking,

sucking and licking, asses engaged, pricks pumping cream, nipples twisted and pinched, skin caressed, tongues engaged.

These were real men, dozens of them, hundreds of them, all beautiful, all powerful, all perfect.

His cock was exploding his unending load, he felt it splashing against him, felt it on his pecs and belly and armpits. It struck his face and mouth and he opened his lips and swallowed his own load inside. He tasted so good, so rich and creamy and masculine. He was drinking the essence of his own power, his tide of blissful masculine might, erupting from the hard, fat cock unendingly.

Something cracked, some deep echo of an earthly rupture shook him as the stone he lay against surrendered to the weight of his growing body. He was still getting larger, his muscles expanding, his bones adjusting, his skin stretching. Transform in an unadulterated form had sunk into his flesh and its alterations continued unabashed, swelling his male body with more power, more size, more muscle. His cock inflated by the inch, then by the foot. Fat veins surrounded the shaft and the head bloomed as his flood cascaded from the tip. His secondary cock sprouted with sudden fury, arching out and away from its brother before joining it in Robbie's evolutionary eruption. His balls redoubled their effort, manufacturing gallons of thick, hot cream inundated with Transform. There was no stopping him.

By the time he had finished growing, Chuck and Kelly were long gone, carried away by their own lust and the powerful winds that held them aloft. Robbie lay against the broken rock breathing hard, his body still sexually charged, the ground around him sodden with the creamy release of his own balls. He had been fully Transformed by Chuck's accidental release, and was now nearly 18 feet tall, the height of a two-story building. He lay against the broken rock, his upper back resting against it, while his legs and ass lay in the lake's cold waters. His semi-rigid cocks splayed in opposite directions over his heavily muscled thighs, still pulsing and throbbing dully.

"Fuck," he intoned. His voice was deep and impossibly powerful. The rock he lay against shuddered. He raised his hand to his face to brush away something tickling his forehead, not realizing it was a floating lock of his hair, grown thick and long. His massive pectorals rose and fell as he breathed. He could feel his fat nipples tingle with sexual power where they were mounted at the lower circumference of the cables of brawn built into two huge mountains on his chest.

He sat up easily and rubbed his eyes before opening them to take in what he had become. His new body stretched away from him, displaying the full, awesome power and size of his muscled form. He reached down and touched his cocks, sending a powerful shiver of sexual pleasure along them that erupted inside and sent a gob of pre-cum to erupt at each tip. He gathered the clear blob and raised his fingers to his lips, sucking off the slick, salty honey and feeling it warm his tongue. He tasted good, he tasted strong, and he immediately wanted more.



As if to satisfy that desire, his pricks pumped more pre-cum, the flow gushing from both firm but flaccid dicks in thick abundance. It felt extremely good, like a minor orgasmic release, and he leaned forward and easily took both cockheads into his mouth, sucking eagerly at the fountain of his own power.

It only took a moment for his logical brain to kick in and his eyes popped open when he realized what he was doing, and that he was doing it with not just one, but two beautiful cocks. He grabbed his twins and pulled them from his mouth, strings of gossamer pre-cum trailing from his lips, and stared at the massive, perfect, gorgeous dicks growing from between his legs.

His legs! His legs were massive! More than massive! Spectacular! He tentatively tightened the muscles on his right thigh and they reacted spectacularly, swelling into massive and deeply-etched relief, every cable and fiber visible under his skin. He tried it with his left leg and the same thing happened. He moved his hand to feel the muscle and it was rock hard, but the way his skin felt and the reaction he had to touching himself was even more amazing.

His skin felt wonderful. Soft and silken, warm, smooth. He found himself pumping another thick load of pre-cum just touching his own leg. He noticed the muscles of his forearm swelling and twisting as he moved his hand around the contours of his thighs and another fat pump erupted. There was nothing he couldn't do that would turn himself on, it seemed.

Or maybe the correct way to think about it was that he couldn't turn himself off. He experimentally plucked his left nipple with his right hand and he almost came. The shock of sexual pleasure was so intense that his toes curled. His cocks grew rigid and his balls seized up and he was suddenly fountaining a thick volley of white cream from both barrels. The spray shot up and arced and landed on his tight, cobblestone road of abs. Then a weird and completely unexpected thing happened – the wealth of cream simply vanished.

He brushed his fingers along the hard swells of muscle and felt only that same soft, warm, perfect skin. Nothing wet or sticky at all. Weird.

He decided to stand up and found that his new body reacted with ease and power. There was no awkward adjustments to make, no stumbling or dizziness or anything at all. He stood up easily, his muscles pulling with complete satisfaction and effortlessness. He stood up and looked down at himself, grinning with giddiness at the sight of his two huge cocks arcing up from his groin, their heads gleaming with his seemingly unending supply of slick and delicious pre-cum. It dripped down their surfaces and coated his fat double dicks in a glistening veneer of inviting lubrication. His cocks swelled at the pleasure they gave him, and his balls drooped with their load of cream.

Something was waving at the corner of his eye and he looked over before realizing that it was his own hair. He reached up and grasped a handful of it, marveling at the smooth texture. It was dark brown and as soft as silk, hanging in rich abundance from his head.

Strands of it tickled his ass and wound around his body. More hair, as full and shiny but curly and thicker, wove across his chest and belly. A soft coating covered his legs and forearms, as well. He ached to see himself in a mirror, and wondered if he'd brought one in his pack.

He was turning to go back to his camp when it occurred to him that the trees were much smaller than he remembered. Then he looked down at the broken stone against which he had been laying and realized it was the same stone he had been dozing upon. The huge stone at the water's edge was now pushed several feet back from the lake, its surface broken in two, and it looked about a third as big as he remembered it being.

How big was he, he wondered. He laughed and surprised himself again with the depth and power of his voice. He stretched his arms wide and felt the power of his muscles manifest, swelling his new brawn to fully engorged immensity before pulling his arms in and performing his first-ever "most muscular" pose. His cocks grew hard again as his body swelled into glorious bulging perfection, the cables and bands of muscle shoving against each other and bulging outward, creating inches-deep crevasses everywhere across his frame. His shoulders jumped up, his arms pushed against his torso, and his chest shoved itself out so far that he couldn't see beyond it.

Relaxing and standing upright again, he reached down to relieve his aching erections with a few smooth, slow, deeply satisfying strokes before unleashing fat ropes of hot, thick cream that splattered into pools along the edge of the lake. Every torrent rewarded him with a deep orgasmic high that shook his powerful body to the core.

But it was time to find that mirror, so he turned back toward the forest and shoved himself between the towering trees, destroying a few utterly before managing to move with more grace to avoid breaking the giants off at the trunk.

As he moved, he realized that nothing was hurting him. Broken limbs shattered against the hardness of his body's muscles. Trees couldn't move fast enough, and the sound of his passing was like the coming of a God through the forest.

His camp looked ludicrously small, now, like a child's play area for a doll. "Shit," he whispered, and he tried to lift the small bubble of his tent to his hands without destroying it. "This is going to get really annoying really fast," he said to himself. "Wish there was a way to..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he found himself compacting, his body shrinking in on itself until he stood somewhere around seven feet tall. He blinked in astonishment and started to laugh again, checking out his smaller form and discovering that it was an exact miniature copy of his fully engaged self, right down to the fat nubs of his super-reactive nipples. His tent fell out of his shrunken hands and landed sideways, spilling its contents across the campsite. Frowning, Robbie retrieved his pack and searched for something with a mirrored surface that would allow him to see himself more clearly.

Nothing. There was nothing! He tried using a utility knife but could only manage to see slim images of his perfect butt and his bright blue eyes. He did learn that in addition to being very strong and very big, he was also very flexible, only remembering his self-suck episode at the lake after he stretched his right leg all the way along the side of his body so his foot ended up over his head, keeping perfect balance the entire time. He licked his leg playfully and enjoyed the taste of his flesh on his tongue. 'Damn,' he thought, 'is there anything about me that I don't want to fuck?'

He considered what had happened to him as he sat at the edge of the lake, again, stroking his cocks with both hands, shooting for distance into the clear water. After he managed to shove a thick load all the way across the lake, he decided not to waste any more of his own delicious cream and simply came all over himself, practically bathing in the rich, warm juice from his limitless balls and watching his body soak it all inside, maintaining constant erections and nearly constant ejaculations. For the hell of it, he sucked himself off some more, feeling the intense pleasure and complete satisfaction that a Transformed man only realized when fed from the source.

As his first night as a super-powered sex God fell, his brain searched for a logical reason for what had happened and he couldn't find any. Nothing before the sudden feeling of burning and then growth and sexual contentment occurred to him. He couldn't dredge up the last flashing vision he had of something man-shaped passing in front of the sun. He remembered darkness and light, his swim, the lake, the rock... then burning, and sex, and complete contentment.

Oh, and the cumming. He remembered that plain enough. The memory was enough to reinflate his twin beasts and set him off on another round of slow, intense, gratifying stroking before he fell asleep as the dawn broke.

And then he dreamed.

## Chapter Eleven

It was the longest, most elaborate and best wet dream that anyone ever had. Also, probably, the wettest.

His subconscious mind opened up the mindlink channel. Without sensory input coming from his various hyperactive senses, it was free to look for other avenues to keep itself occupied. In dreamstates, that was usually fed by the memory and imagination, dredging up ideas and problems and people and sticking them in a blender. But the mindlink to the Brotherhood offered a much clearer, much more elaborate, much more pleasurable path to pursue. Not to mention that the constant drumbeat of his libido shoving itself against his pleasure centers with a constant need, even while drowsing, was also feeding his brain with a desire that needed fulfilling.

And what better way to satisfy both needs than to drink in everything that was happening in the world of the Transformed Brotherhood and swallow it down in huge, happy, gulps?

Unfortunately, or fortunately, the mindlink wasn't a one-way street. At least as far as Robbie was concerned at this uneducated stage of his development.

What he saw in his head – more than saw, really, since the mindlink brought with it all the sensations and emotions accompanying the actions – was a vast collection of the most beautiful, hunkiest, beefiest, muscular men on the planet all engaged in various forms of sexual release, including some that, were he awake to process them, would send his head spinning and answer a lot of his questions about what was happening to him.

He heard their voices, saturated with power. He saw their faces, uniformly masculine and almost unnaturally beautiful. He watched them fucking an assortment of men through their eyes. Some were like them, huge with bulging brawn, gifted with the sculpted bodies of Greek Gods. Some were ordinary, but they were changing before his eyes. Some were downright unattractive. It seemed like there was no commonality at all except that they were all men in various shapes and sizes, nearly all naked, and all of them engaged in sex with each other.

There was a man, he couldn't see his (my) face. He was looking through his (my) eyes. He could feel his (my) cock being sucked. He (I) could look down his (my) body, over the dark skin and fat nipples, down at the head of a man, some older dude. The guy was grabbing onto his (my) cock with his hand and sucking his (my) cock and he could feel his lips and tongue on his (my) cock, he was playing with his (my) balls, his (my) heavy, hardy balls filled with rich, hot cream. His (my) load was overwhelming, it ached.

There was a man. There were two men. He was looking through both of their eyes at each other as they fucked each other with twin cocks of mammoth proportions. He could feel his cocks held in the tight grip of the other man's ass. He could feel his ass gripping tightly against the other man's cocks. He shoved his dicks inside the hot wetness and felt the man

massage his cocks. He felt his butt filled with the eager thrusting power of the other man's huge poles and he tightened against the invasion and massaged the man's dicks.

There was a man, a huge man, in front of him. The man had blonde hair, flat-topped, and a clean-shaven face. His eyes were ice gray. His face was a carved masterpiece of male perfection. He watched the man smile as his face came closer to his own and he tilted his head and kissed the man's soft, warm mouth, felt the man's tongue push into his own mouth, felt the rising heat from his loins as the kiss passed from friendly to passionate to downright dirty. He felt the man's hand cupping the hard globe of his pec, felt the warmth of his touch as the man slid his thumb against his own fat nipp and teased it to hardness. He felt himself cumming.

There was a man. There was another man. There was a third man. He was all three men. They were uniform models of physical perfection. One was dark-skinned, African, almost black. One was pale, with a sideways grin and a broad dark forest of fur across his massive chest. One was young, looked young, but his body was huge and overwhelmed with muscular power. The third man was growing. He felt himself growing. He looked down as his arms swelled with power. He was the black man, watching the growing man, he was stroking a massive cock and unleashing a torrent of bright cream on the young man's body. He was the grinning man, the grinning man who was kissing the young man, the kiss was like none he had ever felt, he was kissing and being kissed, he was growing, he was cumming...

There was a man. He was flying. I am flying. I am flying next to another man like me, another beautiful man, another hyper muscular God and we're flying through the sky. We're naked and glorious, unashamed and unafraid. I am thinking I want to fuck him while we're flying, I want to swoop overhead and loop around and fuck his ass in mid-air. I can see the air currents and I know how to use them. I grab onto a column of warm air and it flips me around and up and I am climbing into the sky and I reach the zenith and I can feel my powerful body, all my muscles, flexing and stretching as I lean back, my face and chest and belly toward the hot sun, and I know where he is and he flips over, twisting in the air, watching me. My cock is rock hard, dripping with lubing honey, the sweet nectar of my balls and the wind rushes across my skin and he opens his legs, opens his ass, opens his hole, and I impale him with my dick and we're falling and fucking and flying.

There was a man. I am a man. It is night and I am standing atop a building and I am naked and I am beautiful and I am horny as hell. I am looking down on the city square and I am hunting for someone, I am on the prowl, I am a hungry wolf, a horny wolf, I can feel it in my dick and balls and nipples and asshole, everything tingles with need, everything wants to be touched and fondled and licked and sucked and penetrated and I am watching the people below, it is late and they are on the prowl, too, looking, too, horny, too. I crouch down and peer into the darkness, I am rubbing the plum of my dick, the helmet of my cock, I am spreading the rich warmth of the pre-cum flowing now as I spot my next victim, my next lucky lad, I am going to give him what he wants, fulfill every desire, make him over into his own fantasy made real. I stand atop the building and watch him saying goodbye to his

companions, but he is the one, I can feel it, I can feel his need, his desire, and I can grant his wish. He will join us.

There was a man. There were men. In a bar. I am standing in a bar, I can smell the beer, the smoke, the sweat. I can smell the man next to me, the man dressed in leather, smell the cigar and whiskey on his breath, smell the sweat beneath the leather, smell his ass and balls and I move my hand onto his ass, his ass in tightly encased in leather, smooth black leather, and he looks over at me and our eyes meet. He looks me up and down and I look him up and down and my cock grows harder at the thought of the man naked beneath me, his legs on my shoulders, my cock buried in his hair butthole, the smell of him in the bed, in the sheets, all over us as I fuck him hard and deep and he grunts, he moans, he feels me flood his guts with my hot torrents of cum. He nods once and I nod once and he leans in and we kiss, I kiss his mouth, I taste the smoky peat of the single malt, I smell the sweat and cigar, I place my hand behind his head and rub the shaven scalp, the rough skin, and I feel his hand on my crotch, on my thick and heavy cock, and he squeezes and I pump a thick stream of pre-cum that stains my jeans and he wants me.

There was a man. Standing in a room. Someone's room. I am in someone's room, not my own. I do not have a room. I am free. My home is everywhere, anywhere. I am naked, standing at attention. My hands clasped behind me. My legs shoulder width apart. Wide shoulders. I can feel my heavy balls dangle and itch. The itch of a ponderous payload. My balls ache. My balls are bound. My cock is hard. Rock hard. Iron hard. A cockring presses against the base of my erection. The head is flaring, red, pumped so full it shines. My tight belly moves in and out with breath. My nipple. My nipples are clamped. Feels good. Hurts good. Someone slaps my ass. My perfect bubble butt. The sound is harsh and loud in the room. I smile.

There was a man. There is a man. I am a man. I am looking into a mirror at myself. I am in a bathroom. A restroom. Somewhere. Some truck stop. Some rest stop. The light is dim, the sink is filthy, the smell is dank and sexy. Someone kisses the back of my neck. Hands reach around to try and embrace my wide chest. I feel something press between the high, hard hemispheres of my butt cheeks. Something hot and hard. Something slick and firm. Someone's dick presses itself between my naked butt cheeks. He moans against me. His hands move down my body as I watch myself in the mirror. I am so big that I cannot see him. I can only feel him. His hands move down, through the fur on my rippled belly, through the thick pubic hair crowning the glory of my fat, long prick. The hardness of his dick is gone and I feel his face, now, pushing into my ass. I feel his tongue shoving against my asshole. I lean forward and open myself to his tongue, feeling the wet heat of it enter. His hands surround my cock as it inflates. He shoves his pliable tongue in deeply.

There was a man. He is growing. His muscles are swelling visibly beneath his skin. I am watching him grow. I am making him grow. I am above his prone body, my cock is in his ass, I am slowly rocking my hips, slowly moving my hard dick in and out of his tight hole, slowly pumping him with something that is making this happen. I am making him grow with my cum. I can feel my cum flowing up the inches of my fat prick and pour into him, I can feel his ass grow tighter against my dick, I can feel my balls swelling with more cum, I can feel him

growing bigger and stronger beneath me. I lean my lips to his and press a kiss to his gasping mouth and his arms surround me and pull me closer as I fuck him and kiss him and make him grow bigger, bigger, bigger, bigger...

There was a man...

## Chapter 12

Being a Transformed man was easy. Being a Transformed man on a mission was not.

Maddox reflected on this conundrum while he was engaged in a three-way fuck with Sherman and Wolf on top of a desert plateau somewhere in the very Mormon state of Utah. Sherman had initially proposed the little adventure with the observation that not only had he not engaged in having sex with two men at once, none of them had as yet done it together. Scott had pointed out that the orgy of heightened sexual energy that had exploded on the island some weeks back in order to save Kevin from Sherman's very own form of Untransform may have counted toward that goal, but who was he to argue when another man wanted sex?

That, then, was the main problem. It was always, inevitably, about sex. The craving never stopped. It never even grew less urgent. It was always there, a constant drive in the front of his mind and, coincidentally, his body was primed to be ready for it in unending supply. His cocks were hard, his balls were full, his libido was formidable and he could cum buckets, gallons, torrents of hot cream in an infinitely extended orgasm of sexual bliss. Hell, the real miracle was that he was ever not fucking someone's ass.

It didn't make it any easier when the other two were as gorgeous and powerful and, it must be noted, limber as Scott was himself, not to mention the whole flying thing and the extra dicks and so forth, but if they were going to make any progress in this task, at some point they were definitely going to have to stop fucking each other.

Scott thought about this as he was pumping another thick load of hot cum into Wolf's tight and talented ass. Both his cocks were buried inside the Russian's gleaming butthole and strands of thick cream were flowing along the muscled contours of his powerful legs, only to be sucked inside his body to help keep his monstrous hunger fed. Not a drop was wasted. Wolf's cocks were buried inside Sherman's ass, and from the sounds of it he was enjoying the sensation very much. Tipton was one of the most vocal partners that Maddox had ever had, and his vocabulary of filth was both surprising and engaging.

"Come on, cumsucker, is that all you have? Fuck me harder! I want to taste your dick in my mouth! I want you to fuck me so deep I can feel it from both ends! Ohhhh, fuck, that's so good. Bite my neck. Yessss...."

Maddox stifled a laugh. His hands wandered the muscular contours of Wolf's wide back and he felt the man's body piston harder to satisfy Sherman's desires. Wolf was as taciturn as Tipton was vocal. His skin was amazing, so smooth and soft across the steel-hard bulges of muscle, and as pale as snow. Not a single blemish or birthmark sullied the creamy white contours of flesh, which made the darkness of his huge nipples -- currently pinched between Scott's fingers -- look like lips mounted on the full bellies of his pectorals. Even Wolf's tight little asshole was a pale pucker, as creamy white as the rest of him, and the burr of short hair on his scalp was white-blond as well.



He was a giant of a man, and his love-making was vigorous and athletic. At times he seemed almost angry, and he obviously enjoyed it rough, but the smile never left his lips and he was generous with his affection and his kisses. Even now he arched his head around, his lips parted, searching for Scott's mouth and tongue, reaching a muscled arm over his shoulder, bunching with brawn, to pull Maddox's mouth to his own.

Tipton had jumped in with both feet, true enough, but he'd spent most of his time with Scott. Not a bad arrangement, in Scott's mind, but certainly limiting in his scope of what to do and when. Scott considered himself a very good lover, but every man is different and if you spend all your time with one of them, you're apt to develop some lazy – or at least unimaginative – habits.

They really needed to stop this and get on with the business at hand. Scott came another fat load in Wolf's ass as he thought the thought and with a last, lingering kiss on Wolf's hungry mouth, he disengaged from the party, withdrawing the thick inches of his cocks from the sweet warmth of Wolf's hole. The disappointment was palpable and came through the mindlink in waves.

"I know," he said simply, his words soft but stark in the silence of the red rocks. "But we have a job to do. And the sooner we finish it..."

Wolf sighed and, with a final bite on Tipton's shoulder and a resounding slap to his ass flesh, he delivered a last long, thick pump of hot cream from his fat balls and pulled out as well, his dicks still fountaining the incandescent streams of cum like twin hosepipes. The cum splattered against his body and Sherman's and was pulled beneath their skin to feed their unending hunger. Tipton spun around and clamped his mouth down on one of the two cocks and sucked it dry before turning his attention to the other one. He was nothing if not an eager lover.

"So," Wolf intoned, "what is plan?"

Maddox smiled. Sometimes that Russian accent was just too fucking sexy. "I'm not sure. Something's up, that much we know."

"We do?" Sherman was licking lips as he asked the question.

"I suppose a suspicion is all we have, but I'd say that, based on the history of the people we're dealing with, there's very little chance they've simply closed up shop and slithered away, especially considering what we did to their very expensive underground office space."

Sherman huffed out a laugh. "That was a very memorable day."

"Even if you weren't exactly 100% in favor of it at the time."

“Hey, I wasn’t in possession of these babies, yet.” He hefted his twin monsters and left them slap against his muscled thighs. “They tend to change one’s perspective a bit.”

“Da. They do,” Wolf agreed, moving his hand against the pale, solid flesh of his own left cock. “Do we know where they are?”

Maddox looked at Sherman, who shrugged. “I could make an educated guess, but I would also assume that they’d erase their tracks and start over, given that I’m now with the enemy and have knowledge of everywhere they set up shop.” He scratched his chin thoughtfully as he wandered over to a rock and sat his naked butt down on it, leaning into the dust and drawing a crude map of the continental U.S. of A. “We had special ops here, here and here,” he said, making points on the map, “and R&D shops here, here, uhhh... here and waaaay up here in Alaska.” The last point was made outside the map.

“Alaska?”

Sherman shrugged. “Your tax money at work. Some of that hidden pork that makes it into defense bills and education funding? Some of it is very, very hidden pork.”

“Where is best to start?” Wolf sounded eager. A glance at his face told Maddox that the man was clearly itching to get back into something like this.

“I doubt they’ve managed to move anything already,” Tipton observed. “The destruction of Main Office has definitely put a crimp in their hose, but there’s too much activity and too much money tied up in everything for them to abandon the projects.” He looked at Maddox, adding, “I bet they relocated to the North Pole.” He was pointing at Alaska.

Scott nodded. “Makes sense. It’s remote. Headquarters likes remote. Gives them a sense of security, which is kind of dumb. I suppose they think that by hiding things in the middle of nowhere, we won’t find them. But the footprint of something like that and the troops and support necessary to keep everything running makes anything that far away from city centers suspicious.”

Wolf nodded. “We call... excuse, please. When back home, they called center for advanced military Upravlenie, literally ‘headquarters.’ Is funny, no?”

“Directorate would be a more precise translation, Wolf, but it’s not surprising. If there’s one universal truth about the military mind, it is that it isn’t very imaginative.” Maddox considered the alternatives. “Who’d be in charge now, and what would they be primarily interested in?”

“Besides us, you mean? Believe me, they won’t give up on our little group, considering the potential and man power involved. And I mean that literally, of course.” Tipton twisted his arm to make his bicep pump into glorious power to illustrate his point. “There were at least three other initiatives concerning advanced biological research. One was to counteract

Transform's advancements, but that's been proven moot, obviously. One was concerning light rays and invisibility, but that wasn't making much progress. The third was kept secret even from me. I assumed it was another attempt at what Drs. Martinez and Lassiter concocted, albeit without the overriding sexual, erm, angle."

Wolf narrowed his eyes. "I was mere soldier. I do not know what Upravlenie was doing, other than what it was doing to me and my men."

Sherman said, "I'm dubious that they're doing anything anymore. Financially, they're not in the best position to continue financing such a huge undertaking, and the Chinese are in no position, technologically, to pursue these goals. I'd bet that the only ones we need to be concerned with are right there," he finished, pointing at the divot in the dirt representing the Alaskan frontier.

"Who's in charge?"

"I can think of two men, off the top of my head. One's an egghead, he's likely doing the dirty work in the labs. The other... well, the other can best be described as an arrogant asshole."

Maddox grinned. "Takes one to know one."

"Indeed. But if you think I was bad, just wait until you meet this gem."

The new man at Headquarters was named Eugene Peck, but everyone referred to him as Mr. Peck. That was all. Just Mr. Peck.

After the failure of the military to make a dent in the actions taking place on the island, and the complete takeover and Transformation of the men at the facility known as Main Office, it was decided by those with their hands on the purse strings that outsourcing was the way to go. Government involvement contained too much red tape, too many eyes looking into where they shouldn't be looking, too much oversight of what was, really, nobody's business. Privatization was the name of the game. And the point of any game was to win.

Nobody was as single-minded in the pursuit of winning than Mr. Peck.

He stood slightly taller than five feet high, had a comb-over of epic proportions on his prematurely bald pate, and wore navy blue wool double-breasted suits with a white button-down Brooks Brothers shirt and a matching navy blue silk tie knotted with a double Windsor. On his feet were a pair of black wingtips. His eyes were framed with silver wire-rimmed glasses and he had perpetually bad breath. No one knew where he went when he left at night, he did not appear to have any friends or relations and, indeed, all anyone knew about him was that he had a single-minded devotion to the success of the Male Biogenetic Optimization and Realization Program bordering on obsession.

At the moment, he stood behind a pair of the six certified geniuses on staff looking at a readout on a large LCD screen displaying the current genetic mutations taking place on Human Subject 3. He was only nominally aware of what it was he was watching, but it was clear to him from the visible evidence of the man in the laboratory opposite the observation room that something positive was happening.

With every stage of the experiments, he was growing more agitated with the lack of positive progress. The fact that the Martinez-Lassiter formula was so successful so immediately galled him. Their very first subject had realized dramatic, nearly unbelievable genetic alterations to his physical body, increasing strength 10-fold and realizing muscular development far in advance of expectations. Subsequent subjects, none of whom had even been screened, realized far greater advancements in far less time, and he had seen the recovered digital vids from what had occurred at Main Office prior to its destruction – the men involved had been implausibly improved in every physical manner.

Yet here he was, looking at another man on another platform, and waiting to see if they would be able to watch a percentage of the changes that the so-called Transformed men could achieve so easily.

The first subject had certainly realized muscular growth. Unfortunately, he had become literally musclebound in the space of a few minutes, his muscle tissue developing so fast and so large that it overwhelmed his frame, swelling so massive under his stretched skin that he could not move, even his jaw was swollen too large to even eat. His heart gave out quickly under the onslaught. The man's death was regrettable, though educational.

The second subject took great strides forward. They had resolved the skeletal and ligament problems, providing a pathway for the body's other structures to accommodate the man's developing strength and size, but the high quantities of testosterone and masculine hormones also developed him into a killing machine, a man who would attack given even the slightest provocation. They wanted aggression, but they wanted controlled aggression.

Another failure, and another death. Now, another adjustment and another test.

Who was this man, anyway? Peck felt mildly curious about what would drive a man to become a human guinea pig. Was it dedication? Belief in something larger than himself? Faith in his own government to protect him? Did he know the dangers, and did he care?

"25% development, holding steady." The doctor's voice was loud in the otherwise silent room. The naked man on the platform was swelling with muscle. Peck could see it happening, but he'd seen it before. He watched the man's face for signs of anything troublesome. The man's face was a grimace of something like pain, fat veins pulsed all along

his flesh and chords of muscle appeared and were suddenly swallowed up by thicker cables. He glanced at the measurements and watched the poundage increase, the numbers flying by as the heavy muscle tissue kept growing.

"50%," the doctor announced. The man had gained half his own original body weight in muscle in the past 5 minutes. He weighed 325 lbs, and that 110 lbs gain was pure human muscle power, thick bands of it lined his limbs, his bare chest was swelling outward at a rapid rate, the fat muscles on his legs bulged out and separated from each other as they grew.

The man was obviously taller as well. Peck smiled. Things were going swimmingly. "75%," he heard the man state. The look on the subject's face had altered from a grimace to something calmer, almost beatific. Peck noted that the subject's genitals were growing as rapidly as the rest of him, the man's penis crawling across his heavily muscled thigh, the man's testes swelling like balloons. "Nearing 100%."

Now twice as large as when he was given the injection. 420 lbs. And the weight continued to accelerate. He was gaining more muscle now than before. As the muscle developed, it hastened the progress of its own continued growth. Just as planned.

He heard another sound, now. A deep moan. It came from the subject on the platform, the growing man, the man who resembled a comic book hero. He was reaching his large right hand across his body, moving with slow but obviously direct intent. Peck observed that the man's penis was growing erect.

He looked at the two doctors. "Is this expected?"

They both nodded. "A similar reaction was reported to be part of the Martinez-Lassiter trial. A reaction of the body's sexual drives, similar to what we saw in Subject 2."

"Are we going to have the same results?"

The other doctor shook his head. "We accounted for the violent tendencies and have rerouted a great deal of them in... another direction."

"I believe we were intentionally avoiding the homosexual solution." Peck said with an eyebrow raised, referring to the manner in which Dr. Martinez and Dr. Lassiter counteracted the advanced human male's natural tendency toward physical aggression into sexuality and libido. The government has given tacit agreement to the plan, visualizing other obvious wartime and in-field advantages, but they had gone too far and given birth to more or less useless super soldiers. They had no violent aggressions at all, and unlimited sexual drive and capability.

He watched the man slowly stroking his now mammoth erection. The subject was writhing in pleasure on the table as his penis and testes continued to develop along with the rest of him. His face was now a mask of deep physical pleasure, his mouth open to gulp in air, his

eyes pinched shut, the corners of his mouth turned up in obvious bliss. The man's penis was leaking something from the tip, something glistening and clear, that looked to have the consistency of honey or oil.

"That's correct, Mr. Peck. Homosexual tendencies have not been developed or extended, though if they existed pre-injection we also did not interfere with them. I believe what we're observing here was a reaction that Dr. Martinez noted in his own trials. The emissions act as a kind of lubrication, and will continue until ejaculation. We should also see some... yes, the penis will exhibit some rather advanced and noticeable growth, well beyond... as you see."

And he did. The man's penis was lengthening and swelling well beyond what one might have expected, even given the superhuman circumstances. The man was applying both hands, now, to his burgeoning erection, and his moans had turned to some very vocal proclamations of his evident pleasure. One hand was now crawling under his equipment, rubbing against the strip of skin between his testes and anus. It was crawling suspiciously close to the anus itself!

He slid it inside, sliding his finger in and out, then another, and a third. "Fuck, yeah, oh god, sooooo good. Oooohhhh, fuck me."

Peck looked at the doctors. One responded, "Also to be expected. Aggression is being re-channeled to some extent, and the vocalizing is part of that process. We're likely to see some more physical results fairly quickly. Uh, now at 150%."

The subject was now actively thrusting his finger inside his anus while simultaneously sliding his grip up and down his slick, thickening penis. The flow of clear honey increased substantially.

"200%. 635 lbs. Entering final metamorphosis." The subject had slid off the platform and was stranding up. His increase in height was clearly evident, and the growth of his muscles and overall body structure continued unabated. He had now re-applied both hands to his penis, whose tip had reached his chest and was quickly sprouting higher and thicker, forcing his legs apart to make room for the girth of his penis and the manifest size and weight of his testes. The flow of clear honey was a steady flood that drizzled down his equipment and legs, pooling on the white-tiled floor. The man's body was flushed with blood, sweat poured off his slick, red skin and it was clear to everyone that something dramatic was on the verge of happening.

The explosion of semen surprised Mr. Peck, though the two doctors did little more than check the subject's responses and vitals. The man was pumping fat fountains of pure white cream that splattered against the ceiling and rained down upon his skin like milk, draping his heavily muscled form in thick ropes of cum. The man's level of sexual bliss and orgasmic release was as strong and obvious as the thickness and size of his muscles. His hands kept a firm and steady rhythm going as he opened his mouth to catch copious gulps of his own

seed. Peck watched his throat swell and bulge and he swallowed as much of his cream as he could manage.

“Gentlemen?”

One of the doctors turned and shrugged. The other busied himself with the myriad monitors keeping track of the subject’s heartbeat, blood pressure, temperature and everything else measurable about his body. He said, “It’ll start soon. This is the last stage of the initial progress. This is the trigger that... there he goes!”

And there, indeed, he went. As the man’s continuing fountain of cream intermingled with his already altered DNA, it began to refine and considerably strengthen the physical changes manifesting all over the man’s body. His muscles bulged fatter, nearly bursting from his skin. His body stretched and widened to try to contain the sudden onslaught of power that was building everywhere. All the while, he continued to stroke his lengthening cock as its surface writhed with thick veins, pulsing and throbbing visibly.

“This looks promising,” Mr. Peck announced, a slim smile finally finding its way onto his lips. Could it be that the solution that had so far evaded them was at hand? Subject 3 was growing huge before his eyes, and the rate of growth was staggering. So what if the man was a veritable fire hydrant of semen? So what if he was growing so large that it looked like the room itself wasn’t going to contain him? So what if the rate of production in his ballsack was reaching such an advanced pace that they were suddenly swelling like beach balls?

“Gentlemen?” Those balls did look awfully full. “Gentlemen.” He said it again when he was met with silence, and a glance at the two doctors told him why.

They were now frantically attempting to shut the experiment down. Buttons were being pushed and re-pushed. Dials were being dialed back. Phone receiver were being screamed into.

Subject 3’s body was still swelling. His skin was beet red. Veins as thick as fingers were breaking out everywhere. His penis was shooting faster than ever. A flood of cream was spouting from him and his balls were monstrously swollen. The thick strands of white coated him utterly, and were being drawn through his thin skin directly into those swelling muscles. Thin red lines began to appear on his flesh, and trickles of blood were now intermingling with the flood of cum.

Peck remained silent after it became clear that he had another failure on his hands. The man in the room was still diligently and intently stroking his mammoth erection as the tears in his skin grew wider. Cables of muscle pushed their way through, growing faster now than his body could contain. His balls swelled into gigantic bloated globes. Something was going to give, it was clear, and Peck had a suspicion that someone was going to have a hell of a mess to clean up in about three... two... one....

The man literally exploded. Chunks of his muscle and bone and flesh struck the observation window hard, splattering in bright red splashes against the thick glass. The sound of his body finally giving way to the unhindered growth was wet and loud and surprisingly fast. He was there, then he was not.

Peck drew a thin inhalation through his nostrils and watched the gore slide down the window. "Promising work, gentlemen," he said. "Keep it up."



## Chapter Thirteen

Paul fucking loved being Transformed. He looked down at the colorful illustrations decorating his insanely muscled arms as he plunged his new and improved and greatly magnified cock meat into the tight, hot, perfectly formed ass of his new handsome friend and felt a vast surging eruption of sexual pleasure in his loins. Another thick load of cum erupted from its fat mushroom head -- he'd lost count of how many times he'd cum already. His balls drooped heavier with their load of hot cream and his asshole tingled and throbbed with the need to be filled up with dick.

This, he thought to himself, is why I'm a man.

He closed his eyes and came again, his entire body feeling the intense pleasure of the eruption. He pushed in deep and held himself inside, feeling his partner's ass clamp down on his hard prick and veritably suck his creamy cargo from his cock. Waves of undulating sexual bliss cascaded along the fat inches of his dick and he threw his head back and gulped in air as his biggest load yet flooded the man's deep, hot tunnel.

He heard someone moan, and someone else grunted, and someone else sighed. He looked around the huge room overlooking Central Park West and took in the variety of sexual energy taking place all around him.

Chuck was over there with Derek, his dick buried in the young man's butt, fucking the dude's ass with his cock buried to the hilt. It's a wonder the thing wasn't drilling a hole out the dude's belly, given the size of it. One of the owners of the place, a huge Latin guy named Carlos, was getting his own perfect ass deeply penetrated by Murph, whose piston hips were moving to the beat of the music that flooded the room. The bass was so deep that Paul could feel it shaking his bones. Finally, near the floor-to-ceiling windows, Chuck's boyfriend, Frazz, a black-skinned monster of a man with intense eyes and a ready smile that made Paul harder (assuming it was possible to get any harder) just thinking about it, had his thickly muscle arms surrounding Cal's new body, swollen with brawn and covered in sweat.

Earlier, they'd enjoyed each other's company in an hours-long orgy of male muscular mayhem that should have left them all spent and wanting a smoke, but instead it served as the appetizer to an evening of non-stop mind-blowing fucking and sucking that seemed without end. Paul had no idea how long he'd been at it, but he felt as fresh and hot and horny as he had when he'd walked in the door to be greeted by the two naked owners of the place already fucking each other's brains out.

Paul turned his attentions back to the luscious round assflesh of the beautiful man he was fucking. "Jesus," he whispered.

"Pardon?"

Paul grinned, looking at Michael's face, at the entirety of his gorgeous, buff body as it lay before him, the man's thickly muscled legs spread wide, his enormous erection pressed between the full bellies of his 8-pack abs. "Your ass is so beautiful. I could fuck you forever."

Michael smiled back. "Well don't let me stop you. What if I do this?"

Paul gasped and shot a fat load as Michael did something magical with his hole that managed to up the sexual cascade of orgasmic bliss erupting through and around Paul's hard prick. He was definitely as talented as he was gorgeous.

Paul wondered for a moment why the pairing off had occurred as it did. The four new recruits had been primarily altered by Chuck and Frazz in the alley behind the bar, so they were already pumped and primed for what was happening now. But the old friends, Carlos and Michael, and Chuck and Frazz, had each selected one of the pick-ups from the bar rather than electing to go off with each other. It was blatantly obvious that they were the four most attractive and muscular men in the room, but it was clear that whatever had been done to them initially was just the tip of a very big iceberg, and over the next few hours they would come to realize the full benefits of their transformations.

Not that Paul was complaining, of course, because ending up with Michael was hardly a consolation prize.

Michael was easily the most beautiful man Paul had ever seen. It was remarkable, really, how different each of the four men were quite apart from their uniformly massive muscular development, the noteworthy similarity in height and breadth of their frames, each towering at least six and a half feet high and probably four feet wide, their narrow waists and the breathtaking masculine beauty of their faces. But as similar as they were in the overwhelming magnificence of their physical appearances, they were also quite unique.

Michael, for example, was as flawlessly perfect as a man could get, assuming one was looking for an all-American type with the chiseled jaw and bright blue eyes and a cock that would choke a porn star. His skin was smooth and silken under Paul's touch, and although he looked like he was the king of all tops, he was more than happy to open his ass up to Paul's hungry cock and swallow him inside.

Then there was his partner, Carlos. Again, the man was the epitome of the perfect Latin lover. Long, dark hair, reddish-brown skin, huge nipples with fat caps just waiting to be nibbled and sucked. His ready smile and keen mind was evident in everything he said. He was gentle, kind, and extremely willing to provide anything his guests might desire, including the happy pleasure of sucking on his huge uncut glory and two heavy, hairless egg-shaped balls.

Frazz was as quiet as his partner Chuck was verbose. A black-skinned giant of a man with almond-shaped eyes and a smooth, hairless dome, his ready smile invited an openness that

Paul rarely felt with anyone, let alone a man he had just met. Plus the guy was gifted with a cock that was even bigger than Carlos's or Michael's.

Finally, there was Chuck. There was something even more unusual and extremely attractive about the guy, even if he was a goofball with a twisted sense of humor and the filthiest mind Paul had ever encountered. There was evidently nothing that Chuck wouldn't do to you, or with you or have you do to or with him. He was incredibly sexy – no, sexy wasn't a strong enough word for the guy. He was sex incarnate. He was sex on two legs. He was the actual Sex Machine, a man built for it and capable of doing it so completely, so entirely, and so enjoyably that Paul wondered if he wasn't just a fantasy that had somehow managed to spring to life fully erect and pumping a flood of sweet, warm cream all over you.

That, and he was just fucking amazing to watch in action. His body oozed sex from its very pores, it dripped from his sweat glands, it drizzled from his dickhead. Every movement, whether it was the slightest adjustment of his hip or the dazzling twinkle in his dark eyes, to the thrusting majesty of his double-jointed hips – Chuck was mind-blowing.

::Hard not to watch him, isn't it?:: Michael's soft, powerful voice shook him. Paul nodded, dumbstruck by the sheer power and beauty of Chuck's body in motion. He watched the man's thick cock moving in and out of Derek's asshole, drooling streams of pre-cum. Chuck's grin was lascivious, he looked like the devil himself fucking his victim's willing ass. The muscles of his legs bulged and flexed as he moved his hips forwards and backwards. The deep dimples on his well-toned ass deepened with every thrust. Derek's face had a look of ecstasy, as if he was experiencing the most blissful sex of his entire life. Chuck looked over at Paul and winked, as if to signify that they were both masters here, Gods of fucking in their domain. ::He's truly one of a kind.::

Paul smiled. "You're not so bad yourself." The sound of his own voice seemed overt and loud. He looked down at the prone muscular body he was drilling and saw Michael's blue eyes watching him. Michael's mouth was soft and his face was achingly beautiful. He wanted to kiss the man deeply, as deep as his cock was buried in the man's ass. As if hearing his unspoken thoughts, he watched Michael's 8-pack swell into power as the man pulled his immense upper body, with its fat globes of power and its luscious, lickable nipples, toward Paul's body. The man was insanely flexible, and insanely powerful. He seemed to rise from the furry floor covering as if by magic, effortlessly lifting his muscled bulk toward Paul, who leaned forward, his thrusting fuck action reducing to a slow stroke in and out of the man's warm, tight hole. Michael moved one bulging arm forward and placed his soft, warm hand against the back of Paul's neck, pulling their lips together and gifting the painted man with an intensely passionate kiss.

Paul came again, raised to a new level of sexual gratification by the kiss, pumping a load so full and powerful that he felt it splash against his groin and drip down his legs. He could feel the heat and hardness of Michael's erection pressed between their bodies. It seemed to writhe and bulge in concert with Paul's sexual ecstasy, as if the hard-on had a mind of its own and was reacting in concert with the men's orgasmic bliss.

Paul felt something inside him, something alive and wild and hot as the sun. The power within was rushing through his blood like lava. He felt stunned and shaken by its power, and nearly swooned against Michael's body as the kiss lingered against his lips, tingling with electric energy.

"Oh my God," Paul moaned, pulling his lips from the other man's mouth and gazing into his shining blue eyes. Michael smiled back at him, then leaned in for another lingering kiss. The heat increased inside Paul's body and he felt as if he would melt or burn up entirely. His cock felt painfully hard and his balls shoved out another fat flood of cum as he came again, even more powerfully than the last time. "Oh, God." Paul felt a deeply blissful tingling along every millimeter of his prick, something so intensely pleasurable that he thought he would pass out from the power of it.

Something inside Michael was caressing his hard cock and coating it in the most concentrated and fiery levels of sexual gratification he had ever experienced. The feeling spread into his loins and licked at his ass. It crawled over his muscled belly and moved its heated touch across the muscles on his back. It stroked his legs, moving over and between his thighs, showering every inch of his skin in hot buttered sex. The sensation grew in strength, encasing his hardness in its embrace. He felt it coating his broad chest and move its mouth over his nipples, sucking them inside and driving his ecstasy to insane levels. The feeling sheathed his shoulders and moved down his limbs, grabbing onto the heavy bellies of his biceps and the veiny cords of muscle on his forearms. The colors of his skin seems to come alive, growing bold and beautiful.

He didn't know what was happening to him and he didn't care. It felt like he was drowning in sex, like his entire body was held inside the most amazing, warm, wet, masculine sense of sexual gratification, like he was a giant cock ready to cum. He felt the extended bliss of a non-stop orgasmic blast shaking his entire being, from head to toe, inside and outside. It was overwhelming and hotter than hell.

He was growing, then, in slow and constant strokes. It felt like sex. He could feel his strength increasing, feel his muscles swelling, feel his weight and size and power increasing in steady increments. Something was happening to his cock. No, cocks. Something was happening. He had two cocks. Michael was kissing his mouth, and fucking his cocks, and holding him in his powerful arms, and showering his body in sexual bliss. He was changing again, growing again, swelling with massive power.

Michael grew himself in unison, so that the two men remained at the same level of muscular development and relative height. He flooded Paul's body with Transform and the Touch, and bathed the pleasure centers of his brain with a Transformed man's ability to make a man cum with a thought. Paul was being remolded and improved in a steady, effortless progression, each second filled with more sexual gratification than an average man might experience in a lifetime. He was given the same level of power that Michael possessed, or Carlos, or Chuck, raised to the level of a god among men.

"Oh, god," he moaned, overwhelmed. Michael smiled and delivered the coup de grace, shoving the final transforming blast in a sudden eruption that made Paul's twin cocks flood Michael's guts with hot cream.

Paul grabbed onto Michael and pulled him into a tight embrace as his body swelled to its ultimate glory. His muscles bulged against each other, fat with strength, thick veins feeding them power. He pushed his mouth on Michael's and tested his new power, shoving an unfiltered, intense load of the Touch back on his builder, flooding him with another intense orgasmic fountain of Transforming cum, sharing the overwhelming sexual power with the man who had given it to him.

The feeling of gifting his power to another man was almost as intense as it had been receiving it. Transform rewarded its host when it was given away, making the transaction as powerful and gratifying as the wealth of sexual and muscular power it provided. Paul's body was swollen with the energy of the initial exchange, and he felt the intensity of his new body and capabilities build and expand as he delivered his awesome potency back to his host.

Michael welcomed the exchange and kissed Paul back, tangled in his embrace and feeling the incredible heat and power of his intoxicating cum flooding his body. Paul had become an incredibly gorgeous living work of art. His tattoos, an indelible part of his skin, had grown as huge as the rest of him, their colors dazzling and lifelike. His heavily muscled arms were entwined in black branches of roses and thorns, swirling along the swollen masses and erupting with blood red blooms. Bands of darkness encircled his biceps and his shoulders, winding across the bulging contours and highlighting the deep crevasses between each lobe of power. The black arching spikes reached across the hard hemispheres of his chest, amplifying the vast muscular power bulging beneath his decorated skin. His back was a living tableau of homosexual beauty, covered in pictures of naked sailors, leather motorcyclists and buttfucking bodybuilders straight out of a Tom of Finland catalogue. A dictionary of man-on-man sex played out across his skin in blatant and satisfying detail.

"Holy fucking Christ!" It was Chuck's unmistakable voice, and the man stood over the two of them with Derek, also now fully transformed, but Chuck's eyes were too busy exploring Paul's naked canvas to notice Michael. Paul pulled his lips from Michael's mouth and moved his hand across Michael's cheek, softly saying "Thank you," to his maker.

"Stand the fuck up, dude! I want to see you in full fucking glory!" Chuck's voice was a deep rumble of awe and desire. His dicks were already leaking copious streams of lubing pre-cum and one hand was rubbing against a fat nipple as he watched Paul regain his feet. Chuck had a sense for these things. Every man who was Transformed realized a vast improvement of their physical beauty, masculine traits and muscular size and power, but every once in a while a guy came along who overwhelmed even other members of the Brotherhood with his presence.

Paul was definitely one of those men. While the others that had been gathered together that night from the bar were uniformly handsome and sexy as fuck as they stood around the

tattooed man, Paul's sheer masculine power and overwhelming size were awesome in their grandeur. The sleeves of color winding up his arms writhed and danced with every movement. The men illustrated across his cinemascope back seemed alive, like fantasized versions of the muscled man standing before them. Chuck took a deep breath of Paul's singular scent and felt his knees going weak, the man was a juggernaut of sexual intensity.

"Shit! Look at those arms!" Cal moved his fingers along Paul's enhanced triceps, standing out starkly from his long limbs, their bulging size nearly matched by the thick biceps bulging opposite. Cal's own muscles were nothing to sneeze at, but he was right – Paul was a monster. His chest bulged with restrained might, the bands of power struggling for space. Huge, fat nipples like two small pierced dickheads popped out below the meaty globes, luscious and inviting a suck. The man's twin giants sprouted from his loins like cobras, thick and heavy, only one of which remained ornamented by a heavy, shining steel ring that came out of the piss slit and curled beneath. Veins reached across the expanse of his thighs and stretched along his calves and shoulders. And all of it was beautifully highlighted by the colorful paint that illustrated his body.

Michael asked, "How do you feel?"

His one word response, "Good," was saturated with the Voice. Paul proved once again that he was a powerfully sexual being, the room practically shook with the sensual strength of the sound of his voice.

Someone behind the group moaned in ecstasy and they turned to see Stan and Todd standing in the entryway. They were at their compacted heights, evidently having just arrived on the roof and made their way down in time to witness Paul's final emergence as a new member of the Brotherhood. Stan's erect cock was pumping a high, hard, thick load of cream.

"Okay," Todd said with a smirk, "what'd we miss?"

## Chapter Fourteen

'Challenging' would be one way to describe Robbie's trip home from his excursion to the Canadian wilderness. 'Surprisingly erotic,' would be another.

None of his old clothes would fit his new body, no matter how tightly he attempted to compact his form. His legs were just too fat with muscle and too hard to squeeze into anything. His upper arms were far too thick to manage through the armholes, let alone the sleeves. And his chest was so large that it was impossible to even attempt to button any buttons beyond his navel. Even his underwear was no match for his new set of equipment, so he wrapped his beach towel around his waste, stuffed his gear into the back of his truck, wedged his muscular girth into the cab and set off down the mountain toward home.

The ride was excruciating for him, not because he was so tightly packed into the truck, but because his dicks simply would not calm down. Whether it was the jostling of his body on the rough road or the scent of pine and fresh air or just the constant reminder to himself, mostly naked in the small space, his sexy scent stinking up the cab, sweat dripping down the crevasse between his pecs, his biceps rubbing against the thick meat of his torso, he couldn't seem to think about anything besides sex.

It didn't help matters that he now had two hungry dicks that wanted attention, rather than just the one. Before long, he was yanking the towel away from his perfect body, pulling to the side of the road and beating off again, a foot-long, inches-thick cock in each hand, reveling in the overwhelming feeling of sexual gratification that each sensitive pull on his fat pricks delivered. He could feel his heavy, warm load of cream swelling larger in his balls with every stroke, and it felt like his cocks grew fatter and longer the more he pleased himself until the rushing, quicksilver tingle along every thick inch of his new dicks told him it was time to deliver a fresh flood of cum from both barrels and he was splattering pools of hot white honey on the windshield, dashboard, steering wheel and his own muscular form.

He came so hard that he could hear it strike the roof of the truck, and it felt so good to have his wealth of creamy juice showering him that he seemed to cum for minutes, his tall hard-ons coated in thick, slick coats of cream. The rush of orgasmic bliss drove him to clamp his mouth down on one of his cocks and greedily swallow the load down, sucking his own meat as he beat off his other cock with his right hand.

Afterwards, the truck reaked of sex. He used the towel to wipe down the interior and decided that the next time, he'd be sure to exit before letting loose with another of his thick, unending vollies of cream. He was surprised again when his own body was clean of the flood, even though he knew damned well that he'd managed to splash his huge body in most of that eruption.

Before he managed to get off the mountain, he managed to get off three more times, and every load was as thick and powerful as the first one. By the third time, he just stuck both cocks in his mouth and swallowed the entire load down, shoving his fat pricks into the wet

warmth and pleasuring himself doubly. He'd often imagined what it would be like to be able to suck his own cock, particularly since it was one of his favorite pastimes and having one so handy but so out of reach seemed unfair in so many ways. But now that he had two of them, and they were both huge, and constantly hard, it was a bit like being in heaven.

He never imagined how good they would taste. They seemed to satisfy some hunger he didn't know he had when he pulled the plump, warm heads between his thick, wet lips and felt them rubbing against the roof of his mouth. He'd grab onto the twin shafts and squeeze thick flows of pre-cum into his mouth. The clear fluid tasted salty and earthy, and it felt like slick honey on his tongue. He wrapped his long tongue around his own cocks and pulled them further inside his mouth, wanting to swallow them whole.

Giving himself a blow job seemed like the most natural thing in the world, now that he could do it so easily. After sucking both his dicks for a while, he'd pull one out and jerk it off with his hand, using his spit and that non-stop flow of pre-cum as lube, while he concentrated his oral attentions on his other cock, licking the head, kissing it, moving his lips along the surface and tasting his own delicious honey.

On his fourth self-suck, he started to fuck his own face while two-handing his other huge piece of meat, watching himself stroke his right cock while sucking his left one. Shifting his hips, he started to shove his cock against the back of his throat while his hands tightened on his other prick and squeezed out a wealth of pre-cum.

The best part was when he finally came, of course. It wasn't like sucking some other dude's cock. It wasn't exactly a surprise when he was unloading into his own mouth, but the amount of it and the taste of it left him wanting more and more. He experimented with a facial on his fourth time, nearly drowning in his flood when it erupted from the tip like a fountain, splattering against his face and dripping down his neck and between his pecs before his body did its thing and reclaimed it all.

Then there was the joyous task of cleaning up, licking the remnants off the helmet, sucking the last drops out of his cock like it was a straw, slowly and rapturously worshiping the strength and size and beauty of his cocks with his lips and tongue, winding his mouth's hot wetness around and around the chubby head and sucking against its tight, shiny skin. The scent of his own ass and balls would rise into his face and make the entire process one lingering shot of ultimate self-love.

When he was finally back on public roads, Robbie wasn't even thinking about the fact that he was entirely naked, entirely twin-diked and entirely horny as the proverbial devil with a hard on. Every car he passed was a potential target for his unbribed and overwhelming lust. He'd had enough of this self-sucking. He wanted someone else's hot, hard cock in his capable mouth.

Robbie wasn't exactly what one might call the most freaky sex hound, normally. He certainly had experienced his share of online hook-ups and drunken one-nighters, but he'd never hung out at truck stops or made eye contact at the seashore and ended up giving a hummer



to a lifeguard. For him, there were definite places and times for that sort of thing, and roadside diners weren't on his bill of fare.

Normally.

But things now were anything but normal. The man's body was in constant need of sexual attention. It wanted to fuck and be fucked, to suck and be sucked, and to offer its many and varied and splendid talents to everyone it could possibly find. Robbie's amped up sexuality had placed him in permanent heat, and he now had the equipment, the capability and the desire to put it all in action.

He pulled into the first place he saw along the lonely highway and parked his truck directly in front of the small country store. It was hilariously stereotypical, but there wasn't another car in sight and the only person he could spy behind the dirty front window was some scrawny young dude in a red plaid shirt reading comic books behind the counter.

For some reason, the sight of that single little guy, with his stringy dark hair and his thin arms and his hangdog expression made Robbie's cocks painfully hard.

His tribal name from the Cree nation would translate as Big Fish of the Great Hunt, but it sounded more like missitch stdoo nemass indohoo, so everyone he knew in the English speaking world called him Mitch. He hated his job. It was beyond boring. No one even passed by the store much anymore, let alone stopped to buy some Jerky or a six-pack. But it was one of the few jobs around, and the pay was okay.

He looked up from his worn copy of Frank Miller's 300 at the sound of a truck approaching the store. He was reliving some scenes from the movie through the blood-soaked pages and lost in a reverie when he narrowed his dark eyes to look through the window and see who had made the mistake of stopping. The windshield of the truck was a smeared mess, as if someone had smeared an ice cream cone all over it and only partially succeeded in wiping it up. Something big moved in the truck cab's dark interior, and he put the comic down on the counter before moving closer to the window to satisfy his curiosity. The sky was overcast and everything looked drained of color in the mild afternoon light.

The truck's door opened and the figure looked like he was having some trouble extracting himself. Mitch mumbled, "Another fat American," and smirked, huffing out a laugh as the entire truck rocked back and forth while the man tried to get his bulk out of it. 'Must weigh a ton,' Mitch thought, tilting his head and wondering for a moment if he should go out to help the guy.

A hand rested atop the open door and clenched it tightly. It looked... it looked like the hand was crushing the door frame. Must've been already crushed, the truck was sure a wreck, what with the cruddy windshield and all. Looked like the guy had been up in the mountains. Not like he'd stopped to take a piss or something. No sense in that. Just piss on the side of the....

A foot, a bare foot, stepped onto the gravel. It was followed by its brother. Then, slowly, a man emerged from the confines of the truck's little cab. A man that would not have looked out of place in the comic he was just reading, with the exception of one very unusual attribute.

'Huge' didn't even dent a description of the dude. His head went up and up and up, and through the door's window, Mitch saw the biggest, widest, most muscular set of pecs he'd ever witnessed. The man's body just kept on expanding, like a group of clowns emerging from a car much too small to hold them. Mitch wasn't gay, but he wasn't exactly 100% straight, either. He recognized beauty when he saw it, and this guy's face was gorgeous enough to be right up at the top of anyone's list, no matter which way they leaned.

The man's eyes were on Mitch's face and a smile wound across his lips as he moved beyond the door's cover and revealed that he was completely naked. More than that, and impossible to believe, but there were two long, fat, perfectly formed dicks hanging between his legs. He closed the door of the cab as much as he could, given the newly wrinkled frame, and strode toward the store's entrance, his two thick cocks swinging heavily.

Mitch felt a jumble of emotions as the huge naked man approached. One was fear, though it was quickly being beaten down by feelings of wonder, curiosity and, with growing strength, lust. The man's movements were incredibly sensual. Mitch could see the movement of the man's incredibly developed musculature as he walked. His pecs shifted and bounced, the dark nipples shoved under the fat globes of meat appearing and disappearing as he swaggered. The smile on his face was both friendly and lascivious, as if he was glad to see Mitch because he wanted to fuck him hard. His arms bulged with more muscle and the sway and size of his twin monsters made them a prime target of Mitch's blatant stare.

The door opened and the man came inside. He seemed even larger now, as if he was growing as he walked. He paused for a moment at the open door and caught Mitch in his gaze, predator and prey. "Hi," he said. His voice was deep and powerful. He growled the word more than spoke it.

Mitch gulped into a dry throat. He nodded. His mouth opened but nothing came out. The man closed the door carefully, the cords of power on his forearm twisting and flexing around each other. He moved slowly toward where Mitch was frozen in place behind the counter. He simply stood there, over a foot taller than the smaller man, radiating power and strength.

This close to the man, Mitch could suddenly see that he was utterly perfect. Easily the most beautiful person he'd ever encountered, his naked skin shone under the dim fluorescents as

if made of silk. He had a light coat of fur across the colossal globes of his chest, and his tight belly was cobblestoned with an 8-pack of perfectly spaced abdominals. He smelled funky, but good. Something like sex in the forest. Mossy and earthy and woodsy, but with an overtone of sweat and smoke and locker room stink. His face was gorgeous, with a rough dark patch of whiskers winding across his prominent chin and high cheeks, contrasting with the bright blue-green orbs that were looking back at Mitch.

"I need you," the man said. That voice, now so close, barely above a whisper, shook Mitch to his soul. He noticed movement from his peripheral vision and glanced down to see that the man's two immense cocks were very quickly inflating to full erection. They had flaring mushroom cap heads and something clear and thick was drooling from each piss slit. They pulsed and throbbed as they climbed higher and higher, swelling thicker and growing red as they climbed.

Mitch gulped again and felt the fear re-emerge. But the man's smile was still there, still achingly beautiful, and when the man reached his hand forward toward Mitch's face, he found himself leaning forward into his touch, yearning to feel that silken skin against his own.

The man's hand was warm and soft. He brushed his fingertips along Mitch's chin and touched his lips tenderly. The man's twin cobras were throbbing with urgency, impossibly huge. The heads of his dicks reached up between those fat globes of his pecs and the clear honey was pouring from them, now, flowing down their substantial shafts and making them shine and glisten. The smell of the man was even stronger now, as if he was leaking that funky perfume from somewhere.

The man's face lowered to Mitch's own and he closed his eyes and felt the man's lips move gently against his own. The kiss was as warm and soft as his touch and Mitch felt a heat building inside him, now, as the man's sexy smell and the man's powerful body and the man's tender kiss penetrated his senses. The man reached his other hand forward and caught Mitch's hand, pulling it toward him and placing Mitch's grip against the intense heat of one of his erections.

Mitch moaned deeply. He moved the back of his hand up and down the hot surface, feeling the slick lubricant sift between his fingers and warm his touch. He moved his hand up and up and up the shaft to the head and cupped his hand over the helmet. He moved his palm around the fat head and felt it push against his touch, eager for more attention. The wet sounds of the man pleasuring his other cock with his hand as he continued to kiss Mitch's lips made Mitch start to slowly move his grip up and down the man's hardness, slowly stroking him as he pumped out a flood of pre-cum.

Robbie was in heaven. Again. Something about being with another man had an entirely different affect on his body.

He wanted to be with the man, to share himself with him and make him feel every bit as sexually potent and alive as he did himself. Something innate kicked in and he didn't immediately attack the guy's ass like he had intended. Instead, there was a deeper desire to share himself with the man, to be with him rather than to force himself upon him and to allow the other man's pleasure to equal his own.

His sense of sexual gratification was every bit as powerful as it had been on his own, but now a secondary and equally powerful sexual energy was infusing him and it was due entirely, he knew, to the presence of the other man.

God, it felt so good. This sharing of himself, of his power and strength and beauty. It was like sex on top of sex. He wasn't cumming, but he felt like he was. He wondered, in the back of his head, how he'd feel when he started to fountain his usual thick loads.

But the kiss! The kiss was amazing! He could feel the dude's little hand on his huge cock, and he was releasing a flood of pre-cum that just kept pouring from him. The counter that separated them needed to go away! He wanted the man in his arms, he wanted to kiss the man deeper, to shove his tongue down the dude's throat and get his clothes off his rockin' bod and suck his nipples and finger his hole and cover him in sex.

A sudden shock of intense sexual bliss shook him from the guy's touch on his cock. He felt something shift. He felt something change. He felt something give.

Mitch's body sudden heated up everywhere and it seemed to originate from the hand that stroked the giant cock and the lips that kissed the warm, tender mouth. It tingled and throbbed before growing incandescent and hot as fire. He felt himself shaking and a soft moan bubbled up from his chest. His dick was painfully hard, shoving against his Levi's. His nipples tingled and throbbed, and his asshole felt weirdly good, like it was being licked by a big tongue or something.

Mitch was releasing a thin sample of Transform without knowing what he was doing, or how he was doing it, or even that he could. He was rewarded with another powerful tremor of sexual power, which made him release more of what he thought of as his 'power,' to share himself with the beautiful little dude, to make him feel good – as good as Robbie did himself.

Mitch was climbing over the counter. He never let his lips leave the giant man's amazing kiss. His hand slipped along the wooden surface, slick with the man's thick pre-cum, but he landed on his feet and pulled his mouth from the man's kiss and lowered his lips toward his pumping hot cock.

Robbie moved his grip to the little dude's shirt and ripped it from his body easily. He moved his hands to the dude's pants and pulled open his belt and popped his button fly, releasing a hard, red dick pulsing with every pump of blood in the little dude's body.

The man's cocks were so huge! Mitch licked the fat helmet and the sense of the man's smell and power infused his brain, driving him batshit. He started to suck on the giant prick as he rubbed it against his body. It was as hot as the sun, hard as steel, sexy as fuck.

Robbie felt his load building in his tight balls. Gallons of cum waited release. And more was building, infused with the power he didn't know he had. He moved his hands across the thin shoulders of the dark-skinned man. He moved his hands to his neck, caressing his skin, feeling the dude's throat contract and flex as he sucked on one of Robbie's enormous erections. Robbie bent his head down and sucked the other cock into his own mouth, receiving a double blow-job that made him push out another shock of his power into the other man's body.

Mitch felt himself grow hot again, a heat that radiated through him and lit him up from the inside. His skin felt tight. His muscles were on fire. He grabbed onto the massive cock and sucked harder, drawing the salty wealth of thick honey into his mouth and swallowing eagerly. He felt the man's hand on the back of his head, rubbing his scalp, urging him on.

Robbie was close. So close. His whole body tensed. His muscles bulged, thrown into stark relief under his flawless skin. He tilted his head back on his neck, his open mouth pulling in air, his chest rising and falling, his 8-pack swelling and receding.

Mitch held on as the giant prick swelled in his hands and in his mouth. The helmet bulged outward, pressing against the roof of his mouth, engorging to fill the space. He pushed his mouth down over the spigot and prepared to be inundated.

The monster broke its chains. The flood crested the dam. Robbie's balls seized up and released his torrent of hot, Transforming cream.

Mitch had never sucked a dick in his life. He may have imagined what it was like, but he was unprepared for the reality of the sudden gush of warm salty cream from a hard cock. And the gush that Robbie was capable of delivering far outpaced the usual spurts any normal man was capable of. Robbie's very first gush was an ample flood of cum pumped up a 14-inch prick and erupting into full flood. Mitch managed to capture some of that amazing explosion, even though his jaw was aching, and his throat stretched.

Robbie was delivering Transform in a completely unfiltered, pure and absolute state. Just as he had received it, it sank into Mitch's system and began to immediately alter the Native American's DNA, hunting for impurities and eliminating them utterly, finding original

genetic traits for his ethnicity and distilling them to their purest essence, then hyper-advancing his masculine qualities by pinpointing the areas for genital selection and maturity, muscular development and sexuality and turning the dial up to 1,000,000.

For Mitch, it felt like an explosion inside him. His ears rang, his vision went black, he lost the feeling in his extremities and then in his limbs and all he knew was that whatever was being delivered to him through one of this huge man's gigantic cocks – he wanted more.

Mitch's metamorphosis was rapid and absolute. His muscular growth detonated across his swiftly expanding frame. His bones turned to rubber and stretched and swelled. His skin cells began multiplying as quickly as his muscles demanded, reaching across the suddenly bulging contours of his body. His flesh softened and darkens to a mahogany hue, echoing his tribal background. His dark mane sprouted from his head as his skull expanded to match the shocking growth of the rest of his body.

Everything from that point happened so fast that neither man had time to think about or consider what to do to stop it. Robbie's body kept delivering more and more of its Transforming power through the flood of cum erupting from his cocks. Mitch was swallowing it inside almost as fast as it sprayed across his skin and was absorbed. His shoulders widened and his neck thickened and his arms grew massive. His quickly growing body smashed through the store's counter and shelving, overwhelming Robbie's compacted form.

He kept cumming. Robbie's massive load, spurred on by the presence of another man's desire, erupted in a steady flood, feeding Mitch everything he needed to be changed into another unknowing member of the Brotherhood. In a matter of minutes, Mitch lay sprawled across the interior of the store, his clothing ripped free, his mighty chest rising and falling, and both his huge cocks throbbing firmly across his muscled legs.

Robbie merely stood amongst the wreckage, staring at what he had created. Mitch stirred, his brain fuzzy, his body buzzing with power and sexual need. His body was hairless and beautiful, carved from red-brown wood and massive muscular growth. His fat balls churned with his first load, already eager to be unleashed. "Fuck," he groaned, "what the hell was that?"

Robbie grimaced and shrugged. "My bad," he said.

## Chapter Fifteen

Robbie knew exactly how Mitch was feeling. He'd been there only a day before. The dude was gonna be horny as hell and randy as fuck. He eyed the two giant cocks hungrily, watched the guy's fat balls churn and droop with his load, and felt spellbound as he watched the huge dark-skinned man slowly try to rise in the tight confines of the small store.

Mitch was 16 or 17 feet tall, fully transformed and ready for action. A cascade of dark hair, long and straight and black as midnight, fell away from his face revealing a set of equally dark eyes surrounded by very long lashes. He had a wide, prominent nose above two very lush, very full lips and his cheekbones were set very high on his face. His chin was squared off with a deep cleft – a “butt chin” as Robbie called it – and there was no hair at all along his jawline.

The huge man looked down his body where Robbie stood. The smaller man looked like an impossibly muscled elf at his feet, and he spread his legs apart and bent one knee to get a better look at him. Doing so provided Robbie with an excellent view of Mitch's tight, moist pucker, and a wave of manscent crested over him like heat. Robbie wiggled his brows and moved up the huge man's legs, feeling the incredibly smooth skin and the incredibly hard muscle beneath as he approached the hole. A huge set of balls hung over the entryway, and they were shifting and swelling with what Robbie knew was a flood of hot, sticky cum.

Mitch watched the little man move between his legs and he moved them further open to allow the dude access. The touch along his limbs felt magical, and his cocks swelled and lengthened in response. The new dimensions of his vast chest astounded him, and he watched the thick muscle rise and fall as he breathed.

Robbie approached the huge man's asshole and, kneeling down, he moved his hand against it. It felt hot against his palm and he slowly moved his fingers around the pucker's sensitive skin. His own cocks were rising again, reacting to the other mans overwhelming sense of masculine power and the fantastic sexual energy of being confronted by such huge representations of male sex. The man's ballsack was easily a foot across, and each fat prick was at least three-feet long and as thick as one of Robbie's muscled legs.

The man had a wealth of foreskin like none Robbie had ever seen, it easily eclipsed the fat plums of the cock heads, holding them inside tight layers of dark skin and hanging off the tips like kissable mouths. He watched the twin pricks as they grew, lengthening themselves by inches at a time and thickening dramatically. The abundance of the man's foreskin managed to encompass those quickly swelling helmets as the two cocks pulsed into erection, rising from the man's thighs and drooling thick streams of pre-cum.

Robbie looked back down at the man's pucker and found his own cocks drooling with hunger. He put both palms against the hole and eased one hand into Mitch's hot ass,



wanting suddenly to crawl entirely inside the tight heat, even knowing that his cocks would enjoy the ride to a much more pleasurable extent.

Mitch moaned as Robbie's deft touch penetrated his ass. He could feel the man's explorations keenly. He'd never had anything inside himself, having only tentatively explored the area while masturbating on two occasions. But now that he was experiencing the tentative but rapt attentions of the man's hand, he felt an erotic surge building.

Mitch's ass felt slick and hot, the supple interior sucking against Robbie's probing like a mouth. He edged his arm deeper inside, reaching his strong arm into the huge man's welcoming butthole up to his shoulder. The core welcomed the attention, seemed, in fact, to be pulling him within.

God, it felt amazing. Mitch could feel Robbie's muscles bulging and flexing inside his ass. He reached down with his free hand and took one of his enormous pricks in his grip and started to slowly stroke it. The eye shot out a thick flow of lubing pre-cum that drizzled over his hand and down his shaft. The ample foreskin aided his manipulations and he discovered that each of his augmented dicks had a mind of its own, twisting and throbbing in his grip.

Robbie had never fisted anyone before, and he discovered a kind of power or authority that fucking a man's ass didn't provide. He could feel inside the man, and sense when he was working the man right and doing what the dude needed to bring his level of sexual pleasure higher and higher. He massaged the prostate with his touch, rubbing it and applying the right amount of pressure to drive the dude insane from pleasure. He guessed that this was the first dude ever to be fisted before he'd been ass fucked, and his cocks responded by releasing copious flows of pre-cum. They wanted inside, and so did he.

Robbie watched the dude start to pleasure himself and he knew what he had to do. Pulling his arm from the man's ass, he began to grow himself and his twin cocks and let the flow become a flood of his own lube. The honey streamed from his plump helmets and they maneuvered themselves toward Mitch's steaming hot ass, pushing inside and slowly fucking the larger man's hole. Shocks of ecstasy grabbed hold of his pricks and didn't let go. He could feel every perfect inch of the man's hole grabbing his cocks and sucking them greedily.

Mitch felt a new sensation emanating through his loins from his ass and he looked down his muscled body and saw the other dude growing. The man's entire body was expanding, his muscles in particular swelling fat and splitting into distinct lobes and bellies of power that swelled like fibrous balloons. The man's eyes were shut and his body was slowly rocking as he swelled with power. A wet sucking noise was coming from Mitch's butthole and he clamped down on the twin monsters invading his guts and pulled on them, wanting them deeply inside.

Fuck, but the dude could fuck! Robbie was swelling larger by the second and he leaned over as he continued to piston his pricks in and out and grabbed onto the guy's second dick and licked the long, firm shank to the cowed head. He grabbed onto the giant cock and pushed

his tongue under the tight foreskin and cleaned the sweet pre-cum from the glossy plum, sucking it into his mouth and swallowing it down.

Mitch bucked against Robbie's cocks and stroked his meat while Robbie sucked on his other mammoth dick. The sound of breaking wood never bothered him for a second as Robbie's growing form pushed against the roof overhead. Shelves of groceries and hardware and canned goods toppled aside as one fully Transformed giant sucked and fucked and stroked the other into sexual nirvana.

Robbie never stopped to consider what he was so easily accomplishing with his new body. Somehow, he was able to simultaneously suck a man's cock with his mouth while fucking his ass with two hard dicks. His flexibility was amazing, to say the least. His hips shoved his fat pricks into the dude's seemingly bottomless bottom while he was hungrily swallowing the fat plum of one of his three-foot long cocks. It was incredible, and he never stopped either action for a second as the store began to collapse around them.

Mitch could feel a huge load wanting release in his balls, but the longer he managed to hold onto it, the higher his sense of sexual bliss climbed. He'd never felt so good in his entire life. He wanted to be sucked and fucked forever. His cock felt steel hard in his hand, the shaft was overburdened with thick veins and the head was positively rigid. A copious stream of lube was flooding from it as he stroked himself and the other dude was managing to suck on his other cock with loud, hungry slurps while both his hard dicks were busily burying themselves in his welcoming ass. A cacophony of crashes kept invading on his orgasmic paradise but nothing bothered him about that in the least.

Robbie needed to cum. Not wanted to – needed to. His balls ached with the load he was holding, only minutes after blasting the biggest load of his life and turning another dude into a monster just like he was. But he could feel it, it hurt so good down there, he had a flood of cream wanting release.

So he did.

Mitch felt the hot tide of cum erupt inside his ass and that pushed him over the edge, too. Robbie felt Mitch's cock shove itself into his throat and a torrent of salty cum began pouring into him. Mitch's other prick was showering them in hot cream and together, the two giant men released gallons of cum into and onto each other as they crested the ultimate sexual wave and realized their first mutual Transformed orgasms.

They both felt their bodies light up inside as the floods of Transforming cum entered them. It was like receiving the most satisfying meal while also experiencing the most rewarding orgasmic explosion of pleasure simultaneously. It was what their bodies craved, now, and for the first time, Robbie felt what it was like to be with another Transformed man. Mitch, of course, was experiencing everything in the space of a few minutes, and was delirious with pleasure.

The mutual orgasmic blast lasted for a few minutes as both bodies came into their final adjustments as truly Transformed men. The store, it goes without saying, was utterly destroyed.

Robbie pulled his mouth from the other man's huge cock with reluctance and immediately began to shrink down to a more manageable size. His body buzzed with the feeding he'd ingested and he felt slightly dizzy and highly energized. His groin felt hot and heavy, and every huge muscle on his body was throbbing with restrained power.

He looked up the giant body and saw a confused, exhilarated, extremely handsome face looking down at him. "You need to shrink down," he stated simply, as if it were the most common thing in the world. His own cocks pulsed and throbbed between his legs. He could smell the man before him. He could see his puckered hole begging invitation, again.

Mitch sat up amongst the rubble and promptly hit his head against a beam that had failed to collapse (yet) and, reaching up to rub at the point of contact instinctively, his arm shoved the rest of the building down. Splintered and shattered wood rained down across his naked form and the small space was filled with a plume of dust.

"See?"

"What?"

Mitch's voice had the same deep tenor and superior power as Robbie's. It made Robbie bite his bottom lip to keep from cumming again, already. "Just shrink down. You kind of... wish for it. Or something."

Mitch's handsome face twisted into a curious grimace, but he tried it out anyway. And, magically, it seemed to work. He shrunk slightly. He felt his butt and legs slide inward across the floor, and watched the trees rise away from him. "Whoa."

Robbie smiled brightly. "That's it. You can get down to my size, I think. I mean, I guess."

"Who are you?"

"My name's Robbie."

"No, I mean... what are you?"

The smaller muscular man shrugged his enormous shoulders, and Mitch watched the muscle compact and bulge, feeling his cocks tingle and throb. "Just a dude. Like you."

"But... how..?"

"Shrink first." Robbie used his fingers to illustrate the point.

Mitch was distracted by the fat twin balls of muscle on his upper arm, and that thick vein traversing the brawn. But he closed his eyes and tried to recapture what he had done without thinking in order to appease whoever this magic dude was. This time, nothing happened. "I don't think I can."

"I think that's your problem." Mitch opened his eyes and looked at the muscular hunk standing near his feet. "Think you can. Then you can."

"That's not possible."

Robbie sighed heavily. "Okay, watch." Robbie thought about growing taller, and his body responded immediately. Expanding up and out, his muscles multiplied across his frame as his head rose higher and higher. After a heartbeat, he stood two feet taller than he had a moment before. He held out his powerful arms and bowed slightly. "See?"

Mitch wrinkled his brow and asked, "But how do you do it?"

Robbie reshrunk himself and answered. "How do you breathe?"

"I just breathe."

"Exactly."

"Oh." So Mitch decided to ignore logic – after all, he'd just given head to a guy with two cocks and recovered from the most intense sexual experience of his life to discover that he, too, was not the proud owner of a second majestic prick and that he was also... very, very big. Everywhere. So he forgot about thinking about how to do it, and he did it, his body shutting up like Alice in Wonderland's heroine until he was sitting bare ass naked on the floor of the store where he worked amid the roof's rubble that his hand had caused.

"Better," Robbie said smiling, and he offered Mitch his hand.

When they touched again, Mitch remembered with a shocking suddenness what it felt like to be sucking this man's huge dick. His skin was so warm and inviting, he didn't want to let go. Something almost electric seemed to pass between them, something both enduring and deep, and his cocks stirred in desire and recognition of that feeling.

Robbie couldn't help but notice Mitch's renewed and evident interest in a physical relationship, raising an eyebrow and smiling as he cast a knowing glance at the other man's burgeoning erections. He'd felt the same charged sensation in their touch himself, and as the other man regained his feet he pulled him into a muscled embrace and pressed their lips together, moving one hand to the nape of the dark-skinned man's neck, while the other traveled lower and grabbed a handful of ass, kneading his flesh greedily.

A gush of pre-cum erupted from Mitch's monsters and splattered against Robbie's tight belly. It felt warm and good and Robbie's body sucked it inside with a hunger bordering on starvation. The other man smelled like tobacco and beach sand and lavender and leather. Robbie circled his hand under the beautiful man's butt and rubbed his touch against that tight, wet pucker of his asshole. It almost sucked against his finger like a mouth.

Robbie pulled away and said, "Mmm, nice. And you are?"

The other man's full lips twisted into a grin and he ran his hand through the wealth of jet black shining hair hanging like a strait curtain of midnight from his head. "Missitch stdoo Nemass Indohoo." Robbie's eyebrow shot up again. "Call me Mitch," the other man responded with a ready smile.

Robbie stepped back to drink in Mitch's full beauty. His ruddy skin shone like a rich cherry chocolate glaze over the massive strength lining every inch of him. He was completely hairless save for a small dark patch of hair crowning his twin dicks. Both of his monsters were uncut beauties, with extremely thick shafts and fat, mouth-filling heads. His balls hung low between his thickly cabled thighs and the teardrops of his calves could be seen even from the front. His chest was broad and impossibly large, not as round as Robbie's globes of muscle, but flatter with thick plates of brawn. All his muscles appeared more angular than Robbie's fat muscle bellies, giving him a hard, lean look that complimented the hue of his skin and the dark orbs of his eyes. He had extremely long lashes, extremely high cheekbones and lips so full that Robbie wanted to start sucking on them again.

Mitch enjoyed the other man's examination, feeling a warm rush of sexual pleasure run through him like liquid fire. He could almost feel the other man's gaze upon his naked form. It felt good. He used the time to look at Robbie's body, too, and felt his mouth go dry at the man's intense beauty and evident strength. He had huge muscles, true, but they were married to each other with perfect form. Each swollen belly melded to its brother, giving the man a series of dense, rounded curves that folded into each other. His nipples were huge, poking below the heavy globes of his chest like Hershey's kisses. A substantial dusting of dark curls accentuated the man's many muscles, particularly across that fat chest and his forearms and lower legs. Veins pulsed everywhere, but especially on his twin cocks. They were both cut, with heavy, dangling heads that seemed to sprout from their stalks like mushrooms, including the flaring ridges of the helmets.

Robbie crossed his arms over his chest and whistled lightly. "Not bad, Mitch. Not bad at all."

"How did you do this?"

Robbie shrugged again. "I don't know. I don't know what happened to me, or what happened to you. Or, for that matter, what just happened. I'd say I'm sorry... but I'm sort of not. It's like I couldn't help myself when I saw you. You were so beautiful to me, and I wanted... no, I needed you. I can't explain any of this. I was up in the mountains camping and all the sudden I just started growing."

"No one did this to you?" Mitch's face tilted slightly. It made him look cute and sensitive. The combination of the powerful body and the beautiful vulnerability made Robbie want to eat him alive. He was having trouble getting a hold on his libido. It seemed unquenchable. He wondered if there was any way at all to control it – and if there was, did he want to?

He shook his head. "I was alone. No one for miles. I was just lying on a rock after a skinny dip in a lake, sunning myself and then it started happening."

"Something in the water," Mitch mused. Robbie was going to ask if he was kidding when Mitch asked him, "What now?"

"Well, if it's up to me, I wouldn't mind feeling those thick uncut beauties up my ass, but I suppose we should probably leave the scene of the crime ASAP."

"What crime?" Robbie's eyebrows rose as he waited for Mitch to realize that they were standing in the midst of what looked like a tornado strike. The store was a shambles around them, the walls knocked out and the shelves either collapsed or crushed. The overcast sky had become a thick fog that draped its wet hands across everything, including the two muscular naked bodies standing at the center of the destruction. Mitch looked around himself and a frown came to his lips. "Oh."

Robbie's truck was damaged in the collapse of the building as well, though it looked drivable. The door that Robbie had crushed in his grip had fallen off, and the front right fender was smashed. Most of Robbie's camping equipment had been ejected from the back of the pickup when the wall pushed the vehicle over, but all four tires were solid and the frame was otherwise undamaged. "I was headed home. You're welcome to join me," Robbie said. "In fact, I think I'd like it very much if you squeezed your butt in next to mine."

Mitch looked at the truck and then at himself and Robbie. "Just, sort of, naked like this?"

"Got any clothes around this dump that'll fit us? I don't mind being naked... frankly, I kind of prefer it." He didn't stop to consider that this was another change in him, the complete loss of modesty and the desire to show himself off and parade his new physique as naked as possible. It was like needing Mitch, and the unstoppable need for sex. Even Mitch's easy acceptance of what had happened. It all just seemed to fit, somehow. As if it was all as natural as breathing. "But I agree that it'll make some things a little easier to deal with," he said smiling, lifting both his cocks into his hand. Another jolt of sexual pleasure rocked his body as he touched them. He didn't exactly want to let go.

Mitch moved to the area of the store where they kept a supply of Wranglers and heavy plaid shirts. Stock items in any wilderness store. He pulled up a pair of dark navy jeans and held them against his new body. The waist seemed to fit, but there was no way he was going to fit those thighs down the very narrow legs. He pulled up another pair and had the opposite reaction, showing how the large pants might accommodate his muscled legs but would hang off his narrow waste rather obviously. He tossed those aside and found some grey

cotton sweat pants with the Canadian maple leaf emblazoned on them, and a couple of extra extra large sweatshirts. "I think these'll work."

He tossed a pair of the pants and a shirt to Robbie and struggled into his own clothing, pulling the drawstring tightly around his narrow hips. Both cocks bulged along his legs, their heavy heads evident and obvious, but it was better than nothing. He couldn't manage the sleeves over his new arms, so he ripped them free at the shoulder and posed for Robbie in his new outfit. "How do I look?"

Robbie was only halfway into his pants, so his cocks made evident that he thought Mitch looked pretty fucking good in the skin-tight gray cotton. He was maneuvering his giant dicks into the crotch of his pants while Mitch was retrieving cash from the busted register. It was only a few minutes later when the two huge men piled into the cab of Robbie's truck and felt the engine rumble into life.

It was shortly after that when the truck collapsed onto the ground, unable to withstand the two compacted men's combined weight after the beating the building had given it. Sure, it could haul a couple of tons, but two men weighing around 800 lbs. each? That was the bridge too far.

They removed themselves from the cab and stood staring at the wreckage for a couple of minutes. The air was wet with fog and the trees softly shuffled their heavy branches. Night was coming on fast and somewhere, an owl hooted.

Mitch said, "So... my place?"

Robbie was getting hard again just watching Mitch's ass as he followed his new friend into the forest.

## Chapter Sixteen

"Can I ask you a question?" Mitch's voice was soft, but so deep that Robbie could almost feel it rumble against his chest as they traversed the dense woods. Darkness surrounded them, now, but the muscular Native American moved with silent surety. The words seemed startling in the otherwise quiet forest, and they summoned Robbie out of his reverent study of Mitch's bobbing butt.

"Sure," he answered, jogging forward to walk next to his new friend. They were so wide, together, that they were bending and breaking off branches right and left, though the thick limbs never left a mark on their bare arms.

Mitch glanced over for a moment and then looked back at the needle-covered floor of the forest, as if embarrassed. "How do you stand it?"

Robbie's brow furrowed. "Stand what?"

"I guess I mean, how do you withstand it? This feeling?"

"Which particular feeling is that?"

Mitch raised his arm to push a large branch from their path. Robbie watched the action in silhouette, marveling at the size of the other man's bicep and tricep as they swelled. "It's like I'm constantly horny. I'm super aware of my dicks, they just keep, like, throbbing and tingling and the more they throb and tingle the more I want to, you know...."

"Fuck me?"

"I'm not gay."

"You don't want to fuck me?"

"I seriously want to fuck you. It's weird." He slowed to a stop, but didn't meet Robbie's gaze. "I can smell you, or something. It's like you're this... power. This feeling of, like, heat. And the more I think about you, the more I want to..." The words trailed off.

"Dude, I know what you're feeling. I'm sorry this happened. But, seriously? If you want to fuck me? I would be all over that."

Mitch glanced up. "I'm not sure I could do it. I mean, I've never fucked a guy before."

"Believe me, it's easy. You want to fuck me now or wait until...."

Mitch met Robbie's eyes. His gaze was feral. "I want to fuck you now." He shoved himself at Robbie's body and pushed his lips against Robbie's mouth. The other man was slightly



surprised at the sudden ferocity of Mitch's attack, but he was ready for him in an instant. Robbie grabbed Mitch in his muscled embrace and felt the man's firm cocks rubbing against his body. The dude was seriously ready, that was a certainty. He could feel the man swelling larger in his arms, his muscles bulging fatter everywhere. He was growing very quickly and Robbie had to pull back to regroup and catch up with him.

"You sure you want to...?" He didn't get to finish the question. Mitch was already at his full height again, and at his fully developed muscular size. His two yard-long snakes were drooling lube and his fat balls churned. Robbie smiled and started to swell in unison with the man, quickly ripping through the clothing they had so carefully picked out until they stood at a height with the treetops, their heads towering 18 feet above the soft earth.

"Fuck, Mitch, you are so beautiful." He kissed the man's full lips again and felt a sudden heavy charge of sexual bliss travel through the contact. He didn't know what it was or where it came from, but it felt amazing and powerful and he wanted more.

Mitch was on overdrive. He'd managed to suppress his monstrous libido as they walked but the closeness of the other man was driving him wild. He'd never felt this way before. He was overcome with desire and lust. He could think of nothing else except Robbie's face and his body and his arms and his kiss and his chest and his fur and his cocks, those beautiful cocks, those fat, thick, perfect cocks. He wanted him. He wanted him all. He was releasing a double-barreled shotgun blast of his Scent and his Touch as he attacked the other man's powerful body. He needed to cum. He had buckets of cream in his balls. He had to cum, and he had to cum now.

The trees fell as if a detonation had occurred when Mitch threw Robbie to the ground and looked down his muscled form toward the bull's eye of his desire. Robbie's butt hole was a beautiful hairy pucker that he wanted to taste. He didn't know why, he had never even thought of getting his face near another man's butt before, let alone want to stick his tongue inside its warm sweetness and eat the man raw, but now he wanted that more than anything.

Robbie lay on his back, eyes wide, staring up at the ferocious beast standing over him. Fuck, this was hot! Mitch was breathing hard and deep, the plates of his chest rising and falling, and the look the dude was giving his ass was nothing short of ravenous hunger. Robbie's delicious stink rose around him in clouds, and his cocks swelled to erection in record time as Mitch dropped to his knees and dove toward his butthole.

Mitch pushed his mouth at Robbie's rosebud and licked the pucker. It tasted salty and musky, the essence of manhood distilled and refined. He pushed his tongue inside and tasted Robbie's delicious ass, sucking and licking like a pig at a trough.

Robbie's eyes rolled into his head as Mitch shoved his hot, wet tongue into his hole. A gush of pre-cum poured out of both of his dicks, bathing his belly in silvery honey. Mitch put his hands under Robbie's knees and opened him wider, wanting to climb inside the man's ass,

shoving his slick, talented tongue inside him deeper and deeper. It felt like he was being fucked by the other man, and he moaned intently.

Mitch was in fucking heaven. He couldn't get enough of Robbie's tasty buttohole. He was shoving the man backwards against the forest wall to get in deeper and deeper, his cocks were thumping against his chest, rock hard and hungry for that ass. He leaned back and looked down at the muscled monster at his mercy, his mouth, chin and neck slick with spit and ass juice. He leaned over the man and pushed his mouth on Robbie's, tongue wrestling with him, making him taste his luscious butt.

Robbie's head was filled with his own essence. A distillation of his scent and taste flooded his mouth and nostrils and he sucked on Mitch's fat tongue like it was a dick, wanting to swallow all he could before it was gone. Their broad chests rubbed against each other, Robbie's furry globes against Mitch's tectonic plates. Their nipples erupted with sexual erotic charges when they met. Their four cocks tangled together and fondled against each other like snakes.

"Fuck me," Robbie said softly. His voice was saturated with Transform's masculine sexual power. "Fuck me hard, Missitch stdoo Nemass Indohoo."

The sound of his true name echoed inside his head. As if responding to a god's demands, Mitch rose above Robbie's prone form, pulled his muscled legs apart with his strong arms and shoved his dicks inside. They were thrust into the tight warmth and a mighty quaking shock of sexual power erupted into Mitch's body. He came a blast of cream immediately, unable to help it, unknowing that he had total control of every aspect of this new body, wanting only to feed his profound desire to fuck this man as deep and hard and true as he could.

Robbie roared with pleasure. The sudden rushing shock of Mitch's charge of hot cum into his body was accompanied by the most intense sexual bliss he'd yet experienced. They had become one, and their joined powers erupted into each other through this most intimate and carnal of physical contacts. His giant body shook, he arched his back and stretched his neck and grit his teeth against the sheer unrestrained intensity of their coupling. Robbie's muscles tensed tightly, bulging stark and absolute under his skin, and his ass clamed down on Mitch's cocks and sucked on them with fierce need.

Mitch shot another fat gush of hot cum into Robbie's guts. He could feel the floods of cream traveling up the lengths of both cocks and jetting from the eyes, splattering their wet heat inside Robbie's ass. He cried out, shouting to the heavens, feeling as though he was pushing all his power, all his energy, all his strength and muscle and manhood into the other man and was being rewarded with the same back, stronger, deeper, more powerful than ever. His hips began to rock in and out as he rubbed the ridged heads and the thickly veined shafts against the slick, warm innards, shooting load after load from his boundless reservoir of cream. His balls swelled with it, bulging fatly against his thighs.

Robbie felt Mitch's power enter him and swell. It was incandescent masculine strength, limitless and beautiful, and its heat and light grew as big as the sun inside him and he gave it back to his lover. His body was exploding with pleasure, his cocks erupted with high arcs of thick cream, streaming over his head and splashing against his lips and his neck and his hairy chest and rippling belly. They came together, over and over, as the perfect sexual pleasure built inside them, emanating from the source of contact outward until it encompassed their entire being.

Robbie couldn't speak. He couldn't think. He could hardly breathe. The intense pleasure and sexual power overwhelmed him. He was drowning in it.

Mitch looked down at Robbie's perfect form and fucked him deep, deeper, deeper still. He was cumming load after load after load, a constant pumping stream of hot, milky cum exploding from both yard-long cocks into Robbie's muscled body. He couldn't stop. He didn't want to.

Robbie opened his eyes and looked up at the giant dark figure fucking his ass. It felt so good. So fucking good. He leaned up, his 12-pack abs swollen into power, and reached toward Mitch's face with his hands and drew their lips together. Mitch leaned over him, his hips slowing, the action of his twin monsters reducing to measured, deliberate thrusts, and kissed him deeply, shoving one last, thick, long, full flood of cream from his overburdened balls and they shared the intense orgasmic bliss together.

After shrinking down, both men again without suitable clothing and naked under the cold stars, Robbie had to laugh as he looked around him at the destruction they had again inadvertently caused. Their two massive bodies had scooped out a deep pit in the forest, and the trees for several yards all around them had been shoved aside or obliterated utterly. "Well, shit."

Mitch felt bad. Not only because of the damage to the ancient forest, but because he had attacked this man – his friend – and lost control. "Robbie, I... I'm sorry. I don't know what happened."

Robbie looked at Mitch and frowned. "Well, you fucked me and we kind of..."

"No, I mean. I mean, I didn't mean..."

"You're not going to stand there after the absolute best fuck of my entire goddam life and apologize for being the absolute best fuck of my entire goddam life, are you?"

"I..."

"Because if you are, I'm going to make you fuck me all over again just so we can forget you ever considered doing that." He encompassed Mitch's beautiful nudity with his muscled

arms and kissed him fully and deeply. "There. That ought to shut your mouth." He smiled and kissed him again.

Mitch shook his head in wonderment and had to smile himself. "Well, that was intense."

"Ya think?" Robbie laughed. The sound was deep and warmed, and it echoed through the woods. "Now, I believe we were headed toward your place before you so generously volunteered to fuck my ass." He motioned in the general direction he remembered they were going. "After you, lover."

Mitch looked into the sky to get his bearings, then started off in the opposite direction, grinning giddily.

Mitch lived in a small one-bedroom house at the edge of the forest at the end of a long dirt road. The two naked men emerged from the trees together, and Robbie paused when he recognized that they were out of the woods, literally. "That's it?"

"Home, sweet home," Mitch verified. "Not much to look at, I admit."

Robbie shrugged. "Seeing as I am currently without transport or clothes or, indeed, anything but what you see before you, I'd say you have the advantage."

Mitch laughed and wrapped his arm across Robbie's bulging shoulders. "Come on inside and get warm."

Robbie stopped for a moment and watched his breath frost in the crisp air. "But I am warm." His brow wrinkled as he considered this fact, and the fact that, upon reflection, he couldn't remember feeling uncomfortable in the last two days. "I'm warm."

Mitch looked at him. And it dawned on him, slowly, what he meant. It was near freezing outside. They were both naked. But he had to agree, he did not feel in the least bit cold. "Weird," he said.

"Isn't it?" Robbie was grinning foolishly. "This is so fucking cool."

"Well, come inside anyway. You can use the phone and call..." He stopped. "Oh, shit. Do you have a girlfriend? Did I just...?"

"Boyfriend. And no. No boyfriend. So you did not just et cetera. Cut yourself a break, dude! Believe me when I tell you I have absolutely no regrets meeting you."

Mitch felt relieved. "Same here." He opened the door and paused. "So, am I gay, now?"

Robbie shrugged. "Does it matter?" He stepped around Mitch's huge form and into his small house. It was neat as a pin, with a small table and 2 chairs, a stove and fridge, a lounge chair, a TV and an older computer. There were two more doorways, through which he saw a toilet in one and a bed through the other. He noted that the bed had been made. Maybe Mitch was gay, after all.

"Sorry about the mess," Mitch apologized.

Robbie laughed out loud. "What mess?"

Mitch nodded at the dirty dishes on the sink. "Was going to do them tonight – that is, last night." He shrugged sheepishly. Again, Robbie found himself turned on by the contrast of the overt masculine power of the man's body and the mild, slightly awkward cast to his beautiful face. "Feel free to use the toilet."

"No thanks." Then Robbie's face registered that same quizzical look as he realized he hadn't had to use a bathroom, either, for the last two days. Maybe that was due to the fact that all he'd been swallowing was his own cum and Mitch's delicious creamy spunk. The thought made him want to pull Mitch's cock between his lips again, but he fought against it. "Uh, just to warn you? I don't think we need to take a piss, again, either." Mitch's face registered his disbelief with quiet starkness. "I'm just saying."

"What the hell happened to us?"

"Like I said, I just don't know." He was rubbing a nipple absently as he said it, and only realized the fact when Mitch's gaze fell to his chest and his reddish face managed to grow even more red. Fuck, the dude was cute! "I could use your computer, though. Check my email and stuff." He moved toward the dark screen, explaining, "I'm a sys admin. Been on vacation, but things tend to fall apart without me."

Mitch leaned across him – feeling the sexual heat pouring off his body – and flipped the computer on. "Things tend to fall apart with you around, if you want to count things like where I work, the forest, your truck..."

"Oh, ha ha, funny man." Robbie pulled up the chair as the screen slowly grew brighter. "A Windows man, eh? Well, there's no accounting for taste."

"We all can't afford to join the cult of Mac, dude. Anyway, all I use it for is email and YouTube and the occasional... uh..."

Robbie turned and eyed him. "Don't worry. I haven't met a computer yet that didn't have some porn on it." He turned back and noticed the webcam perched atop the monitor. "But not everyone is a participant."

"It came with the computer," he answered meekly.

"I, frequently, do, too!" Windows booted up at last and as Robbie started accessing his servers and email accounts, Mitch actually went over to the sink and started cleaning his dishes. "What's all this glowing stuff?" Robbie called out.

Mitch turned slightly, asking, "What glowing stuff?"

Robbie said, "All over the keyboard. And the mouse."

Mitch turned around. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Robbie motioned at the desk. "This stuff! Do you have some weird case mod going on here? Did you stick some neon in here or something?"

Mitch came closer. "I have no fucking clue what you're... what the hell is that?" He saw it, too. Thin streams of light were ejecting from the keyboard and the mouse.

"How the hell should I know? Um, where's your phone?"

"The cell's... oh, shit. The cell is in my pants. Back at the store. There's a regular phone in the bedroom. One sec, I'll get it. It's wireless."

When Mitch returned, he was holding the phone receiver as if it was burning his hand. "There's more of it here! The phone's doing it too!"

Robbie frowned. "I don't get it. What.... Whoa." He was typing and the glow around the keyboard grew slightly brighter with every keystroke. He tested the mouse and watched the glow swell when it moved. The streams were going toward a dongle stuck into a USB port on the monitor. "What's that thing?"

"Bluetooth. The keyboard and mouse are wirel..." Mitch looked at the wireless phone receiver, and realized that the stream of light bits was leading back to the base.

"Holy fuck." Robbie was rubbing his finger through the light stream and they didn't change. "I think... I think we can see data streams."

"The fuck?"

"I know!"

"But how is that possible?"

"Well, I dunno! Two cocks, gigantic muscles, shrinking and growing, no sensitivity to cold... now this." He brushed at the data again. "Weird. I mean, if I had to guess? Data is just electronic pulses. You know, digital bits, ones and zeroes, recorded on metal plates or broadcast on wires or... not." He peered more closely at the stream, looking for some sense

in the light. "Our brains work kind of the same way. Electronic pulses. Recorded onto wet drives. Memory gets stored. Maybe... maybe our brains got rewired somehow and we can see data."

"Why?"

Robbie shrugged. "If we can see it, I wonder if..." He looked at the screen and thought about opening a Word document. He wondered if it would work, if he could think things into being like he could think himself larger or smaller. But nothing happened. "I guess not." He looked at the web cam. "Mind if I try something?"

"Probably not."

Robbie pointed the web cam at himself and opened a browser, plugging in the URL for his favorite online sex chat site and set up a new account. The name he chose was SelfSuckSam. "I just want to see if... I mean, I don't think it'll work, but if it does."

"If what does? What are you doing?"

"You know how we can do this?" He shot an electric shock of sexual bliss into Mitch's head. His friend's cocks inflated suddenly and he splattered a thick flood onto Robbie's hairy chest.

Mitch gasped for breath. "No, as a matter of fact I didn't."

Robbie grinned. "Oh. Well, we can. So I'm wondering if, because data works in a certain way, and our brains work in a certain way, and our brains are making so we can see the data, if maybe we can..."

"If we can You Tube that?"

Robbie grinned evilly, wiggling his eyebrows.

Mitch laughed as his cocks relaxed. Which made him think of something. "But two pricks? Isn't that kind of pushing things?"

Robbie frowned again. "I hadn't considered that. Wish there was a way to..." And, as before, his wish became reality and his secondary prick shrunk into his body, leaving him with one.

Mitch practically screamed, "Bring it back! Bring it back!"

Robbie watched himself make his secondary cock appear and disappear at will. "Well, that's handy."

Mitch sighed with relief. "As long as you can bring it back, yeah." Robbie smiled up at him. "I mean, I'm sure I could get used to you fucking me with just one – but two of them is just..."

"Tell me about it." He clapped his hands together and rubbed them. "Now, back to the test." He made his secondary cock disappear and turned back to the webcam, dropping into a chat room and looking for an appreciative audience. It didn't take long.

> dude! u r so hawt! u suck yrself?  
> all the time  
> fuk, dude, I'd pay to c that  
> then pay attention

Robbie sat back and shook his limp monster at the camera. Whoever was at the receiving end was losing his typing skills with increasing speed, doubtless because he was down to one hand on the keys.

Robbie licked his cockhead, slicking the head with spit and slowly, reverently kissing himself. He kept his eyes on the camera and attempted to send his sex waves, or whatever they were, through the camera to the guy at the other end. He couldn't tell if he was successful or not, since the guy was going apeshit anyway just watching this incredibly gorgeous muscular behemoth service his own foot-long with his lips.

Robbie sucked his cock into his mouth and started sucking himself vigorously. His prick swelled and lengthened massively, the veins growing hard and full with blood. He already had a fat load in his balls and was ready to start pumping the salty spunk down his throat, but he held off, going for gold in the self-suck Olympics.

Robbie pulled his prick from his mouth and slowly stroked himself, slicking his palm with a wet lick of spit. His cock was massive, red and shiny and hard as steel. He kept his eyes on the web cam as he pleasured himself, still trying to send his sex waves into the cam.

He decided it was time for a better show, so he unloaded a sudden fat gush of cum that erupted from his foot-high cock like a fountain, splattering off camera where his body soaked it up. Another thick flood erupted and flowed like lava across the hard contours of his monster, slicking his grip and making his mouth water.

He leaned forward and sucked his cock back into the warm wetness of his mouth and released a torrent of cream, swallowing greedily. So much cum erupted from his cock that it gushed from the corners of his mouth and drizzled down his chin. He kept pumping and swallowing until he felt like it was going on a little too long, so he released his prick from his mouth to allow the last of his gushing tide to spout from his erection and bathed himself in the flood before leaning forward and grinning into the camera.



> dooooooooood! that was fukkiung hooooottttt!

Robbie smiled and winked. Then he leaned forward, bringing his finger toward the camera, and sent as much of the Touch as he could summon into the stream of data coming out of the other end of the webcam.

There was no reaction from the chat window.

But somewhere in Omaha, Nebraska, a 16-year-old closeted gay dood was creaming so hard, he thought he was going to pass out.

Luckily, he remembered to record the session before he exploded with cum.

## Chapter Seventeen

The morning after the night that Jason McDonald encountered SelfSuckSam in a chat room online and enjoyed watching the man suck his own monster cock before creaming a load all over his heavily muscled, thickly hairy body and then touching his cum-smeared finger against the web cam's lens, delivering his observer with not only the most powerful but also easily the most copious creamy load that Jason had ever delivered all over his smooth teenaged body, he awoke with his own monster hard-on that throbbed against his grip with hot need.

He smiled and whipped off the covers to look at the beautiful object between his legs, the head glistening with pre-cum already and his balls aching to be relieved of their cargo. Somehow, he'd managed to cum three times overnight, even after blasting out that thick fountain of cum during the chat session, two of which occurred while he was asleep, dreaming of the man's enormous cock and imaging his own lips wrapped reverently around it.

Now he was horny again and as his radio bleeped at him to get up, he was slowly stroking his insistent erection and sinking deeply into the unsubtle embrace of another orgasmic blast.

His eyes closed, he envisioned the naked form of his new friend Sam in its grainy, unfocused imperfection again. He licked his lips as he watched the man's thick prick spout fountains of cream as if he would never stop. He opened his eyes and sat up, still stroking, and moved to the edge of his bed, leaning his free hand over to the mouse to reawaken his computer from its self-induced slumber, and there it was again, that small video window on his desktop, and the frozen image of that incredibly beautiful naked man sucking his incredibly beautiful prick.

Jason spread his legs and leaned forward to click the cursor on 'Play,' and watched the action unfolding again. Jesus, that dude was so hot! He'd never seen anyone quite that handsome before, even among the megabytes of pornstar images hidden on his hard drive. His own cock felt huge in his hand, fatter than he ever remembered it feeling, and harder, too. The tingling thrills of sexual bliss cascading through it from his grip seemed stronger than ever, too, this morning. His balls felt heavy and swollen, as if they could hardly contain his load. He leaned back, resting his tall, thin, lanky body on one elbow as his other arm continued to bring him closer and closer to climax, his eyes never leaving the moving image of the man in the small video window performing his amazing feat of sexual dexterity just for him.

Man, it felt great! He wanted to cum badly, but he pinched his asshole tight and gritted his teeth to make himself build it up to another record breaker. He wondered if it was like this for every other dude. Had he discovered some new thing that his body could do? Did every other guy wake up at some point in his life with a hard-on that wouldn't be denied and this feeling of utter horniness so powerful that nothing else could get in its way?

The man on the screen, Sam, was erupting his thick load. Jason's heart beat faster with the excitement of what his eyes beheld in the otherwise silent house. His clock has exhausted itself and finally turned off, and his mother would be at work by now, leaving him alone to enjoy the peace of a solitary morning and a nice, satisfying wank. He could feel his own eruption at the edge of explosion, and he arched his head and squeezed his eyes shut and pushed his load of hot spunk up his fat cock, feeling it emerging in a white hot orgy of sexual satisfaction. It splattered across his chest and belly, and his second shove made it all the way up to his neck, mouth and face. He licked his lips and tasted the salty spunk of his own seed.

There was an electrical tang and a saline shock on his tongue, and he swallowed suddenly before he realized what he was doing. His body shook with the power of his orgasm and he felt suddenly hot everywhere. When he opened his eyes again, the screen was dark where Sam had applied his touch to the lens, and Jason collapsed back on his bed, happy and satisfied, his hand still holding his erection as his sticky warm wetness coated his grip.

He felt the sudden desire to do something physical. He wanted to throw something or lift something, and all he could think to do was to drop to the floor between his bed and the desk and do a series of pushups. He pumped his arms and his chest over and over until the muscles burned. He didn't try to keep count, the point wasn't to accomplish any particular goal, it just felt like it was what his body needed.

He pumped out push-up after push-up until he exhausted his muscles and his arms and chest were jelly. Rolling over onto his back, breathing hard, he suddenly began to laugh giddily as a feeling of euphoria caressed him and his cock deflated at last.

School that day was a trial. He found he was having a hard time concentrating on what anyone was saying, and more than once he found himself staring at the bodies of the other boys in the room. He would be watching their arms, or their necks, or their shoulders as they sat at their desks, observing the play of muscle under the skin, the way their bodies moved and his arousal was uncontrolled and obvious. His erection was nearly non-stop all day, and he moved between classes with his books over his crotch and asked to be excused at least three times so he could go into the john to jerk off.

And each time he came, it was more voluminous and powerful than the last. His body was also demanding that he constantly test its physical limits, and he looked for excuses and space to suddenly drop and complete another series of push-ups, or find an overhead bar to perform perfectly executed pull-ups, something he'd always dreaded but which now came so easily.

Phys Ed was the worst, he always dreaded that hour. It was like torture. And today was worse by far.

He spent the hour trying hard not to look at the other guys in his class. They wore thin cotton shorts, some where in tank tops, mostly the jocks, and others wore T-shirts. He could see their nipples pressed against the material. He had to constantly readjust his cock and balls as they swelled inside his jock. His bulge was prominent and obvious, and more than once another guy had commented on it.

Jason was tall, and thin. He has along, thin dick, too, but now that dick insisted on swelling to masses he'd never felt before and shoving itself out there for everyone to see. He avoided the showers until the others had vacated, wrapping one of the school's threadbare towels around his narrow hips and walking to the open tiled showers where there was no such thing as privacy.

Two other dudes were still in there, and they were probably the exact worst two dudes there could possibly be in the shower. Jason knew them by reputation and knew their cocks by memory, because these two owned the biggest dicks on the football team and paraded them around like trophies.

Matt Haven was the captain of the team. A Senior now, and two years older than Jason, his body was a perfectly arranged muscular sculpture. He had dark hair and had what Jason had heard called a 'treasure trail' leading from his navel down to his hairy crotch. And there was that cock, fat and heavy, swinging like a baseball bat between his legs. He was standing under the running water facing Jason, rinsing his hair. Next to him, staring defiantly at Jason's semi-nude form, stood Kevin Stevens, the bright twin to Matt's dark beauty.

Kevin was a blonde-haired, blue-eyed all American with a killer physique and a cock that would choke a hooker. It looked almost comically large, almost like a sausage, with a weird collection of foreskin that dangled off the end. He had the soap in his hands and was rubbing it across his smooth chest as Jason walked purposely to the opposite end of the room and turned his back to the duo, throwing his towel over a hook next to the showerhead and standing with determination and purpose as his prick inflated to full mast.

'Fuck,' he cursed it. 'Stay down! Jesus! They'll think I'm a faggot!' He turned on the water and let it stay cold, hoping the frigid shower would put out the fire inside his body. But the fire was too strong, and even as the cold water coursed over his skin, his dick swelled to its ultimate glory, rising high and thick between his legs.

He felt more than heard the shape of someone behind him, and when he heard the voice at his ear, he jumped slightly. "Dude," the voice said, "take a look at this!"

A hand rested on his shoulder and pulled him around. Both of the other boys stood dripping and naked before him. Matt folded his thick arms across his chest and Kevin was grinning from ear to ear, his blonde hair dark against his skin, his nipples even darker on his smooth, prominent pecs. Kevin was looking down at Jason's boner, and he turned to his friend and said, "fucking believe it?"

Matt's eyes were zeroed in on Jason's erection. Jason didn't want his eyes to give his desires away, but the sheer size of the other dude's cock drew his gaze down and he was surprised and highly shocked to see the dark young man's cock slightly rigid and rising fast. "Shit," Matt said, his voice deep and soft. "Go see if anyone's coming, bro."

Jason looked up and watched Kevin nod once and jog over to the entrance to the shower stalls. His ass was amazing. He scanned the locker room outside and turned back, shaking his head. "All clear, Matt. No one's around."

Matt looked up from his study of Jason's huge and unsubiding erection and asked, "What's your name, dude?"

Jason, though two years younger, was as tall as either of the seniors, though it looked like they had several dozen pounds on his limited musculature. The cold water continued splashing against his back until Kevin reached around his naked body and turned the water off. "Jason," he stammered slightly. His whole body was shaking, but his arousal was undiminished. The boys standing before him were nothing short of gorgeous.

"Know who I am?"

Jason nodded, his mouth hanging open. He cast a furtive glance down and saw that Matt's cock was at full attention, now, a giant rod of male power throbbing dully, and Kevin's monster wasn't too far behind. He was staring at the blond boy's cock as the soft, shining helmet emerged from its cowl of foreskin when Matt's voice called him back. "Good. Then you'll know when I tell you that if you say a word about this, we'll fucking kill you, I fucking mean it. You understand?"

Jason nodded again and braced himself for the coming punch, closing his eyes, tightening his stomach muscles and clenching his fists. They knew he was a fucking faggot, they were going to punch his lights out and leave him bleeding because of his fucking dick. Kevin whispered, "You first?" and Matt's deep voice carried his football captain's authoritative tone when he answered, "You bet your fucking ass, bro."

The next feeling Jason experienced wasn't the hard, intense shock of a fist against his body, but the curiously wet, warm, soft sensation of a mouth surrounding his rigid prick, and the firm grip of a callused hand grasping the base, pulling his erection forward enthusiastically. Jason's body bucked but Matt held his cock firmly as he sucked Jason's fat dick inside his mouth. Jason gasped and looked down at the wet, tousled head of dark hair that was suddenly sucking on his joint with clear and eager desire.

Jason felt shock and arousal collide inside him, and he looked up at Kevin as the boy turned his face back from the entrance and looked down at his friend sucking Jason's dick. Kevin's hand was quickly stroking his own erection, and the loose skin made a curious sucking noise as he jerked himself off. "Hurry the fuck up, Kev," he said, his voice on the edge of need. Then he looked at Jason and said, "Don't fucking cum, dude, until I get a go, you hear

me?" Jason nodded again, dumbstruck. "Kev gets first go, but I get the cream." He smiled and winked as he continued quickly stroking his fat sausage.

Jason felt his load swelling in his balls. Kevin was evidently very accomplished at what he was doing, The dark-haired football captain was also jerking his own joint as he slurped and sucked and swallowed Jason's dick. He moaned and gurgled with pleasure and looked on the cock between sucks with reverence and desire. "Fuck dude, he is so hard. I think he's bigger than you are, Matt."

"Fuck you, Kev, just hurry it up and give me a go at it." Jason heard the words and felt his arousal build to a new peak, and he knew he couldn't hold back another second. "Fuck," he said, "I'm gonna cum."

Kevin shoved his mouth over Jason's swelling equipment and sucked fervently. His attentions were rewarded with another of Jason's new fountains of thick cream. He shot a fat wad of cum into Kevin's mouth as Matt moaned and looked like he wanted to punch someone. Jason shot again, and then again, each load thick and hot and full, and Kevin swallowed it all.

"Fuck," Matt moaned, "Jesus fucking Christ, Kev! Give someone else a chance for fuck's sake."

"I..." Jason said softly, swallowing and gasping for air. "I can do it again," he said.

Kevin looked up from between Jason's legs and Matt was shoving him aside. "Fucking do it then!" he commanded. "I want to see you cum again!" Matt fell to his knees and started to suck on Jason's still hard cock. Kevin had fallen onto his ass, but the rough treatment did nothing to abate his own erection, and he sat on his butt on the cold tile and jerked himself off watching his blond teammate grabbing onto Jason's ass and pulling his cock into his mouth.

The suddenness of the action and the feeling of the other boy's hands kneading his butt cheeks made Jason's toes curl and his balls obeyed his desire, delivering yet another blast of creamy cum that he shot harder than ever into Matt's hungry mouth. Jason's cum felt hot as it streamed into Matt's mouth and down his throat, and he sucked Jason's joint until he was dry, swallowing every drop he could get.

Jason fell back against the wall, his cock wet and shiny with Matt's spit, throbbing dully and standing tall and proud. He'd just received his first blow job, and it had come from the fucking captain of the school's football team and his best friend, Mr. All-American. No one was ever going to fucking believe this.

"Fuck," someone said softly. Jason opened his eyes and watched both of the other young men rising to their feet. Matt was wiping his mouth and grinning broadly and Kevin was still sliding his grip along his own mammoth meat when it suddenly went off, shooting a stream across the floor and splattering against Jason's leg. Kevin took better aim and shot again, hitting Jason's belly this time. His body tensed and all his muscles seemed to bulge as

he released his last volley that splashed on Jason's naked chest and hung there, thick and warm. "Fuck," Kevin said again, this time with his own smile across his handsome face.

"Jason was it?" Matt asked, standing closer to the sophomore's cum-splattered form. Jason said, "Yeah," and dipped his touch into Kevin's cum, licking the salty spunk off his fingertips. "Jason."

"Good to meet you, Jason," answered Kevin. "And don't forget, mention a fucking word of this, and you're dead." The dark-haired football captain slapped his blond-haired friend soundly on the ass and they both started to laugh as they left the shower stalls, and one confused, amazed and aroused sophomore, behind.

That night, Jason watched the video again, stroking his meat as he sat in the chair at his desk, watching his unknown friend Sam suck his own dick and spout a fountain of cum from his huge cock. His body responded with a flow of pre-cum and a throbbing, intense thrill of quicksilver pulses of sexual gratification that shook him to his core until the fateful moment when the fingertip brushed the camera's lens and he erupted, harder than ever.

Jason's body overheated and he dropped to the floor and did several dozen push-ups followed by crunches and squats and anything else he could think of that would satisfy his body's desire for physical stress and muscular training until he managed to wear himself out again and fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, his insistent cock awoke him again and it felt bigger than ever. After another round of morning strokes and another session with Sam, he decided he'd run to school rather than take the bus, and surprised himself at how quickly he managed to make it and how little effort it seemed to take.

His second day at school after the first encounter with SelfSuckSam went worse than ever. He had a nearly constant erection, found himself searching for any sign of either Kevin or Matt and nearly blew the toilet door off its hinges with the power of his ejaculations at lunchtime. Phys Ed found him pushing his body harder than ever with the weights, and although he eagerly entered the showers with everyone else, there was no sign of his Blow Buddies from yesterday.

He stood under the hot water for several minutes, drifting into his own world with visions of a gorgeous bodybuilder sitting in his bedroom sucking his dick when he realized that the bell had rung for the next classes and he was still showering. He exited the stalls quickly, running dripping and naked to his locker, when Coach Tucker came walking down the aisle toward him looking slightly perturbed.

Jason was toweling his body off and said, "Sorry, Mr. Tucker, I didn't hear the bell," but the coach held up his hand and said, "Just what do you think you're doing, Mr. McDonald?"

Jason stopped scrubbing his hair with the towel and said, "Sorry?" He looked at the man and found himself falling into his dark brown eyes. He'd never noticed them before, but now that the man was standing so close, he saw that he was powerfully built, with wide, mountainous shoulders and a thick coat of dark fur on his forearms. A hint of salt-and-pepper curls poked above the open collar of his maroon Polo shirt, and a fat nipple poked against the material just below the school's mascot. Jason's dick took notice of the man's appearance and demeanor as well, and began quickly to swell with hot blood, drooping and thickening by the inch.

"Come into my office, son," the man said. "We need to have a talk."

Jason dropped the towel and followed the man across the locker room to his small, cramped office at the end of the building. Tucker never turned around as they walk, so he didn't notice that Jason was still stark naked and slightly damp when he turned to close the door behind them. "Where's your clothes, son?" he asked.

"Oh. What? They're..." Jason was in another world, mesmerized by the coach's tight muscular butt as they walked, and now overcome by the scent of the man in his lair. Jason's body heated up with something, and his cock was swelling visibly.

"Never mind, just have a seat."

"A seat?"

Tucker pulled out a chair and pushed Jason's nude form into it, sitting himself on the edge of his desk, hovering over the tall, lanky 16-year-old. "You've been juicing, son."

"Juicing?"

"It's obvious. No one gets that big in no time at all. One day you're thin as a reed, the next you're... like this."

"Coach?"

"Don't lie to me, McDonald. Who's been giving you the steroids?"

"Steroids?" The man's voice was like music. His closeness was powerful and overwhelming. Jason could practically smell his balls. The man's eyes were beautiful.

"Look, Jason, I'm not mad. But you have to understand what you're doing to your body. I know you think it's important to be big or look good or whatever reasons you're giving yourself, but..."

Jason watched the man's lips moving and wanted to press his mouth against them. He wanted to rip the man's shirt off his body and see the masses of curling fur that covered his muscular chest. He wanted to bury his face in the man's neck and shove his tongue inside



his mouth. He wanted to pull his pants apart and plunge his hand inside and pull out the man's huge cock and swallow it like Kevin had done and Matt had done. The man's voice was a droning sound, deep and powerful, that traveled through his body like a plucked guitar string and ended up at the core of his cock, where it throbbed outward and made him grow and stretch and swell bigger than ever. Jason felt the familiar buzzing tingle of pre-cum traveling up his firm erection and licked his lips, picturing the man naked and sweaty and shoving his hard cock up Jason's tight buttohole.

"Son? Are you listening to me?" Tucker could hardly fail to notice that the young man's dick was approaching award-winning proportions. He'd never even perceived of Jason McDonald until that day when the boy was working himself into a lather by using every piece of equipment in the weight room and continually adding more iron to the machines until his muscles bulged and became covered with a network of veins. McDonald seemed to be growing larger as he watched. It was an eerie and frightening performance.

"Huh?"

Tucker stood up. Jason was staring the man in the crotch. "Look, McDonald, I'll be here in my office if you want to talk. But I urge you to stop taking the steroids now, before it's too late. I've seen kids die, son. You may think you look good now – and you do. But it won't last, and there's always a price to pay."

"Okay."

"Go get dressed, Jason." Tucker opened the door and stood there. Jason's body pulsed with caged desire and mounting sexual need. His cock was steel-hard and drooling as he rose from the chair and passed the man, a wake of pheromones and sexuality drifting around him like a fog. Tucker inhaled a strong whiff of something that smelled both rank and appealing, something like sweat and wet leather and dirty jockstraps that made his own cock throb and jerk in answer, and he felt his asshole prickle and his nipples tingle. "Jason?"

The boy paused and turned. His enormous erection was letting loose a virtual torrent of clear honey. It poured from him and made that scent grow even stronger around them. "Coach?"

Tucker's eyes fell along the streamlined muscularity of the sophomore. The boy's physique was sinewy and prominent. He could see the etched outline of every muscle group clearly under Jason's flawless skin. The beginnings of the boy's burgeoning manhood were breaking out as shadows of faint hairs across his chest. He watched the boy's compact six-pack of abdominals swell and recede as he breathed. "See me this afternoon," he advised. "Before you go home – you're late for class."

"Yes, sir," he answered, smiling.

Jason jerked off again after leaving Coach Tucker's office. The explosion of cum was accompanied by an equally potent explosion of masculine sexual pheromones that his body

was starting to produce. At the end of his 6th period English class, Matt and Kevin reappeared and the three of them returned to the boy's bathroom behind a locked door for several minutes. Jason did not disappoint either of the young men, and managed to give his first blow jobs in return, receiving a few pointers from a couple of old pros. They were not naked for this round, so it did not occur to him that either boy now appeared to be bigger than the day before.

At 3:30pm, fully dressed and fully aroused, Jason knocked on Coach Tucker's office door and waited for the man to answer, rubbing at the hard-on in his jeans and grinning happily.

The door opened and the man stood there. He appeared to be sweating. "McDonald," he said, by way of greeting. He held the door open.

"Coach," Jason returned with a nod, walking across the threshold as he started to undo his belt and pull his pants open.

That evening, Jason went to bed early. He enjoyed three more sessions with his recorded video muscle man, erupting with cum every time the darkness fell over the screen when the man reached forward to deliver his coup de grace. Jason managed for the first time to lick the tip of his own dick, which seemed almost to reach up and lengthen itself to achieve the goal, swelling with pride in his grip.

On the third day after watching SelfSuckSam for the first time, Jason decided to upload the video to YouTube, leaving it untouched and filled with every nasty fucking sucktastic frame of perfect male sexual power as he had received it. It was viewed 112 times before the service pulled it for decency and shut down Jason's screen name. The copies of the video did not, unfortunately, maintain all the qualities in the same quantities of the original, but certainly enough to make those 112 people, and whomever they chose to show it to, and assuming they were of the male sex, extremely satisfied observers.

Jason found, after the usual morning viewing, jerking, cum fountains and showering, that his clothing was fitting tighter than usual. The sleeves seemed to be grasping his arms more forcibly, his shoulders pressed out against the confines of his shirt, and his upper legs would hardly fit inside his tight jeans. The hem of his pantlegs rose higher above his Nikes, and even his shoes seemed tight.

"Growing spurt," he thought absently, but he enjoyed how the tension in his clothes made him more aware of his body, and his cock seemed to enjoy the tension even more. He elected to go without underwear and tucked his swollen manhood into the crotch of his jeans, enjoying the difficulty he had making the buttons of the fly join together and wondering, idly, what he would do if they happened to burst open later.

He again ran to school, surpassing his earlier record by minutes, and only slightly perturbed when the outer seams of his Levi's started to unravel. His first visit that morning was to the

school's locker room, and primarily to the office of the football coach. The man greeted him warmly and shirtlessly, and Jason was naked before he could tell Mr. Tucker exactly how fucking sexy his thought his gray chest hairs were.

Matt and Kevin were waiting for Jason in the boy's bathroom at 8:30am, along with two other members of the football team, the basketball team captain, three varsity soccer players and the four members of the medal-winning relay race team. Though none of the assembled professed to being at all "queer," they more than enjoyed each others' company and managed to spend the half hour cumming into each other's mouths and asses several times. Jason alone easily serviced every one of his new friends with copious eruptions of thick cream, and Kevin and Matt were also more than usually potent both in the number of times they managed to cum, and in the amount of cream during each powerful orgasm.

Jason enjoyed his most successful and popular day ever at Lincoln High School. By noon, his shirt was ripping itself apart at the seams and his button fly had popped two of its buttons. His chest was itching for some reason, and his muscles burned almost constantly as if he had done nothing else all day but work out in the weight room.

But Jason had no time for the weight room that day. Something about him was acting like honey for the bees, and young men were appearing with alarming and sudden regularity at every turn, applying their mouths to his ever-spouting cock and swallowing every drop they could get from his limitless source. After each encounter, his body felt more energized and powerful than before. He didn't mind hitting the showers at all, parading his naked form in all its muscular glory for all to see, as his ever-erect cock stood taller and thicker still, and his balls swelled with their load.

Had he taken a moment to look into a mirror, he might have observed some of what was driving this sudden desire for his naked company. The past 72 hours had worked magic upon his face and form, refining his already attractive appearance into one that any male model or well-hung porn star would kill for. While his libido and unquenchable thirst for sexual sensations drove him onward to the next willing victim, he had no time to gaze in wonder on the vision of masculine beauty he was becoming. He never stopped to question why his clothing was slowly ripping itself from his developing form, or how his cock was magically so much larger than it had been only days before, or how he could maintain an erection nearly constantly, and deliver such rich, full, powerful loads of cum in unending quantity.

None of that mattered. The only thing that mattered was the next encounter, and his next opportunity to erupt again, and his next bulging growth of physical power to match the swelling strength of his sexuality. As the day progressed, his physical and sexual development and level of perfection advanced at a continuously increasing rate. It was as if each man he touched increased his own potential, and each time he came his strength and beauty and sexual power increased.

By the end of the third day, Jason McDonald's human male evolution was advancing at a startling rate. His body was swelling with muscle. His prick was an enormous erupting

canon of cum. His face and form had taken on the characteristics of a man several years his senior. His formerly childish face was now rugged and angular, enormously handsome, with a shadow of a beard winding across his broad chin and chiseled features. His thickly muscled chest and six-pack stomach, both deeply etched and powerful, were dusted with a forest of curls and he stood nearly seven feet high.

On the fourth day following Jason's online encounter with SelfSuckSam, his mother contacted the police to report that he had not returned home. On the fifth day, an all points bulletin was released and a missing person's report was issued bearing the 16-year-old's likeness and a reward for information leading to his return. A footnote on the police reported noted that the teenager's computer had gone missing and was suspected to have been stolen. There was no sign of a break-in at the McDonald residence.

On the sixth day, tragedy struck the Lincoln High School athletics team when a bus bearing, among others, several members of the football team, an award-winning quartet of runners, various members of the basketball and soccer teams and Coach Richard Tucker collided with a tanker truck carrying several thousand gallons of rocket fuel and burned, leaving all bodies charred beyond recognition. The coroner reported that he had never seen such total destruction, so much so that even dental records proved inconclusive.

Mr. Peck congratulated his team on their thoroughness.

## Chapter Eighteen

Wolf, Maddox and Sherman sat near the back of the bar, trying to remain as inconspicuous as possible. It was easier than usual, given that the population of this particular watering hole was made up of a combination of Alaskan oil workers, fishermen, and men from the nearby military post. They were each sporting full sets of facial hair, and had managed to cloak their huge muscled bodies in enough camouflaging layers of clothing that they'd recently "borrowed" from the dryer in a local Laundromat that it was almost conceivable that at least some of their solid bulk was made up of padding.

As it is, the others in the bar were of similar make-up, their bodies strengthened and swollen with muscle built up rather more naturally than the trio sitting around a small, well-worn table with three beer bottles – one untouched – between them. Maddox had persuaded Wolf to buy a Budweiser, but there was nothing, apparently, that was going to persuade the man to actually drink it.

"It's swill," he had proclaimed in his Slavic accent, which made it sound somehow sexy. "It even smells like piss."

Maddox nodded. "It doesn't taste much different from it, either, but we're supposed to be hard-worn trappers in from a long trek into the wastes." He kept his eyes on the two men in military haircuts at the bar as he spoke in a gruff whisper, his deep tones rumbling between them.

Wolf turned and eyed the other man. "Trappers do not drink Scotch?"

"Trappers may drink Scotch," Sherman interjected, "but not necessarily an 18-year-old single malt. We're in fucking Alaska, as if I need to remind you."

"No need," Wolf said smiling, exposing the perfect gleaming white teeth behind his brush of white-blond whiskers. "But I enjoy... fucking at you."

"Fucking WITH me, but I suppose any fucking you want to point my way would be..."

"Gentlemen, if we could keep our minds on work for just this few minutes, please? I know it's hard..."

"Is it ever," Sherman grumbled, reaching down and rubbing the ever-hungry cock snaking down his Levi's.

"But we do have a couple of live ones finally, and I am not going to let them go." He smiled evilly. "It's time to trap."

Wolf returned his smile, and even lifted his Bud and clinked it against Maddox's. "Here's to trapping."

Maddox grunted a non-reply and reached up to brush away a lock of dark hair. They all sported a lot of hair, in addition to the beards and mustaches. His own was almost blue black, shot through with threads of silver. His face remained unlined, but if one didn't look closely he could have been a man – a very large man – in his 40's. Wolf maintained his silver-white coat, managing to dim its luster down to a more believable dirty blonde, but his eyes were as piercingly platinum as ever. Sherman, for his part, decided he wanted to maintain his illusion of youth and had little more than a shadow of growth across his chin and cheeks, and his red-brown hair was held in a fat pony tail trailing down his back.

The plan was simple. Convert three recruits and assume their identities, using their Transforming powers to alter their appearances to match their new friends' down to their fingerprints and eye patterns. Maddox and Sherman were both intimately familiar with the security measures they were likely to encounter, and they were here to gather information, and not to flood the place with another manic Transformation that might up their own numbers, but do nothing to thwart the on-going activities meant to curtail their survival.

They'd moved from bar to bar in the little town, for where there are plenty of men, there are also plenty of places to get drunk. Unluckily for the trio, the testosterone level of the place was off the charts, and everywhere they went they found themselves surrounded by more horny men than they'd seen in one place since leaving the island.

Women were in short supply this far north, but big, burly, strong, hirsute males were everywhere. They could all feel the pull of Transform within their bodies, and they were all more or less walking hard-ons, ready willing and completely able to take on every man they saw and bust enough nuts to put Brazil out of business.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to keep it in their pants, so to speak. They could practically smell the masculine overdrive pumping out from everyone they encountered. They may have had control over their bodies, but that didn't mean their bodies didn't let their desires to be broadcast in full color.

Wolf, of all of them, seemed to be able to contain himself the easiest, and Sherman was definitely having the hardest time of it. He was constantly in the bathroom jerking another load out, but being careful not to leave a trace of his Transforming fluids about where just anyone might accidentally find himself swelling out of his down vest. Maddox couldn't blame him, and he had on more than one occasion just barely managed to stop himself from grabbing some guy and shoving his tongue down his throat before ripping his clothing off his body and swallowing his cock just as deeply.

But finally they had two recruits in their sites, and he was not about to let them go. The trick, now, was getting them to bite the hook. "Okay," Sherman said, raising an eyebrow, "Now what? You just propose to go over there and say, 'Hi, wanna fuck?' and they're both gonna go, 'Hey, yeah! We were just discussing which of the men in this extremely heterosexual enclave we could take out back and plunge our massive dicks...'"

"You're making me blush," Maddox answered dryly. "Not that the thought hadn't crossed my mind."

"Mine, too," Wolf agreed. "Especially the tall one."

It was indeed true that the military men were far from unattractive. They were probably Marines, and likely they were Seals judging from the size and demeanor they exhibited. The crewcuts were a dead giveaway, but the superior way they viewed everyone else and the way they walked around like they had sticks up their butts... definitely Marines. 'The tall one,' was massive, at least 6'6", maybe 6'9". Maddox had a harder time judging now that his own height varied. He was an African-American beauty, with dark liquid eyes and a set of teeth that practically glowed. His shoulders were nearly as wide as his whole body, and everywhere on him there bulged another mass of brawn, every beautiful muscle struggling against its neighbor in his crisply-ironed uniform.

His companion, only slightly shorter, but no less powerfully built, looked half-Asian. His exotic looks were offset with a set of kissably thick lips that rarely smiled, and almond-shaped blue eyes. His cheekbones were so high and sharp that Maddox wondered that he didn't stab those lovely eyes out, and at the same time he had delicate hands with very long fingers than Scott could almost feel up his asshole.

"Step one; get them away from this crowd."

Sherman smiled. "Excellent. I've been wanting to try some of my Men's Room come-ons out. And by the rate that those two have been sucking back the brews, they'll both be needing to shake the weasel in no time."

"Right, but, uhhh, just for the sake of argument, let's say you did follow them in there and managed to spread a little of your sunshine on them and they're suddenly swelling into giant muscular sex objects and the little one-man toilet stall is suddenly not quite big enough to hold an 18-foot-tall dude." Maddox rased an eyebrow. "Any plan for that?"

"Ah. No. Good point."

"You learn these little things in the field. Don't worry, you'll get it." He looked at Wolf. "What about you?"

"I would have liked Sherman's plan very much, but I see the problem. Why not we just Transform every man and sort out the details later?"

"A little thing called secrecy. If we're going to infiltrate Mission Control, it'll be helpful if they're unaware of our presence. But don't worry, I have a plan."

Sherman smiled and folded his arms across his barrel chest. "Which is?"

“What, Sherman, you’ve never been thrown out of a bar before?” He took a sip of the bitter beer and narrowed his gaze. “There’s one failsafe, surefire way to get a Marine to throw a punch.”

Sherman smiled. “When did you join the Navy?”

“Just now,” he answered, gulping down the last of his beer and heading toward the bar – and the two large Marines. Grinning, Sherman did the same, while Wolf only furrowed his brow and trailed after.

“Yo! Three more! Aaaaand, two for my friends here,” Maddox slurred, gesturing at the large pair with his thumb. The bartender grimaced but nodded and slid the Buds down the dark wooden bar. Two more followed behind, which Maddox lifted and deposited in front of the Marines before hoisting his bottle and calling out, “Here’s to the Jarheads! Who else would be pussy enough to drop out of the United States Navy because they couldn’t handle the pressure?” Then he drank.

“Who,” asked the black man, his voice at least as deep as Maddox’s own, “are you calling a pussy, Swabbie?”

“I believe,” Sherman added helpfully, “he’s calling you a pussy, Pussy. And in a town like this one, I’d be scared fucking shitless if I was a pussy, Pussy. Because it won’t be long before you find yourself filled with cock.” And to illustrate, Maj. Gen. Sherman Tipton unzipped his jeans and whipped out an 8-inch beauty and wagged it at the man.

The exotic-looking man looked down and smirked. “That ain’t a cock, Navy.” With finesse and evident pride, the man then slowly unzipped his own crisply pressed trousers and dug his hand into his crotch, pulling out a fat, firm, thick and amazing prick that had at least an inch or two on the General’s. “THIS,” he stated unnecessarily, “is a cock.”

“Nah,” answered Wolf, grinning now. “That’s a dick. You know difference between dick and cock, Jarhead? A dick is what you keep in reserve until cock shows up.” As he explained, Wolf was extracting his own cock, which he had allowed to swell to a full 10 inches, and as thick as a beer can.

It was the black man’s turn, now. And his smile made it evident that they hadn’t seen anything yet. “You boys all done playing with your toy guns?” He undid his belt and let it fall slack. “Because if you’re going into a gun fight,” he undid the top button and slowly peeled down his zipper, “it’s always nice to bring the biggest gun.” Then he revealed his own majestic length of manmeat, and it was a huge 12-inch monster with a plum-sized head, covered in thick veins.

They all looked at Maddox. “Sometimes,” he said, “a prick is worth a thousand words.” With that, he pulled open his pants and out shoved his own amplified cock, which unfurled to an unbelievable and glorious 14 inches, with its foreskin shrouded helmet dangling almost to his knees.



They were all staring at it. It was mind-boggling in its incredible size and girth. It was slowly plumping as they watched it, swelling with blood, pumping to erection with every heartbeat. The head bloomed from its tight cowl as it rose, and the veins along its shaft grew fat. Maddox was facing away from the bar so that he could give the two military men a private show. His accomplices were each grinning as they returned their own dicks inside their pants.

When Maddox's pride had risen to its full 18-inch height, rising nearly to Maddox's chest, he turned toward the black-skinned Marine, grabbed his hot cock and shoved the glistening tip at the man. "You ready for this, Pussy?"

And that was how the fight started.

It really wasn't much of a fight, since the trio of Transformed men were ill-equipped to start waling on their targets, feeling more playful and horny about the sword-fighting than the military men, who were obviously in it to win it. Punches were thrown, and easily dodged.

It was a strange experience for Wolf, who had been trained as a military man himself and was used to feeling the surge of fighting blood inside him at the first sign of conflict, but his newly re-wired Transformed brain went in an entirely other direction. He wasn't thinking about making contact with his fist and sending anyone to a hospital, all he could think of was what these men would look like naked, and how much he wanted to wrap his lips around that dark-skinned man's 12-inches. He found himself laughing as he easily parried the blows coming at him, and felt joy rather than anger in the exchange. He wasn't angry or in a fighting mood at all. He wanted, rather, to kiss these men into submission.

Maddox had been Transformed for somewhat longer than his companions, and he was entirely aware of how he reacted now to conflict. He could feel his desire to Transform these men immediately, it surged forward with lust and need and replaced his old emotional platform, but he suppressed that desire for now and managed instead to look like he was ready for a fight, though he spent his time ducking and weaving and watching the men's muscles bulge and flex as they tried repeatedly to hit him. He was smiling, too, which only made them angrier.

Tipton was having the hardest time suppressing his new preservation instinct, which wasn't to strike out but to embrace, to pull these men into his arms and shove his tongue into their mouths and cup their fine asses in his grip. He'd managed to wrestle his way into the embrace of the Asian and found himself copping a feel of the man's lengthy cock when the man shoved him away and threw a punch at the offender. Sherman did not dodge in time and the blow struck him full in the face. He felt dazed by the shock of the blow but was otherwise entirely unhurt. The man, however, pulled back his hand with a look of intense pain on his beautiful face.

It made Sherman really want to fold him over and fuck his ass deep and hard.

The fight was forced outside by the bartender and some of the patrons, who were evidently used to a fight now and again and were perfectly capable of managing the testosterone. They five men tumbled from the bar into the cold, dark night, wrestling in the street for some time before Maddox and his friends managed at last to move the fight to a dark alleyway where their true objective could more easily commence.

The plan wasn't much of a plan. Time was of the essence, because both Maddox and Tipton knew that Main Office wasn't likely to allow any of its members outside the confines of its walls for very long, and it was as likely as not that the men were bait to capture them and gain more information about their physiologies and capabilities. That also meant that they had likely developed some new method of containing them, because everyone had to know by now what men who had been Transformed were capable of doing to an enclosed space filled with other men when they released their unstoppable power of metamorphosis.

They needed to get inside, and the only way to safely do that was to pretend to be someone else. And since they could only shrink so far, and only compact their monstrous muscular power to a certain extent, they needed big men to change themselves into. And there was a question that none of them could answer until they were at the entrance to the Main Office itself: They knew they could look like another man, but how far did that mimicry go? Main Office security used eye pattern recognition and, in the deepest corridors of power, DNA registration. Did they merely look like the men they intended to masquerade as, or could they pass as them in even the deepest sense?

They were about to find out.

## Chapter Nineteen

Stefan sat in the obviously very expensive Manhattan penthouse apartment of his new friends listening to some of them discussing something that they obviously considered very important, but the gist of which he was having a very hard time identifying. Someone had obviously done something, and it had some unintended and rather bad consequences, and they were all concerned with what to do next.

One reason he was having a hard time concentrating was that, at the moment and simultaneous to the discussion, Jerry was slowly and with great attention and talent, jerking him off. His new dicks were being lavished with the kind of attention he presumed that only high-paid hookers knew how to do, but Jerry was no hooker and no mention of payment was likely to be forthcoming. After all, the two had been together for a couple of days now, with little sleep and ongoing sexual activity bringing him to a level of ultimate and perfect pleasure he never dreamed possible. Jerry was sex on two legs.

They were both lounging naked on one of several broad, deep, probably custom-built sofas arranged around this huge area, and even though Jerry was thoroughly engaged in that other discussion, his concentration on Stefan's enormous cocks was just as attentive.

The other reason Stefan could be forgiven for not being able to zero in on all the words being thrown about was that his eyes were still adjusting to taking in all the visual masculine beauty surrounding him.

He'd never imagined that such men as this existed. Having been Transformed by Wolf, he was certainly aware of the possibility, and then meeting Jerry went a long way toward allowing his brain to encompass the possibility of more such men, but here he was now in this darkened room overlooking Central Park literally surrounded by the most amazing, muscular, sexual and beautiful collection of male pulchritude that he ever fantasized about.

He could easily remember their names because they were all living inside his head. Chuck and Frazz, the chocolate and vanilla (or more realistically, black coffee and latte) couple, both of whom laughed readily and shared each other openly and if there was ever a man as completely sexy and sexual as Jerry, it was Chuck.

Carlos and Michael, the owners of the place, were also a night and day couple, though again their characters seemed to blend perfectly. Carlos was like a walking database, his mind working on a level of attention and analytic power that made him seem part computer. Michael, on the other hand, while being about as beautiful as a man could be, exuded a kind of authority or command that seemed like a whisper, but as powerful as a shout.

Then there was the other four newcomers, Cal, Murph, Derek and Paul. Of the four, Paul was definitely the most interesting, with his body painted with tattoos and his smile filled with lust incarnate. He had a shaven head and he was heavily muscled, like all of them, but there was something else about him that made Stefan harder than steel. Cal, Murph and Derek

seemed like the three musketeers, rarely apart for more than a few minutes, and constantly moving their hands over each others' bodies.

Todd and Stan, evidently lovers but it was hard to tell since everyone was naked and either making out or fucking when they weren't talking about this Sam dude, were a little bit of a mystery. Todd was evidently at home, here, exuding comfort and friendly jokes with everyone as if he had known them all for years. Stan was more mysterious, seemingly lost inside that body, though his eyes danced around with interest and it was clear that someone interesting lived inside his silent watchfulness.

And finally Kevin, Joe and Bobby. The former, Jerry's companion, was smart and handsome, and like the other men in the room, equally comfortable being with their lover as watching them be with someone else. Currently, Kevin seemed to be enjoying Joe and Bobby as much as Stefan was enjoying Jerry.

The latter pair were, by their demeanor and general sense of play, the youngest of those gathered -- although altogether everyone in the room looked to be somewhere between 18 and 25. Like the others, they exuded a perfection of masculine power that was staggering, but the two of them had a certain level of unbridled physical flawlessness that set them apart. They were both gorgeous, with smooth tanned skin and silken hair. Joe, or Joseph, in particular, seemed to be built from sex.

There were differing levels of body hair to be seen, and eye color variants and hair length and all the other physical aspects that makes one person distinct from the next, but the commonalities were the really shocking part of seeing them all together, for they each had bodies encased in bulging muscles so thick and hard that one might wonder how they moved at all -- except they also demonstrated such grace and flexibility and athleticism that there was no room to doubt that they were anything but musclebound.

He knew about that physicality and sensuality from first-hand experience, for he was one of them. And now they were discussing what to do about some other guy that they all seemed to know about, but none of them seemed to know.

"How could it be an accident?" It was the Latin guy, Carlos, asking. He had long, dark, straight hair that hung nearly to his high, muscular bubble butt, and his eyes were golden. "How could we not know who he is, or that he is a Brother? We're all connected, we'd have to hear him."

His companion, Michael, raised an eyebrow. It was typical of his demeanor. Reserved and elegant, every movement was subtle but meaningful. "We are making assumptions based on our own histories. We were each Transformed by another under intimate circumstances, and then taken by the hand through the process so that we could understand the possibilities and our new capabilities. If this man did not receive the gifts directly... no, Carlos, let me finish. Not all physical capabilities are like breathing. We may choose to be sexual or not, we may choose to take a piss and not."

"You're saying that some of our intrinsic talents may not be so intrinsic after all?"

Michael nodded once. "If you'll recall, when we first took on the ability to fly, for lack of a better word, we had to be shown how to do it. We didn't simply begin flying. Similarly, the ability to shrink to a more manageable size was not something that came naturally at first."

"So the whole brain drain thing isn't cognitive." This statement came from the tall, bald black man called Frazz. His companion, Chuck, nearly choked and started laughing.

"You used 'cognitive' in a sentence! Ten points for our side!"

"I'm more than just a pretty face, Chuck."

"Well, duh. You're also a gorgeous dick and an ass that would stop traffic."

"Thanks," he answered drolly.

"How," interrupted Todd, a blonde-haired bodybuilder with All American written all over him, "are we going to locate him, then. Clearly, searching down blind alleys isn't an approach that will work."

"Maybe not," answered a tattooed behemoth named Paul, whose inked skin danced with erotic beauty, "but you do meet some very interesting friends. Right, Chuck?" Paul winked at the other man, and Chuck wiggled his eyebrows in reply.

"I kind of like dark alleys," Bobby volunteered, pausing in his ongoing oral study of his companion Joe's full-lipped mouth. "Easier to fuck someone up against a wall."

Carlos turned to address Todd's question, wandering closer to the floor-to-ceiling windows that lined one entire wall. "We may not be able to sense him, but perhaps the opposite isn't entirely true."

"A siren's call to a lost sailor?" Michael asked.

"Something of that nature. Given that our newly developed powers aren't necessarily cognizant," he said, smiling as he used Frazz's word, "that does not mean they're latent."

Chuck's deep voice was always tinged with humor, and a very deep current of strength and sexuality. It seemed like whatever he said was an invitation to fuck. "Could you dudes stop throwing around all those big words? A simple man like me is having a hard time keeping up."

"I note you did not say 'keeping it up.'"

"Now you know I never have that problem, Todd."

"My meaning is simple; if we broadcast an invitation on all frequencies, Sam is bound to hear it. Whether it's overt or subliminal – and assuming that what has happened to him is a result of one of us and not some other governmental or military intervention – he'll be able to pick up the network signal, so to speak, and tune in to our waveband."

"So we just keep putting it out there until he responds?"

"You never have a problem putting it out there, Chuck."

"What is this, Todd, pick on Chucker day?" Todd laughed and shoved his tongue into Chuck's mouth to keep him quiet for two seconds while Carlos finished.

"We just need to send out an APB to the Brotherhood and have everyone send out that invite. We're pretty much global by now, so wherever he is he's bound to pick it up."

"Perhaps," interrupted Jerry, not pausing in his manual manipulations of Stefan's twin monsters, "we should ask someone new to our Brotherhood. We have been living these lives for months or even, in the case of our esteemed hosts and our friends Chuck and Todd, years. It's easy to forget what life before Transformation was like, and to recall what the process meant and did to those lives." He sighed, then smiled. "Perhaps some insight into what happens to a man just after Transformation would be instructive." He looked into Stefan's eyes and went quiet.

"Well, uh, I mean, the first thing is you're just hellaciously horny."

"Nothing different about that," Bobby volunteered.

"Right, but it's not like before. Before, like, I was probably horny but not constantly. My body needed down time. And certain things could always trigger those feelings, but now it's like a living thing inside me. That sense of sexual power, that need for someone else's touch and to touch someone, that hot feeling all over like I'm just on the edge of creaming. So, I guess the first thing I would have to do if I was, like, accidentally made this way would be to find someone else."

"No shit," agreed Paul. He shifted slightly on the balls of his feet and the colorful illustrations decorating his bulging frame danced and moved. "If you guys weren't around, I'd probably have drilled some poor dude clean through with one of these things," he added, gesturing to the length of fat cock falling abundantly between his muscled thighs. "Stefan hit the nail on the motherfucking head, there. The first thing – the only thing – is to find someone to fuck."

"Or be fucked by," added Murph.

Derek nodded agreement. "It's not just the, like, domination over someone. It's like... it's like more than fucking. More than just sex."

“Just’ sex?” Chuck’s sideways grin spoke volumes.

“I mean, you know, there’s the power inside you. You feel it all the time. And it’s something new and, um, not uncomfortable but it’s like... it’s like...” Derek looked to his comrades to fill in the blanks.

Cal spoke up, “It’s like having a gift you have to give away. You want to share it – no, you have to share it. It’s like it’s too big to hold onto by yourself and you need to share it with someone else, or a lot of someone elses.”

“And also you want to, like, test your boundaries.” Stefan closed his eyes for a moment. “Remember the first time you ever had sex? It was exciting and scary and amazing and weird, but you wanted to immediately do it again? To see how someone else felt? To feel someone else?” He opened his eyes. “Now, everything’s like that. I want to be with everyone all the time, because I know how much pleasure I can bring them, and how much pleasure I’m going to receive in return.”

“Okay, so we’ve established that the dude is probably fucking everyone he meets. What does that mean?”

“It means he isn’t doing that, or else we’d certainly have felt them. That many new dudes in my head all going at it and Transforming everyone they meet?” Chuck shook his head. “It ain’t happening.”

“So he’s secluded.” Carlos rubbed his chin in thought. Stefan watched the man’s bicep ball into swollen power as his arm bent, and felt a surge of sexual power swelling in tandem. Jerry sensed his excitement and leaned down to suck his cocks inside his warm, wet mouth. Stefan unloaded a sudden gush of hot cream and his body shook with pleasure. “That limits the search area, certainly.”

“Meaning he ain’t in the Big Apple.”

“Apparently not, Chuck. We must also confront the possibility,” Carlos added, “that he wasn’t Transformed.”

“The fuck? He was obviously T’d, Carlos. I mean, no ordinary dude could do what he did.”

“I agree that something has altered his genetic code, but it may not have been our particular magic that did it. You’ll recall that this was originally a government-controlled experiment in super soldier technology.”

“You’re saying they’re still at it, even after what happened at Main Office?”

“I’m saying I’d be greatly surprised if some government weren’t actively pursuing it. We’re not exactly what they hoped for, that’s a given. But with a couple of exceptions, we’re exactly what they want. Superstrong, indestructible, flying men who can survive the most

inhospitable environments and subsist on nothing more than what our own bodies provide for us, in addition to being able to alter our appearance at will and, to a degree, blend in with normal society while communicating non-verbally over unlimited miles and influence the minds of others with nothing more than a thought. One has to admit that that's a fairly powerful combination."

"Except for the fact that we're biologically incapable of violent behavior..."

"Unless threatened, Chuck."

"Well, Todd, given Carlos's list of our abilities, I'm not sure what could threaten us at this point."

"Except another one of us without that biological incapacity," Stefan said.

The room went quiet.

"But..." Chuck's deep and powerful voice erupted like a soft earthquake in the silence, "but the fact that we saw him sucking his own dick and then passing that sexual eruption through the camera kind of disproves that idea, doesn't it? I mean, would a super-soldier, having been built and developed to be the ultimate killing machine, be allowed to spend his off hours lounging around naked on a webcam streaming cum down his own throat?"

"He would," added Michael, "if he were trying to set a trap."

"For us, you mean."

"Your grasp of the obvious is staggering, lover," Frazz chuckled deeply. "But I don't buy it. It's not their modus operandi. The government isn't that slick. They'd do what they did on the island, come at us with both barrels blazing, try to wipe us out."

"We're too distributed now," Todd observed. "They can't expect us to sit around..."

"Fuck around," Chuck corrected.

"Yeah, okay. To fuck around waiting for them to show up with whatever their next offensive is. And I can't imagine that they see us as a threat, anyway. It's pretty obvious that we're not going to join some other government bent on world domination, or even form our own army and start trying to wipe them off the face of the planet."

"We're all such sweethearts!"

"Right!"



"We're all such 2-story high, multiple-ton, muscle-bound indestructible flying sweethearts, capable of instantly altering the DNA of any dude we come within 20 feet of by any number of methods, thereby instantly increasing our numbers and..."

"I see your point, Chuck."

"The bottom line is, we need to find this man one way or the other. Even if he is not a threat to us, he is a threat to others whether he realizes it or not. An unchecked, unschooled Transformed man in the wild could unleash himself unknowingly on any man he comes in contact with."

"Like that's a bad thing?"

It was Chuck who answered Bobby's remark. "Listen up, boy. I don't ever want to hear that you're out there forcing yourself and what we can do on anyone who doesn't want it. You're making a big assumption that just because we all enjoy this life, that everyone else will too. But there are some drawbacks to our existence, or haven't you noticed?"

"I haven't, actually," he said, offhandedly. He swelled a massive bicep into full glory and licked its smooth, hard surface. "What's not to like?"

"Secrecy," answered Stefan. Jerry stopped pleasuring him as he stood up, his hard on massive and red, his body etched with all consuming muscular glory and power. "It's like going back into the closet all over again. I can't tell anyone else about this. From what I've heard in this room, there are powers out there whose only purpose is to lock us all up and throw away the key. And I can't very well appear in front of my old friends or even my family looking like this, now. How do I explain it? What would I say? Don't get me wrong, I welcome the trade-off and wouldn't go back for all the money in the world – but it was my decision. It was my choice. I wanted it. It's not fair to assume..."

"All right, I get it. I guess... I guess I just didn't... I mean, you didn't really have a choice, did you, Stan? When Joe and I slipped that muscle Mickey into your Coke at that greasy spoon all those weeks ago... Fuck, you must have been pissed!"

Stan nodded. "I just chalked it up to you guys being so young. It never dawned on you to ponder why I was so quiet and off on my own at first. This was a hard thing to accept. I guess that's why I haven't... I've never..."

Chuck's eyes went wide. "You've never Transformed anyone else?" Stan shook his head, smiling sheepishly. He felt as if he'd just admitted he was the legendary 40-year-old virgin. "Fuck, now that's what I call self-control."

Michael spoke again. "It's a difficult lesson to remember. But we have a responsibility. And this man, whoever he is, and whatever his intentions, needs to learn that, too. So if for no other reason, we must find him before they do."

“You think they’re looking?”

Carlos said, “If we have this, there’s no doubt that they do, too. He’s as valuable to them as he is to the Brotherhood.”

“More so, if he’s uninitiated. He’s a clean slate. He wouldn’t know what they intend for him – and for us.” Michael paused and looked at each man in turn before saying, “Let’s alert everyone, the entire Brotherhood. We need to find this gentlemen, before they do.”

## Chapter Twenty

Jason put his electronic book reader down and took a deep breath to try calm his ever-growing and constant sexual hunger. He was already rubbing his hand across the firm contours of his cock as it pulsed and throbbed in his tight pants. He could feel the tingling rush of another gush of pre-cum as it shoved its way up the thick inches of his prick, bringing its familiar warm sensation of pleasure. He swallowed and closed his eyes and tried hard not to succumb to its invitation, hearing the warning voice in his head again.

He sucked a slow breath through his nostrils and clenched his hands into fists as his body experienced another hot rush of sexual power. It started from his cock and balls and traveled through his thighs and wrapped around his ass and shot down his legs. It caressed his belly and rubbed itself against the small of his back and spread like hot cream across his skin and sank into his muscles and licked his nipples. It ran its hands across the globes of his chest and dug its fingers into the curls of dark hair before stroking his neck and brushing its warm wetness against his lips. For a long moment his slowly developing body was wrapped up in its embrace, and his cock released another warm flow of clear honey that his balls were producing in such unending abundance.

Just as quickly, his body absorbed the honey before it could spread a wet stain on his crotch and he felt the oddly rejuvenating powers that made him feel a touch stronger, and a bit bigger, and more powerfully sexual. He released his breath in a slow shaking gust and pulled his hand away from the massive tube of meat swelling along one thigh. He tried not to look down at its obvious outline pressing insistently against the stretchy fabric of the odd garment he'd been given to wear. He knew he would be able to see the flaring ridge of the helmet and every thick vein winding along its extensive and substantial shaft. He might even see it lengthen and swell, as it had been doing ever since he had become infected.

It was easier now to think of what was happening to him in those terms, because what else could it be called? It had been explained to him that he had been exposed to this disease, and even though he actually had never felt better in his life, he realized that he was being slowly altered by its cancerous growth. It was how he found himself sequestered in this small room with its clean white walls. There was no television in here, and no windows, and no mirrors. There was a bed, and a desk, and a chair. There was his book, that would be replaced when he had finished it, and there was the light overhead and the locked door to the rest of the hospital.

He was, he understood, extremely contagious. Whatever this thing was that was altering him so substantially, it could be passed on by proximity alone, an airborne virus so virulent that infection was 100% probable for anyone exposed to him. So he was kept alone and sequestered, receiving only occasional visitors who would attempt to take samples of his body fluids and ask him questions and try to keep him from becoming too scared about what was happening to him.

He looked down his body, sheathed in its white skin-tight jumpsuit, and felt the familiar chill of lust pass through him. All he could see was muscle, mounds of massive masculine power that was slowly growing across every inch of his body. He watched the 8-pack of abdominals on his tight belly swell and recede as he breathed. He saw the huge mountains of his chest bulging and the huge balls of power on his arms flex and protrude under the shiny material. He could see the finger-thick vein that wound across the peak of his bicep, and he twisted his arm slightly to watch it move. The muscle split into distinct peaks and he knew without touching it how hard it was, and that it would continue to grow larger and get harder and harder and he never had to lift a weight to watch it continue to develop.

He knew he was huge, but he wasn't sure how huge he was. The orderlies or doctors or scientists or whatever they were who came in were all much smaller than he was, though it was hard to judge whether they were simply short people or he was really, really tall. His rate of growth, they told him, would continue to accelerate, and the feeling of his muscles and body continually swelling was both weird and sexy. Every now and then he'd feel a kind of adjustment happen, when his skeleton snapped or popped and he would be suddenly inches taller than he was, and then his muscles would swell with sudden size, bulging fatter by the inch and then settling back to a hardness he could not penetrate even using his own mighty strength.

He was certainly wider than he had been, because measuring himself against the locked door proved he would have a hard time, now, moving smoothly through it. His head was already higher than the threshold, and his shoulders were much wider than the frame. He had long ago outgrown his bed as well, but he was comfortable enough on the floor. He had no concept of time and found that he was rarely tired. More than anything, he was bored. Well, not exactly more than anything.

More than anything, he was horny.

It was to be expected, he'd been told, because of the disease. It played with that part of his head. It made him think of sex constantly, and kept his body primed and ready for it at all times. As there were no mirrors in the room, and very few visitors, he had almost no visual stimulation that might ordinarily make his teenaged brain head in that direction, but he simply couldn't help himself. He determined to keep his clothing on to try and stem the strong tide of sexuality that permeated every waking moment. His hands on his own skin drove him to states of sensual ecstasy that were hard to control. The material was stretching to accommodate his ever-growing frame, but it was also, as a result, so tight against his body that he might as well be naked. He understood why no clothing was being provided for him, he'd only contaminate it and outgrow it in a matter of hours. Still, he wished there was a way to keep his hands off himself.

Because that only fed the virus, or whatever it was. That's what they told him. He had inadvertently accelerated the effects by, well, fucking the living daylights out of all those guys at school. They all had it now, too, to varying degrees. He'd infected them and now they were all here, or so they told him. He wondered if they were pissed at him for this, for making them into the same kind of freak that he was. He wondered why he could not see

them now that they were already infected, if for no other reason than to give him an outlet for the intense and overwhelming sexual power coursing through his growing body. He thought about kissing Matt and Kevin, feeling their soft lips against his, and letting them suck on his giant prick. He thought about Coach Tucker and found his cock stretching and growing fat and hard, slowly inflating and growing hotter against his thigh, stretching the material as it swelled to its full, awful size.

God, it was so big! What was he going to do with it? A fresh tingle of electric sexual power throbbed along its mammoth shank and he reached down to it again, feeling the hardness of it as it grew, the heat it gave off. That smell filled the room again, a faint earthy sort of smell that he could detect but that others could smell like an overwhelming stink, or so they said. He wondered what it was, and why it kept happening. He liked the smell, actually, and enjoyed smelling it whenever it happened.

There was a sound at the door as it was unlocked and one of the small dudes in the hazmat suits came in. He looked very tiny to Jason, but that didn't do anything to curb a sudden desire to rip the man's clothes off his body.

"I think that smell is back," he warned, the depth of his voice surprising him again. He rarely spoke to anyone, and each time he did it seemed like his voice was deeper.

Jason smiled at the man, who gestured for him to sit on the bed. The man took another syringe in his hand from the metal tray he'd pulled in after him. There were several syringes on the blue cloth, and all of them were empty. They wanted more blood. Jason sighed and rolled his eyes and sat down, the mattress sagging under his weight. The man looked so tiny, even when Jason was sitting. Everything looked so small.

"Sorry, Mr. McDonald," the man said, his voice sounding weird and electrified through the mask. "Could I have your arm, please?"

Jason shrugged as he pushed the thin sleeve of the stretchy garment up his right arm. He revealed a limb overwhelmed with muscularity, the skin shining and beautiful, and a network of veins crawling across the fibers and cables of power. The arm seemed to throb as the muscle grew under his silky skin. "No prob," he said simply. He was used to this. It was a daily – at least, he thought it was a daily ritual. What day was it, anyway?

"What day is it?" he asked softly. The sound of his deep voice echoed powerfully against the walls, throbbing back at him invitingly. The man stood before him. He looked shapeless in his yellow plastic suit. Jason felt a sudden urge to lick him all over. His cock jerked happily and a surge of pre-cum erupted.

"Tuesday," the man answered, applying the tip of the needle against Jason's skin after cleaning the spot with an alcohol swab. He pushed the shiny point into the flesh and Jason watched the needle start to bend without penetrating. The steel was making a small dent in his skin but could not push its pinpoint into his muscle. The more the man pushed, the

more the needle bent. Jason smiled in spite of himself, and turned his arm slightly to make the muscles bunch and flex.

"Sorry," he said. "Maybe the other arm?" He started to roll up his left sleeve, revealing more of his flawless skin and finely detailed muscles. The man was trembling slightly as he reached around to the tray and placed the bent needle on it, grabbing a fresh one. He swabbed up the skin to a bright sheen and grabbed Jason's huge arm in his small hand, this time attempting to plunge the metal through the rock-hard muscle and into a vein.

The needle broke clean in two.

The man sighed through his electronic voicebox. Jason's smile stayed glued on his full lips and a hint of teeth broke through. "Maybe another place?" He stood up and turned around so that his ass was in the man's face, or where his face would be if it weren't masked by the hazmat suit. Jason slipped his fingers into the slim separation between the top and the bottom of his slick white covering and started to peel the pants downward, revealing his perfect butt inch by inch.

That strange and alluring smell increased in the room as Jason's balls dropped free and he bent over to allow the man to see one of the most perfectly developed muscular bubble butts in the free world. Jason's fat, cream-filled balls churned and throbbed with the wealth of his cum, and his cock stretched itself a few inches longer with pride. Jason pushed his ass back toward the man and slipped his hand across the smooth, beautiful contour of his left butt cheek. "Try there," he said politely. He peered over his massive shoulder at the man, adding, "I think that area is slightly less firm. Although I've been told it's very, very tight." Jason winked and started to laugh a low rumble in his massive chest.

The man reached for another syringe and Jason arched his back slightly, raising the two firm globes of his butt into the man's face. He reached down to his hungry prick and started to slowly stroke himself, almost unaware of what he was doing. His cock happily obliged his attentions by delivering a steady stream of lubing pre-cum that flowed freely over his large hand as he sank deeply into the overwhelming tide of sexual bliss his body delivered in such amazing and ungodly amounts.

The man paused as he observed the actions of the young man who looked nothing short of perfect. The boy's rosy hole seemed to be begging him inside, and he could feel his own cock starting to throb and swell. He quickly set the syringe down and began to move from the room, scared now that his suit wasn't offering him the full protection he desperately needed within this room. The boy must be releasing copious amounts of pheromones if he could sense them. How powerful was this man? What would he become before he was done changing?

Jason looked around at the sound of the man's movement and straightened up, his giant erection in one hand, his other reaching toward the retreating man. "What's wrong?" he asked. His voice seemed supercharged with desire and lust, it seemed to be pulling at the man physically. "Where are you going?"

The little man watched the boy swell with muscle in front of him. He could see the other man's body literally growing in front of his eyes. The muscles along the arm reaching toward him swelled outward, the cables of brawn multiplying under the skin. The man was growing more powerful, stronger, even more sexually charged. His cock was streaming something that looked like clear honey, it flowed down the thick, red pole like syrup as the muscular giant slowly stroked his mammoth hard-on. "I need another needle," he said slowly. He was reaching for the door handle behind him, unable to take his eyes off the half-naked sex-god before him.

Jason reached toward the man with his pre-cum-coated hand, grabbing the man's shoulder and gently pulling him back. "Please don't leave," he said, his voice a rich deep intonation of desire. "Just let me kiss you."

"Kiss...?" The man's hands raised to his mask.

Jason stepped closer, two feet taller than the other man, his body swelling with power, blooming with sexuality. He was releasing an overwhelming fog of pheromones, his cock pulsed and throbbed, his balls drooped with their load. "One kiss," he said. "Just one kiss."

"I want..." was all the man managed to say before the door opened swiftly and two other hazmat-cloaked figures grabbed him and dragged him from the room. Jason's hand fell back to continue stroking his massive meat, and as he closed his eyes a sudden fountain of incandescent pearly cream erupted from his dick and splattered against the closing door. Another round and another erupted from his giant cock and he felt some relief from the constant thrumming sexual desire that pulsed through him every second.

The smell was so strong now that even Jason could sense its power. He closed his eyes and pulled it into his lungs, the smell of pure male sex, and it empowered his libido and sent his hard cock into spasms of new growth. He felt his dick swelling outward in his grip, and he looked down and watched himself growing longer and fatter. A fresh flow of pre-cum was coating the helmet and he reached his mouth down to suck on his own cock, reveling in the intense pleasure before allowing his balls to let loose another thick torrent of salty cream that he swallowed with eager pleasure.

A feeling of warm erotic joy erupted inside him and his body swelled with power. He smiled and continued to suck on the fount of his power, closing his eyes and fantasizing that Coach Tucker was there with him in his small cell, sucking his dick and growing stronger by the second.

## Chapter Twenty-One

Bryan sat in the juice bar at the gym awaiting his first meeting with the personal trainer. It was an interview, to see if Bryan liked him and could work with him. He'd come highly recommended, and his friend Paul had made literally unbelievable progress under his tutelage.

Bryan remembered clearly the first time he saw Paul after he'd started working out with the guy. He appeared wearing a black tank top and a pair of tight, navy blue jeans. His shoulders exploded like mountains, his upper arms bulged with so much muscle that it looked like it was going to burst through his skin, and thick veins wound over the fat masses of power as thick as fingers. Even his face looked different, more refined and handsome, almost preternaturally masculine and achingly handsome. "But, what does he do to make you so... so...."

Paul smiled. It made him appear even more beautiful. "Big?" He raised his arm and made the new bicep swell. Every fiber and cable of brawn seemed to expand, rising up into a tight ball of power, distinct and rock hard. He shrugged his monstrous shoulders and laughed lightly, making the twin mounds of his new chest shake. It looked like the new size of his broad pecs had caused his nipples to grow in unison. They rubbed against the ribbed cotton like invitations. "He has some special methods."

Bryan felt a chill go through him. "Steroids?"

Paul shook his head. "I know what it looks like. But, no, he doesn't... I haven't been shooting any drugs into my body."

"It looks like you've put on, what, 20 pounds?"

Paul reddened slightly. He did that when he lied. "About that."

"You even look taller, if that's possible."

"Probably the new wardrobe. None of my old clothes fit anymore." His smile broadened, as did his chest as he sat back and folded his hands behind his head. The biceps grew positively massive.

But that was no lie. Paul used to look okay, nothing special. He'd has a 'Buddha Belly,' as he liked to call it, based no doubt on his love of beer. He was starting to grow another chin and was hiding that with a close-cropped beard, and his face was starting to look weathered and pale.

Now he was a different man altogether. Bigger, certainly, and more confident. But more than that, he looked younger, revitalized, and positively sexy. Rumor had it that his libido had kicked into overdrive at the gym, but the rumors about that place were myriad and



sometimes unbelievable. If they were all true, the place was nothing less than a 24-hour orgy of naked muscle. Membership was exclusive and expensive, but there was no denying that every man who walked out its doors was both muscular and handsome. If they weren't putting something in the water, then they had to be shooting up.

But as more and more of Bryan's circle of friends joined the place, he was feeling left out. They were all growing bigger and, seemingly, younger. He was jealous – but he was also broke. There was no way he'd ever be able to afford it.

And then Paul said they had some new "Friends & Family" discount, 'family' in this case referring not to relative by blood, but other gay brothers. Paul offered to sponsor him, and then he had his hands all over Bryan and before he knew it, they were going at it in the men's bathroom at work, and Paul looked even bigger in another important area. And Bryan couldn't say no to that.

The juice bar was empty, save for a very handsome Asian behind the bar whose smile and lingering glances made Bryan feel very good. He smiled back and sucked down some more Blueberry Protein Plantation, savoring the sweet fruit and the slightly bitter whey powder. Swallowing, he was startled by the touch of a hand on his shoulder, but that was nothing to the surprise that shook him to his core when the owner of that strong touch circled around him and stood before him, radiating a kind of sexual energy that was as palpable as a hot shower after a strenuous workout.

"Hi," the man said, "you must be Bryan. My name is Reggie."

"And I'm Justin," another voice added. It was as deep and powerful as Reggie's, and as filled with mirth and welcome. If Bryan had been blind, he would have been put immediately at his ease, but seeing the two men looming over him made him feel both intimidated and incredibly turned on.

Reggie was a porcelain-skinned god with copper red hair that flowed in waves across his immense shoulders. Freckles dotted his exposed flesh, and there was a lot of exposed flesh to gaze upon. The man was wearing nothing but a square-cut bathing suit that sat so low on his hips that a wealth of more copper curls spilled out over the waistband. His basket probably helped make the suit sit so low, because it was so overwhelmed with its contents that it looked in danger of bursting.

His friend Justin was dark-skinned to Reggie's paleness, his body sun-kissed and glowing with a deep, healthy-looking tan everywhere. The man's bright blue eyes seemed to sparkle from his dark complexion, and his hair, as thick and long as Reggie's, was chestnut brown with golden filaments. If Reggie was practically naked, Justin might as well have been so, for he wore the smallest bikini that Bryan has ever seen. How the blue stretch material managed to hold in the man's obviously copious cock and fat ballsack was a miracle in itself. "Are you...?"

Reggie and Justin both smiled broadly as they helped Bryan to a wobbly stance. "No, no, Bryan. Reggie and I amount to what is affectionately referred to as the Greeting Squad. We merely set the stage, so to speak, for the main attraction," Justin explained.

"So, you're members here?"

"Quite so," Reggie said, nodding. "We help out new candidates, such as yourself, get you acclimated and do our best to make you feel comfortable." Reggie smiled, casting a glance down at Bryan's growing hard-on. "And it looks like we're not doing our job. Justin, just look at Bryan's cock. Trying so hard to make itself... hard... and having so little room to breathe!"

"Wouldn't you be more comfy out of those pants?" Justin knelt and leaned in close, putting his large hands onto Bryan's belt and opening the buckle.

Reggie moved behind Bryan's body and wrapped his muscled arms around Bryan's shoulders, unbuttoning his shirt before moving his hands inside and sliding them across Bryan's chest. "Oh, my, Bryan! So much potential!" His deft fingers moved onto Bryan's nipples and started to play with them, sending electric shocks of pleasure directly to his growing erection. "And I do so love a responsive man."

"Oh, me too!" Justin had pulled Bryan's pants open and was now softly stroking his hardening cock, still hidden behind the thin cotton sheath of his underwear. "Do you mind if I have a little peek?" He slipped Bryan's underwear over his red member and licked the shaft before sucking Bryan's cock head into his warm, wet mouth.

"Gentlemen," said a third deep voice, and Bryan dimly recognized it as the Asian man behind the juice bar. "Don't you think he should get the tour before initiation?"

"Oh dear, you are so right, Lawrence!" Justin kissed Bryan's cock and pushed it back inside his pants. "Please forgive us, Bryan, but Reggie and I are just so happy to meet you!"

Reggie pushed his hard, broad chest against Bryan's back and his hard, thick cock between Bryan's ass cheeks before releasing his welcome touch on Bryan's nipples and said into his ear, "Very happy, indeed."

"He's waiting," Lawrence said, and then Reggie had his heavy arm hanging across Bryan's shoulders and Justin had taken his hand and they were walking away from the bar toward the doors to the gym proper.

Now that he was standing between the members of the Greeting Squad, 'huge' didn't even begin to describe them. They were gargantuan, and so powerfully built that Bryan thought that even a world class body builder would feel outclassed. Everywhere he could see, they were encased in muscle, yet they moved with such grace and sexual power that the idea that they would do anything dangerous to him never entered the picture. Instead, all he felt coming off of them was a thinly controlled sexual lust and a deep desire to please him. He

had never felt so safe and welcome – and horny – in his entire life. It was as if he were being escorted by two brutally handsome and incredibly muscular British nannies.

“I’d say ‘prepare yourself’ Bryan, but I don’t think one can ever quite be prepared for this.”

“Still,” Reggie added to Justin’s warning, “it’s nice to hear it.”

“Quite right, Reggie, quite right. Bryan? Prepare yourself.”

The doors opened, and suddenly Bryan had to agree with Justin. There was simply no preparation for what appeared before him.

“Welcome,” Justin said simply, “to Transformation Gym.”

A wide, deep space yawned open before him. It was darker than he expected, with ambient light reflecting up the walls and across the ceiling. The gym looked to be as large as a football field, but perhaps it was the darkness that helped the illusion along. Gleaming metallic workout equipment sparkled like jewels, spaced somewhat far apart from each other. A glance at the closer pieces showed that they were overloaded with fat disks of iron, and other machines appeared to be similar to muscle building machines he was familiar with, but their scale was much larger than those.

But far and away what stole Bryan’s breath from his body was the assortment of masculine muscular beauty spread across the expanse of the gym’s interior. The floor sank down from the entrance, so that from the street the place looked

Like any other sports center, but it was dug down one level below the street and spread off in all directions, and in all directions Bryan was confronted with naked or half-naked men of such extraordinary physical beauty and obvious strength and size that it seemed, at first, to be an illusion.

Reggie and Justin began to move him down the stairway onto the gym floor, and as he came closer, step by step, to the men spread around him, it became evident that what he was seeing was no illusion at all, and that what he saw in his friend Paul was merely the tip of a much larger, much more amazing iceberg.

“Hey, Carl! Looking good,” Reggie called, waving toward a black-skinned man to their left. Bryan focused through the dim light and noticed that Carl was as big and powerfully built as his companions, and completely naked. He sat in a machine and worked his huge chest muscles. Streams of sweat trailed down his chocolate skin and made his muscles gleam. Looking down, Bryan noticed movement between Carl’s legs, and realized that he was getting a blow job as he pumped his pecs. The broad V-shaped taper of whoever was sucking his cock illustrated that the man servicing Carl was every bit as muscular and powerful as he was.

Bryan pulled his eyes away and looked to the other side. A man was pushing an ungodly amount of weight up and down on a bench, his arms and chest bulging fat with muscle and

incredibly overrun with vascular beauty. He, too, was naked, and his cock stood proudly at full erection. A stream of pre-cum glistened in the dim light, and drizzled off the bench like honey. The man standing over him, presumably to watch his moves and help him if anything went wrong, was so wide that his head looked almost out of proportion to his upper body. It took a moment for Bryan to realize that the man on the bench was sucking the other man's balls.

They continued to walk across the floor of the gym, and with every step, Bryan felt himself losing control. Every man was huge and beautiful, and every man, whether they were working out on the strange equipment or simply paired off, or engaged in a three-way or four-way or more-way, was having sex. Cocks in mouths, asses plowed, lips on nipples, sweat-covered skin sliding across his partner's bulging masses of muscle.

The rumors, if anything, only hinted at what was happening inside the walls of The T, as it was known. Transformation Gym was a fuckfest of constant orgiastic pleasure populated with the most gorgeous, the most powerful, the most sexually and physically attractive men in the universe.

"Holy shit," Bryan said softly as they paused in the center of the action, and he attempted to take in the sheer pornographic power of the place.

"I prefer to think of it as a holy fuck, but whatever turns you on, Bryan," Reggie said cheerfully.

"We should hurry along," Justin said, squeezing Bryan's shoulder. "He's waiting for you."

'He,' Bryan thought. The legendary owner of the place, the man spoken of with reverence and amazement by every one of Bryan's friends who had met him. "You can't believe a man like that exists," Paul had said, "until you're right there with him and...."

"And what?" Bryan's tone gave away his disbelief. No one was that beautiful.

"You'll see," was all Paul responded with.

And now he was about to. They passed still more men, some so involved in their pleasures that they seemed oblivious to the trio's passage, others who acknowledged Justin and Reggie with friendly nods or encouragements to join them, and occasionally a hand would brush Bryan's body and he would make eye contact with one of these gorgeous muscular men and it was clear that they wanted him, too, even as he was. They needed him with them. They wanted Bryan naked to share their fat, hard cocks and their broad, firm chests and their amazing bubble butt asses.

But Reggie and Justin would click their tongues or smile and express happy promises for later trysting before pulling Bryan with them across the floor of naked perfection towards another set of double doors on the opposite side of The T, where he waited for them.

"Is he really...?" Bryan asked, his mouth dry.

Justin laughed softly. "He really is." He winked at Reggie over Bryan's head and mouthed, 'I love this part!' Reggie nodded agreement and moved his heavily arm forward to open the doors.

A man stood in the room. He was immense, easily eight feet tall. He was completely naked, and completely the most muscular man Bryan had ever seen or imagined. His muscles had muscles. His face had an angular handsomeness as if it had been chiseled from a chunk of raw steel, but his intense eyes shone with a sense of utter openness and passion. His skin was bronze, sun-kissed like Justin's but somehow more beautiful, but maybe it was the subtle light in the room. He had deep green eyes, with a thick mustache and goatee framing his full, soft lips. His hair was cut short on the sides and slightly longer in front, with a spike of darkness softly falling across one eye, sideburns to the bottom of his ears, and thick eyebrows arched artfully, all of the same blue-black hue.

He stood there on his two legs with his arms folded across his chest. Every muscle on his body was deeply etched, but not a single vein could be seen. His overall appearance was one of absolute purity of form, with every muscle as perfect as it could be. The folds of cables on his left pectoral were mirrored on the right. The fat wedges of power bulging along his left thigh in evident and flaring perfection had twin wedges of insanely defined brawn on his right. His skin looked almost shiny, as if he had been polished to a sheen, and the width of his upper body would have looked absurdly disproportionate if his legs were not equal to the task. His abdomen was a roadmap of muscular bulges, again in perfect alignment and proportion, leading down to a sudden forest of black pubic curls on his otherwise hairless body.

The forest was crowning the largest set of cock and balls that Bryan had ever seen. Fat, long and beautiful, the man's dick hung straight between his thickly powerful legs ending in a plum-sized head cowed in a wealth of foreskin. Two heavy balls hung behind the beauty in a low, hairy sack that seemed to churn and move as if he was manufacturing his hot, delicious cream as Bryan stood there, and he had no doubt that that was exactly the case.

He moved then, unfolding and lowering his gargantuan arms to reveal the utter and overpowering fullness of his immense chest. The cables of muscle flexed and spread. The perfect, luscious nipple capping the heavy hemisphere of muscle on the left was matched by an equally suckable nipple on the right. His body shifted as he walked, every muscle working in harmony as he stepped with precision and sensual power toward Bryan. A friendly grin lit his lips and widened into a smile of such perfect beauty that Bryan felt faint before its splendor. It made the formerly severe countenance of angular masculine power soften into a face of sheer blissful delight, deeply etched with dimples.

His cock swung with its ponderous weight as he moved, but for the man's size he managed to look athletically graceful. His arms moved upward again as he approached, and his heat and scent surrounded Bryan. He smelled virile and striking, some mixture of leather and smoke and lavender and earth and sex, and he grew ever larger as he approached.

He wrapped Bryan in his arms and cupped his head and bent his soft lips toward Bryan's mouth. He kissed him then, and Bryan had never felt anything like it. Soft and wet and tender as a long-time lover's, but passionate and hungry and erotic as well. The man pulled Bryan's small body tightly into him, so that Bryan could feel every hard contour of his muscular frame. Moving his hands over the man's skin, Bryan realized an overwhelming sexual charge heating him up, a sensual bliss so erotic that his dick grew instantly hard, almost painfully so. The scent of the man swam through his head and everything about this gentle giant screamed masculine sexual power of the highest degree.

The kiss went on and on. Their tongues twisting around each other, Bryan's hands exploring the huge man's naked flesh while the giant simply held Bryan tightly to him, meaning never to let him go.

But he did let him go, and he stood to his full awesome height again, and seemed to grow larger still. "Welcome to Transformation," he said. His deep voice struck Bryan in the chest and groin and he felt a sudden hot liquid rush erupt in his jeans. "Perhaps you've heard of me.

"My name is Adam."

## Chapter Twenty-Two

When the all points bulletin on finding and claiming the mysterious Self Suck Sam went out to the Brotherhood, Robbie and Missitch stdoo Nemass Indohoo were on their way back to the scene of the crime.

In the intervening days, the two men had been exploring each other in every way possible, in addition to discovering new talents and capabilities that astounded and delighted them. They had yet to uncover some of the more unbelievable aspects of their newfound realities, stemming mainly from the fact that it just never occurred to them that they might be able to launch themselves from the ground, or communicate telepathically, or alter their appearances other than grow larger or smaller at will.

Sexually, they were an unstoppable pair. Everything about each other kept their libidos humming and their cocks cumming. It soon became apparent to them that the most satisfying form of protein was to be had in each other's copious and seemingly limitless supply of salty spunk, and that their new bodies were both virtually impervious and nearly inexhaustible, needing very little sleep to keep going.

Control was an issue for a few days, resulting in the eventual destruction of Mitch's small cabin and his computer, so that Robbie never had an opportunity to repeat his performance for the webcam. In the back of his mind, he wondered what became of his one online witness, but Mitch kept him so busy that he never really missed giving another solo show.

They both had lots of unanswered questions. It frustrated Mitch that Robbie had no idea what had happened to him, or how he was able to make Mitch over into another Superman. It frustrated Robbie in equal measure that he had no answers to give, and had been unable to find any answers online. Google searches for "muscle growth" had yielded a few fetish sites and several dubious promises about achieving spectacular muscular development using any number of pills and powders, but nothing and no one was posting anything about some first-person unusual activities that would help explain what the two men were experiencing.

So, naked, curious and ignorant to their condition, the two men started back through the Canadian wilderness toward the lake where Robbie had first manifested his incredible development in hopes of discovering what herbs or chemical agents in the water or weird combination of environmental factors lead to his transformation.

It was slow going. They were unhampered by the terrain or vegetation, since they could simply swell into enormity and plow their way through, though that method made Mitch uncomfortable, both because of the damage they were doing to the natural world as well as the telltale trail of debris and destruction they left behind them. They both agreed that keeping a low profile was best for now, until they had some answers, and a wide swath of broken pine trees and tonnages of boulders so easily pushed aside would undoubtedly raise questions among the locals.

So they kept to their more compact forms and traveled carefully, using the stars and natural landmarks to guide them back. Staying off the main road also seemed like a good idea, and they were not hindered or uncomfortable no matter how cold the nights became or how warm the sun baked them.

What they hadn't accounted for was what they would do when they ran into someone else. Avoiding civilization seemed like a natural way to avoid being seen or having to explain why two naked muscular giants with twin cocks and perfect bodies were wandering through the forests of southern Canada, but that was just what they were faced with on their fifth day.

Caleb could be described by his more charitable friends as 'outdoorsy,' but what he really was went well beyond that title. Caleb was hard-line extreme outdoorsy. If he couldn't carry it on his back, he wasn't bringing it with him. He ate what he foraged, he climbed the mountains he couldn't go around and he loved living as raw and unfettered as possible. As a result, his body had been honed to a sinewy, lanky collection of hard muscle gathered across his bones like beef jerky. He could scamper like a mountain goat, swim like an otter, and liked to imagine he could wrestle a bear to the ground if there was a difference of opinion over whose salmon that was. He stood a little over 5' 8" tall, wore heavy boots and a pair of shorts with more pockets than God and never spent more than a night anywhere.

He was certain that nothing could surprise him anymore. Life in the wilderness had presented him with every surprise nature had to offer, from being awoken covered in ants to watching two eagles battle for supremacy to surviving a sudden thunderstorm and knowing what it felt like as lightning struck the ground only yards away. He was prepared for anything.

When his keen hearing detected movement in the forest, and it sounded like something huge was coming toward him, he climbed up a nearby tree and left his small campsite just as it was. There wasn't very much equipment there, but any sign of civilized life was apt to look odd in the middle of an old growth forest.

Caleb remained still and silent as the sound approached, but whatever he was prepared to see couldn't have managed to elicit the surprise he felt when two huge men ambled into the clearing and stopped dead on the ground at the foot of his tree. Even from his vantage point above their heads, all he could see was naked muscle, and plenty of it.

The men looked dirty, as if they had been traveling for days in the wilderness. Their arms, shoulders and chests were brushed with mud and dirt, and their long hair was matted. It was difficult to tell what they looked like in truth, but it was obvious that both men were naked and both had spent way too many hours at the gym.

"Whoa," one of them said, stopping dead and pushing at Caleb's folding campstove with a large foot. His voice was absurdly deep. "Looks like we just missed someone."



"Yeah, but why would they leave this stuff here? They could just pack it up and take it with them."

"Unless they never left." And then they both looked up.

Caleb ducked into the branches but it was too late, they'd spotted him. One of the men planted his hands on his hips and smiled up at him. The other was looking around for something, then joined his companion is staring up at Caleb's perch. "Yo, dude! Sorry to disturb you! We'll, uhhh, we'll just be on our way and, uhhh, so you can just forget you ever saw us."

"Fat chance," he answered. "Who are you?"

"I'm Robbie, and this is Mitch."

Mitch waved up at Caleb in a friendly fashion. Some of the caked mud chipped off revealing reddish brown skin beneath. "Hi," he said.

"What are you doing?"

"Just now?" Robbie's brow wrinkled and he looked at his companion, who shrugged and said, "Just out for a walk in the woods."

"From where? There's no towns for days!"

"Five days. If you're walking," Robbie added, helpfully. "Anyway, nice to have met you and we'll just be on our way."

"Wait!" Caleb wasn't entirely sure why he'd shouted that out with such vehemence and need. His heart was beating very fast and his palms were starting to sweat as he began to make his way back down out of his tree.

"Uh, I'm not sure you want to do that," Mitch rumbled deeply. "We're contagious."

Caleb paused, looking down at them. "You don't look sick."

"It's a very odd disease," Robbie said, smiling. "You end up looking like we do." He slapped Mitch on his broad, meaty chest with the back of his huge paw. It sounded as if he'd just struck a side of beef.

"I don't understand."

"We don't either," Mitch admitted, "but Robbie's right. We should just get out of here."

He paused. And Robbie said, "Unless..."

Mitch looked at his friend and his mouth twisted into a grimace. "No."

"We don't even know if..."

"And we're not going to use, uhhh, what's your name, anyway?"

"Caleb."

"Nice name. Anyway, we're not about to use Caleb as a guinea pig."

"You didn't even ask him," Robbie protested. "We should at least ask him."

Caleb was a few feet above them, now. They looked even bigger from this angle. Even under the layers of dirt and much, it was clear that these were the two largest men he'd ever encountered, and easily so. "Jesus, you're filthy."

"Hey, you don't know me that well! Yet."

Mitch snorted out a laugh. "I think he means it literally." He looked back up at the smaller man and asked, "You wouldn't know of a body of water where we could get cleaned up?"

"Yeah, but it's freezing cold."

"Don't worry about that. Just point." Caleb did. "Thanks!"

"Are you going to come back?"

"We could, or you could follow us," Robbie suggested. "Make sure we don't get lost."

"It's not far."

"I'm terrible with directions," Robbie lied. "Just follow behind us and make sure we don't stray off course. When we get to the water, you can either wait for us to get a bit more presentable, or we'll just continue on our way as if you never saw us."

Mitch looked at his friend and said, softly. "What are you up to?"

Robbie just smiled, then looked up. "Coming?"

Caleb started down, then said, "You first," and watched the twin muscle giants saunter through the forest before he jumped to the mulchy ground and followed a safe distance behind.

They were bigger than huge, now that he was at their level. The one on the right, Robbie, had short, thick hair that stuck up alarmingly, and his back was a roadmap of bulging

power. Caleb had no idea that there were that many muscles on a man's back. There were heavy lobes of brawn struggling against each other as he walked, and his calves were ridiculously large, surely larger than his hand could easily grasp.

There was something about the man's butt that was... inviting. The fullness of the two globes as they shifted and moved, the suggestion of power in their size and enormity, it made him feel woozy.

The other man, Mitch, was every bit as large as his friend. What sort of disease could do that to a man? His shoulders stretched so far across that he was constantly brushing aside entire trees that Caleb could easily duck under. His ass was just as... engaging as Robbie's. It looked like two bowls moving up and down around each other, with deep indentations on each side that made the arching mounds of muscle reach toward him. His skin looked like it was darker than Robbie's, but in the shifting light and with their coat of much it was hard to tell.

Caleb suddenly found himself wanting very much to see what these two gentlemen looked like emerging from that frigid lake, cleaned off and dripping wet.

He shoved that thought from his head when Robbie turned around and glanced at him. The man smiled and said "This way?"

"Left," Caleb said, "then straight. You'll see it through the trees."

"Cool," the man growled, and his voice detonated against Caleb's small frame like thunder.

"Play fair," Mitch advised his friend.

The lake water was completely calm and mirror smooth. The sky was reflected on its wide surface and the edge was populated with small rocks and large boulders. The forest arched in to try to reclaim the land, casting shadows across the dark water near the edge, but further out the water shone like glass.

"Nice," Mitch said. And he walked toward the lake and away from Caleb, who situated himself on a nearby rock a few yards up the beach.

Robbie said, "That's not how you enter a lake, you idiot!" And he took a running leap and launched himself far out into the water, his mammoth muscles shoving him higher and farther than Caleb would have thought possible for such a huge man. He was practically flying!

When he landed, the detonation was spectacular and amazing. The amount of water displaced made it seem like the man weighed a ton, at least, and he disappeared beneath

the surface for a long time before surfacing and tossing his wet hair from his face, standing up waist-deep as the water drained off his clean skin.

Caleb gasped. Robbie stood at the edge of the trees' shadows, where the sun shone down with brilliance, and the combination of the light and the dark and the man's slick skin all created a tableau of such masculine magnificence that Caleb felt his heart flutter and his mouth go dry. He'd never felt a feeling of attraction toward another man before, but there was no denying Robbie's incarnate beauty.

The time the man spent underwater was apparently put to good use, because the layer of filth was completely cleaned from his flesh, and now he shone in naked splendor, the lake's watery embrace sluicing off his flesh and leaving him looking like he was made of liquid copper. His skin was a burnished brown, obviously sun-tanned all over, and as he started to stretch and flex his frame, every muscle popped and bulged along his arms and torso. When he smiled, the perfection was complete.

"Get your ass in here, Mitch! The water's great!"

"Show off," the other man muttered, then he fell forward into the lake's cold water and started to swim out to where his friend waited, his long hair streaming behind him like a dark veil. His strokes were easy and languid, but he propelled himself with ease and speed before diving under the surface with silent perfection, the twin globes of his butt breaking the surface before he disappeared entirely.

Robbie shaded his eyes and looked toward Caleb's perch. It made his bicep swell enormously. "You sure you don't want to join us?"

"I'm okay here."

Robbie smiled again and shrugged. "Okay! But you're going to miss out on all the fun!"

Mitch surfaced next to Robbie and stood between him and Caleb, with his back to the shore. He was saying something to his friend that Caleb couldn't hear, then he folded his arms over his chest and tilted his head slightly as he listened to the reply. Robbie's face was animated and he was obviously trying to convince Mitch of something, and Mitch wasn't buying.

"Oh, you're no fun!" he protested at last, and he reached down and launched a wide splash of water that struck Mitch as if he were an immovable shoreline, dropping down his back. Caleb watched the water trail in the deep crevasses between the man's enormous muscles until it all lead unerringly toward the crack of his ass, the two round spheres of his muscular buttocks half-exposed above the water.

"I'm enormous mountains of fun," Mitch said calmly.

Robbie smiled. And then he wrapped his arms around his friend and started to kiss him with evident passion and mounting eagerness. Caleb swallowed hard and felt a twinge of

embarrassment as he spied on their embrace. Robbie's hands started at Mitch's head, pulling the man's mouth to his own, but they soon found their way down his wide back and ended up grasping his twin muscular globes of ass flesh, kneading his butt forcibly.

Caleb turned away for only a moment, but then felt the presence of a hulking mountain near his rock and turned back to see Robbie standing only a few feet away.

The water was much shallower near the shore, and Robbie stood only ankle-deep in the dark lake. His naked form, now free of its coating of mud and dirt, was shiny and slick in the shifting shadows. Water trailed off his skin and dropped back into the lake. He had a hairy chest, and droplets clung to the dark curls that dusted his immense muscularity. His arms hung at his sides and he was breathing slightly hard. It made his abdominal muscles, a thick 8-pack, swell and recede. A dark treasure trail of wet fur started at his navel and lead down his flat pelvis to erupt into a thick forest at his groin. The man's cock was as big as the rest of him. Robbie felt a sudden rush of heat when he realized he was staring at it, marveling at its size and perfection of form, and he raised his glance with a suddenness he didn't intend.

The unkempt nest of hair on Robbie's head was now fashionably messy, as if he'd just rolled out of bed, and his dark eyes flashed. "We didn't embarrass you, did we?" His question was soft, but his tone was deep.

Mitch was walking up behind his friend. God, they were so big! "No," Caleb said. "You're gay?"

Robbie smiled and made a play of looking down at his mammoth muscular form, checking himself out for clues. "Whoa, is it that obvious?"

"The kissing kind of gave it away."

Robbie looked at Mitch, and said, "I thought it was when I was checking out Caleb's butt."

"Nah, I'm sure Caleb gets that a lot." Mitch looked pointedly towards Caleb's ass. "It's a very nice butt."

"Thanks," he answered drolly.

"No, we mean it. You have an excellent butt. Could you... uhhh..." Robbie gestured with his finger, beckoning Caleb to stand on his rock and turn around.

His face flushing red, Caleb laughed slightly and rose easily to his feet, then hiked up the tails of his T-shirt and wiggled his ass playfully before dropping his shirt back in place and turning around, his arms folded over his chest.

"An excellent butt, to be sure."

“Oh, 10 out of 10 on the butt scale!” Robbie said. “Did you see how cute and tight it was? Even under those shorts, it’s obvious that what we have here is prime ass meat.”

“Stop, you’re embarrassing me,” Caleb joked. “So, you’re two naked gay bodybuilders with some sort of unnamed illness that makes you into two naked gay bodybuilders out for a stroll in the woods, five days removed from civilization?”

“In a nutshell,” Robbie verified.

“Pull the other one.”

Robbie looked at Mitch. “How did he know we have two?”

“Two what?”

“He meant ‘leg,’ asshole,” Mitch said, shaking his head.

“Two what?” Caleb repeated.

Robbie chose to ignore the question. “Look, as long as we’ve clarified the whole gay thing, would you mind if I sort of... fucked my boyfriend? Just a little?”

“Jesus, Rob. Tactful!”

“It’s been a few hours and now that he’s all cleaned up... well... look at him! How could I not fuck that?”

“I’ll just take my leave, then.”

“You want to watch?”

“What?”

“Us? Fuck?”

“It’s not really my forte.”

“You don’t like to watch?”

“Watching is fine. It’s the... gayness. Not that there’s anything wrong with that!”

Robbie smirked. “Ha ha. How do you know if you never tried?”



## Chapter Twenty-Three

Caleb raised an eyebrow. "Never tried what?"

"Ever kiss a guy?"

Mitch said, "Robbie...." impatiently.

"I'm just asking!"

"I have, actually."

"Have you?" Now Robbie was very interested. It showed in how his cock slowly started to stretch and swell. "How was it?"

"Not very good. We were in high school. Just sort of happened. It was weird."

"High school? No one kisses good in high school. You should try it again!"

"Robbie..."

"What?"

"Let him alone. If he doesn't want to kiss you, he doesn't have to kiss you." He paused a heartbeat, then added, "Besides, I'm the better kisser here."

"Oh, I call bullshit on that one, Mitch. No way you're better than me." Mitch shrugged. "Oooh, no no no no no." Robbie looked at Caleb and asked, "Which one of us would you rather kiss, Mr. Hard Tongue Dry Lips here, or me?"

"Dry lips?"

"Hard tongue."

"This is absurd. Caleb already said he didn't want to kiss us and..."

"Technically, I didn't." The two muscular giants looked at him in unison. "And if I had to choose," he said, "I'd kiss Robbie."

"Yes!"

"What? Why?" Mitch looked honestly perturbed and surprised.

"Well, for one thing I think he'd be more enthusiastic about it. Second, I watched you guys going at it out there and he seems like an initiator, and I'd probably need some, you know,



coaching. And lastly, the way his dick is growing, and all I'm doing is talking about the possibility of a kiss, I know he's both eager and excited about it, which is kind of complimentary."

Mitch looked down at Robbie's cock, and it was indeed swelling at an alarming rate. The head was emerging from its cowl of foreskin and a drop of pre-cum was growing at the eye. The shaft was thickening as it lengthened and it was now a good two inches bigger than Mitch's. "Well, if all it took was a hard-on, I could have done that."

"But you didn't," Robbie taunted him, then he grabbed his growing prick and shook it at his lover. "The biggest cock always wins." Then he looked at Caleb and licked his lower lip. "I'm ready when you are."

Caleb huffed a nervous laugh from his nose and he climbed off the rock. Standing now next to the other men, he realized how small he was compared to them. "Okay, so how do we...?"

Before he could finish the question, Robbie had swooped down upon him, wrapped him in a muscled embrace and was kissing him on the lips with every drop of repressed lust and passion he had been keeping leashed inside him.

The first thing that struck Caleb about the kiss was 'hard.' The dude was like a rock! He'd never imagined that muscle could get so dense and thick that it would feel physically impenetrable. Robbie's body was a mass of thick, bulging solidity, and every bulge moved. The muscle was firm, but it wasn't rigid. It flexed and twisted, it grew and shrank, he could feel the man's body, the very essence of his physical presence, as they moved together. It was both fascinating and arousing.

The second thing was 'big.' Robbie had at least a foot in height on Caleb and untold inches in thickness everywhere else. Caleb had to bend his head back and bring his lips up to meet Robbie's hungry mouth. The hand on the back of Caleb's scalp felt like it could encompass his entire head. It was difficult to get his own embrace anywhere around the man, and that huge cock shoving against him from between Robbie's muscled legs kept on growing bigger and bigger. Caleb's own prick was throbbing in response, and shoving itself against his shorts for release.

Then, 'soft.' The man's skin was like silk or suede, some material so warm and supple that his hands wanted to stay attached to the feeling of Robbie's body forever. When his fingers found that nest of darkness attached to Robbie's head, Caleb marveled at its velvety quality. His fingers slipped through and between the strands and every one of them was so soft and satisfyingly pliable, like fur. And speaking of fur, even the hair that coated Robbie's chest was soft. Caleb thought he might be turned off by having such a hairy guy holding him, but the opposite proved to be true. The curls of jet black across the hard, heavy hemispheres proved to be inviting and cozy, as if Caleb could curl up next to Robbie's enormity and sleep inside his warmth.

And Robbie's lips were amazing. So soft, so warm, so giving. The kiss was as tender and soul-melting as the man's other attributes were hard, but it was still a huge kiss. Robbie's mouth engulfed Caleb's lips and sucked on them, rubbing against them like a cat in heat. Then his tongue, probing and tentative, brushing up against his mouth so tenderly that Caleb went weak in the knees, then he welcomed Robbie's tongue inside his own mouth and felt the man's passion build abruptly larger, the muscled arms surrounding him tightened slightly and their kissing grew deeper.

Lastly, 'power.' Enormous, unlimited, untapped power. It radiated off the man's massive body like light from the sun. It was in his dominant embrace and his bulging muscles. It was in the heat that came off him, and the thickness and throbbing necessity of his still-growing prick. The potency of the man was an overwhelming force, like the pull of the moon on the tides.

Even the scent he gave off from his lake-cleaned flesh spoke of his power. It rose up off him and sank into Caleb's senses as if wanted to take him over completely. It was hot and masculine and sexy, he smelled like the forest and the seas mixed with something musky and raw. It intoxicated and energized Caleb, and somehow made the kiss seem more urgent and needful and erotic.

The intensity of Robbie's power came through full force at the end, as he poured every last drop from his bottomless well of masculine and sexual capacity into the kiss, and Caleb struggled to return the fraction of that power back to Robbie through their embrace. When Robbie slowly released Caleb from the kiss, their lips parting and the muscled man releasing his willing captive from his strong embrace, Caleb felt dazed and tingly, and kept his eyes closed for a long time afterwards, leaning against his rock at the edge of the lake as the comfort of Robbie's overwhelming physical presence from his senses and consciousness receded.

"Well?" the huge man asked, hopefully.

"Holy fuck, that was intense," Caleb said softly. He raised his fingers to his lips and brushed them longingly, he could still feel Robbie's mouth there.

Robbie nudged Mitch and smirked. "Told ya."

"Yeah, well, now it's my turn," Mitch said confidently, and he stepped toward Caleb's half-prone form.

"Just give me a second to recover, okay? Just... a second here." He opened his eyes and looked at Robbie, wondering who he was and how he did what he just did. The dude was an enormous collection of the biggest, baddest, strongest muscle but he was able to kiss Caleb better and more deeply than he'd ever been kissed. It was almost spiritual. "That was almost spiritual."

"Really? Cool!" Robbie kicked Mitch playfully on his high, arching ass. "Hear that? Spiritual!"

“He said almost,” Mitch corrected. “Now it’s time for the real thing.” Mitch lowered himself to the beach, laying his huge body on its back and opening his arms to Caleb. “Climb aboard.”

“Hey! No fair!” Robbie protested.

Mitch grinned. “There were rules? I don’t remember any rules.” He winked at Caleb. “Whenever you’re ready.”

Caleb felt a twinge of dubious alarm looking at the supine form of the beautiful dark-skinned man lying on the smooth, wet pebbles at the lake’s edge. The sun was casting shadows that danced and dappled his muscled form, and every now and then a sliver of light would bring his caramel-colored eyes into shining significance. Laying down, he looked less threatening than the towering brute force that Robbie had presented, but that in itself scared Caleb, because after Robbie’s intense kiss he already felt enflamed and aroused. But Mitch just lay there on the beach with his arms outstretched and an innocent and inviting smile on his full, moist lips, waiting for Caleb to come to him.

Tentatively, Caleb approached the man’s prone form and dropped to his knees next to him, casting his gaze along Mitch’s form. Mitch followed Caleb’s eyes and dropped his arms, positioning himself onto his elbows and bringing his face closer to Caleb’s.

Just looking at Mitch’s body was a sensual experience. All his muscle was laid bare before Caleb, awaiting his exploration. The man’s enormous cock was flaccid, but thick and meaty, laying its inches across his left thigh, stretching nearly the entire width of his thickly muscled leg. Was it longer now than it had been before? How was it not throbbing to erection at that size? How big could he get? The thought thrilled Caleb. The idea that manhood could be so powerfully presented, and so yielding to him at the same time.

He placed his hand on Mitch’s 8-pack belly and was struck, again, by the dichotomy of hardness to softness. The man’s abdominals swelled and flexed as he silently breathed. He could feel each muscle moving under Mitch’s silken skin. He moved his hand up Mitch’s hugeness and lay his palm in the separation between Mitch’s pectorals. He was so warm and smooth, hairless unlike Robbie’s thick carpet of fur. His skin felt wondrous and alive and so silky. Mitch had two huge nipples, bigger even than a Kennedy dollar, that sat perfectly at the lower edges of his chest muscles. In the exact center of each dark areole, a heavy cap sprang up. The term ‘party hat’ came to Caleb’s brain looking at the nipples, and he had a sudden, innate urge to put his mouth on one and suck it inside, to play with the cap and make Mitch moan like a woman would moan.

But he resisted and moved his hand further up Mitch’s body to his long, thick neck. He could feel the man’s heart pulsing in his veins, the pure essence of his power coursing through him. He moved his hand under Mitch’s neck and combed his fingers into the thick luxury of his long, dark locks. Then he lowered his lips to Mitch’s and they began to kiss.

Mitch moved his right arm around Caleb's smaller body and pulled him closer, inching his hand down Caleb's back to his tight little butt. Caleb was into this kiss, after his first experience, and allowed Mitch's exploring hand to cup his butt cheek without tensing up, enjoying the feeling of surrendering to Mitch's capable touch.

Mitch tightened his hold and pulled Caleb on top of his naked form, and Caleb slowly complied, moving atop Mitch and straddling his torso, moving both his hands behind Mitch's head and pulling their mouths together. He shoved his tongue inside Mitch's mouth first, this time, determined to show that he could give as good as he got.

Mitch smiled against the kiss, and moved his hands down Caleb's body, sinking his fingers under the waistband of Caleb's shorts to feel the man's ass first-hand. Mitch's cock started to move and swell, rising like a cobra between his legs. Caleb squirmed atop him, he could feel the man's dick pressing against his belly. Caleb was hard and getting harder, the heat of his erection already prominent through the material.

Mitch's hands moved up under Caleb's shirt and caressed the flesh of his back. Mitch could feel the man's tight musculature, the lobes of his muscles moving and swelling as Caleb squirmed with pleasure on top of him. His hands kneaded Caleb's flesh and massaged him deeply, intensifying Caleb's pleasure.

Caleb started moving his hips, rubbing his hard-on on the cobblestones of Mitch's belly. Mitch's cock arched up between Caleb's legs and rubbed itself into his ass crack, eager to kiss Caleb's tight, rosy hole. Caleb felt the sudden pressure against his ass and moaned, imaging the size and glory of Mitch's cock, feeling its size and heat pushing between his legs and against his taint. He could feel Mitch's hands moving down his body toward his shorts, and he lifted his hips up to allow Mitch to undo his button-fly and allow access to his throbbing manhood.

Mitch opened Caleb's shorts easily and moved his grip inside, surrounding Caleb's hard cock with his right hand as his left one moved inside Caleb's shorts and reached down to find his asshole, where he deftly rubbed his middle fingertip against its moist heat.

Robbie frowned as he watched them moving toward what he assumed was an inevitable conclusion, though he wondered how in the world Mitch's fat cock was ever going to penetrate Caleb's tight butt. He was slowly stroking his own hard-on as he watched them, both excited and jealous about their intimacy. His balls sagged with Transforming cream.

Caleb's sexual arousal was at its peak. This was more than a kiss, he knew, and he was scared and anxious at the same time. His body was overheating at Mitch's caresses, and the thought of his huge cock thrilled him and frightened him in equal measure. How far was he willing to let this go? At the moment, lost inside a cocoon of Mitch's supreme sexuality, he wasn't at all sure.

Mitch relied on Caleb to guide his actions. He would push their coupling as far as he could go. It wasn't about the contest anymore, he found himself succumbing to his newfound

appetites, and was having a hard time keeping himself in check. He could feel something building inside him, and he suspected that it was the same untamed animal that Robbie had unleashed on him back at the store. It was roaring like a lion inside him, stretching its muscles and rattling its cage. It wanted out.

While Caleb had kissed a man before, no man had ever touched those other intimate parts of his body. Mitch's hand on his hard prick felt undeniably good. But anyone giving him a hand job would feel good. There was something about the size of the hand and his expert manipulations, though, that had him fighting an overwhelming urge to splurge all over Mitch's belly. The dude was doing something magical involving his thumb and the tip of Caleb's hard dick.

But the finger against his hole was a new sensation. Mitch was slowly, softly pushing against his tightness and poking inside him, and it felt strange and hot and sexy. Caleb intensified the kiss and lifted his hips and climbed fully on top of Mitch, moving his own hands off Mitch's head to shove his shorts off his body and feel the cool wind on his hot butt. Robbie took the cue and helped him off with his shorts, leaving his lower body naked and allowing Mitch free access.

Mitch broke the kiss to whisper, "Take off your shirt," and Caleb did, then, stripping his body bare. Skin to skin, Mitch's muscular form felt amazing against his own lanky frame. He could thoroughly experience the play of Mitch's muscles, and the heat pouring off his huge form surrounded and infused Caleb's body.

They kissed some more, now groping each other's naked purity with hands as hungry as their mouths. Caleb felt Mitch's touch leave his asshole, and he missed its pleasant pressure for only a moment before something warm and wet applied itself to his pucker and he realized it was a tongue, Robbie's tongue, licking his ass and probing with the same agreeable pressure and insistence as Mitch's finger. Robbie's warm hands were on his legs, gripping the back of his thighs and Caleb arched his back and shoved his hole toward Robbie's tongue, opening himself more fully to the explorations. Now and then the feeling of his tongue and lips would leave his hole to be cooled by the lake breezes, but a slick, sucking sound told him that Robbie's mouth was finding other pleasures on Mitch's fat cock.

His head spinning, Caleb felt a sexual charge coursing through him like nothing he'd felt before. These muscular Gods were at his service, kissing and licking and sucking and stroking his body, surrounding him with their power and heat and concentrated masculine scent. Robbie's mouth came back to his ass, then licked along his taint and sucked his balls. Robbie tugged and played with his nutsack, then moved his tongue back to Caleb's waiting asshole and shoved inside, moving like a snake and driving Caleb insane.

His balls ached. He wanted to cum, but something wouldn't let him. His dick was so hard it felt like it was going to burst. The kiss went on and on, and his hands roamed over Mitch's wide shoulders and his long neck and his bulging arms. Something else touched his hole, then, something hot and firm and he knew that Robbie was rubbing a hard cock against his

ass. Whether it was his own or Mitch's didn't matter. They were both so big that Caleb felt a sudden stab of fear, until he realized that Robbie's body was on top of his own, now, and he heard Robbie's deep voice whisper in his ear, "I won't hurt you."

Robbie met Mitch's eyes, then, and Mitch knew what Robbie proposed to do. Mitch could feel the beast inside him roaring, too. All his masculine power and strength and sexuality wanted to burst from the seams, ripping its way free, unleashed and untamed. The man between him and his lover was hot and ready and willing to accept it. He could feel it in his kiss, and in his cock, and in his skin. Hot, wild, uncontrolled and uninhibited, Transform was starving for another man. It was screaming in his blood and making his muscles throb and swell. He squeezed Caleb's cock and sucked on his tongue and began to unlock the cage.

Then the hard prick, which Caleb knew now to be Robbie's uncut monster, kissed its mouth against Caleb's hole and he felt a sudden warm rush erupt through his groin and spread like lava. Robbie was so close. The kiss had turned the key in the ignition and watching Mitch undress Caleb's wiry frame had revved his engines. Gas was being poured onto the fire of his need. He could hardly contain himself.

Robbie whispered, "Do you want this?"

Caleb could feel the man's voice travel through him, shake him like an earthquake, rattle his bones and vibrate his cock. Caleb moaned. He couldn't stop kissing Mitch's wonderful mouth, didn't want to.

"Do you want all of it?"

Nothing ever felt so good. Nothing ever would again. He felt that wet heat pressed against his hole again, felt the tingling sexual power of it erupt inside him, felt the hard bodies pressing against him and their muscle and their might and their heat. Sex drenched him and surrounded him.

"Just say yes. Tell me you want it. And I'll give it all to you."

He pulled his lips from Mitch's mouth with an effort of will, never wanting the kiss to end, and found his voice somewhere deep inside him and with a sigh and a moan and a growl, he said, "Yes."

With a word, Caleb unleashed the beasts. Transform poured out of both men in a vaporous fog of unbound energy and power, a thick syrup of muscle and sex that cascaded over Caleb's body like molten gold. Robbie shoved the head of his hardness inside Caleb's ass and shot thick ropes of cream suffused utterly with Transform's overwhelming tide of power. He flooded the man with it, it came out of his hands and mouth and pores and soaked into Caleb like water on parched earth.

Mitch was simultaneously flooding Caleb with Transform through his hands and mouth and sweat and he started cumming, too, cumming a fat fountain of hot white cum that streamed

from his huge, hard prick and showered the trio in wet heat, splattering across Robie's wide back and dripping over his skin to find the waiting vessel of Caleb's quickly swelling form.

Now they were all growing, three men swelling with muscle along every inch of their bodies. Caleb was inflating with might, his body quickly stretching to welcome the unstoppable flood of Transform soaking into him from every angle. He could feel himself growing bigger by the second, every heartbeat shoving strength and size into his chest and arms and legs. The flood of cum the other men released bathed him, and his body began to quickly absorb and feed on their combined strength.

He was growing faster than Mitch had done when he destroyed the store. The other two were growing with him, swelling into their true magnificent forms of towering masculine perfection, creaming gallons of cum and sprouting secondary cocks to push Caleb's growth into faster and faster development.

Robbie rose off Caleb and grabbed his twins in his hands and sprayed his thick streams of cum across Caleb's swelling body. The cream was soaking into his body as fast as Robbie could deliver it, and his own quickly growing form was similarly drinking in the excess of its own endless supply. This was what he had been made for. This was his ultimate glory, and he watched the new man growing before his eyes.

Caleb wanted to shout with joy, to scream and yell and make manifest the exploding carnal bliss that shook his body. Instead, he kept kissing Mitch through his Transformation, feeling his own second cock spring suddenly from his loins and immediately start to spray a second fountain of thick, hot cum between his growing form and Mitch's swelling body. If atomic bombs were detonating near him, he wouldn't be moved. Nothing in his life prepared him for this, and nothing else compared to its ultimate and glorious sexual release.

He could feel himself swelling with muscle. And more than that, with power. The power he'd tasted on Robbie's lips. The power he touched when he lay atop Mitch. It was growing inside him like a sun, swelling larger and larger and pushing his body to grow with size and beauty just to contain it. His own muscled chest pushed against Mitch's and he toppled over. Mitch held him and rolled with him and kept kissing his mouth as Robbie unleashed his tide of cum over both of them and watched with amazement as it happened again.

He'd done it again. He hadn't meant to do it, but now that it was done he didn't want it to stop. Not ever.

In minutes, Caleb had attained his ultimate size. A monstrous muscular giant, his gaunt form had exploded with enormous power, bulging along every inch of his 18-foot tall body. Two fat pricks, each a yard long, pulsed and throbbed and spit out thick ropes of cum that arced into the air and puddled around them. His face had resolved into a mask of masculine perfection, with a growth of beard shadowing his handsome features and eyes the same shade as the dark blue of the lake. His hair was a reddish blonde collection of soft curls and the same honey-colored hair spread across his chest and belly and lined his muscular legs

and forearms. He had an ass that could stop time and was as completely gorgeous and cock-hardeningly sexy as Mitch had become.

Whatever this stuff was he had swimming inside him, it sure did good work.

At last, their kiss ended. Mitch pulled his mouth from Caleb's soft lips and brushed his face with the back of his hand with tender love, looking into those azure eyes with his own and marveling at what he had done.

"Looks like I win," he concluded.



## Chapter Twenty-Four

Caleb awoke to the sound of a deep rumble of a voice saying quite loudly, “Holy fucking Christ!”

Blinking into the sunlight of the morning, naked among the forest trees, a giant muscular form moved into his vision and cast a shadow across his face, so that all he saw was a silhouette. Still, what he saw was enough to keep his motor revving from one hell of a realistic and intensely erotic dream.

“And good morning to you,” he said. His voice sounded strange, no doubt owing to his abrupt awakening and the short time allowed him to sleep. After all, he and his two new companions had spent hours of the previous evening engaged in all sorts of debauchery and sexual exploration. He’d accomplished several ‘firsts’ for his life – first anal penetration, first time being anally penetrated, first three-way, first time performing a blow job on another guy, first time performing a blow job on two guys at once, first time receiving anal sex while performing a blow job, first time engaging in a 69 with another guy, first 69 while getting rimmed, first rim job, first time licking another dude’s asshole, first time fucking two guys at once with his twin cocks (and he was going to hold onto that memory for a long time) and that was just the first two hours.

Then things got freaky.

His body never got worn out, in fact it seemed to thrive on all the erotic attention, growing increasingly passionate and energized as the night progressed. His balls provided an unending supply of hot cum and the only reason he sought sleep at last was that his senses were worn out from the overload of orgasmic bliss and sexual power being thrust at him from the other two horned-up muscle sluts. They showed him how to grow and shrink, and they mentioned something about ‘seeing data’ which made absolutely no sense, but in light of everything else he just nodded and grabbed the nearest cock and went to town all over again.

Robbie and Mitch explained that Robbie was the first one to exhibit their newfound growth and unusual abilities, and he’d inadvertently – according to him, it “just happened” – turned Mitch into another super-sexed, super-powered, super-sized dude along the way. Now it was Caleb’s turn, and as much as he wanted to find something wrong with the whole situation, so far it all seemed so extraordinarily great that he was having a hard time having a hard time with it, though he felt like he should have been pissed about something.

Then there were the dreams. They never mentioned those. If real life with his two new fuck buddies was amazing, that was nothing compared to the torrent of mouth-watering muscle sex fantasies his brain concocted overnight.

He woke up with a crooked half-smile on his face because all night long, in glorious 1080p HD and 7-channel Dolby surround he’d been living inside a continuous stream of porn

videos populated by the most amazing, most beautiful, most muscular, most sexually talented and most mind-bendingly erotic men on the face of the planet. Sometimes they were with each other, sometimes in groups, sometimes at night, sometimes in the daylight, sometimes indoors, sometimes outside, sometimes with other men doing what had been done to him, over and over and over. Blondes and redheads and brunettes and bald dudes. Some with various levels of man fur coating their luscious muscles, some as bare and smooth as a baby's butt. The only thing they all had in common was that they were uniformly huge in every sense of the word, similarly gifted with twin pricks, and, unaccountably, some of them could fly.

Within the dreams, he was living inside the men, dancing from man to man, watching their actions from behind their eyes. Sometimes he was simultaneously living inside both men as they fucked each other. Sometimes it felt like he was seeing through the eyes of dozens or hundreds of men. And more than seeing, he felt what they felt, spoke through their voices, felt their emotions and the actual physical sensations they were feeling as they fucked and licked and sucked and came over and over with buckets upon buckets of hot, heavy cream.

The dreams ended suddenly with the deep voice. He'd just been living inside some dude that was fucking the ever-loving shit out of some huge black guy's tight hole. The black guy was so gorgeous that just looking at him made Caleb want to cum, and the emotions he felt were something close to love, a deep passionate emotion that filled his heart and head as he shoved his massive meat into the black dude's hot, wet, sucking ass and he was cumming again when a voice said, "Holy fucking Christ," and he awoke.

The big dark shape was standing over him, and he recognized Robbie's scent immediately. It was different from Mitch's scent, and they said he had a truly funky and highly sexy smell himself, though he couldn't detect it. Robbie's face came into focus as he lowered himself to the ground. He was staring open-mouthed at Caleb, with a dumbfounded look on his face.

"What's the matter?"

"How did you do that?"

"How did I do what?" He sat up, and rubbed his eyes, then stretched his brawny arms wide and felt the massive muscles of his chest flex and extend. He still wasn't used to his new body, even given the extensive break-in period from the night before. It seemed different this morning, somehow. It wasn't something he could put his enlarged finger on, but something was definitely different.

As he was realizing this, that was when Mitch said, "What happened to your face?"

Caleb's hands went up to his face reactively. It felt okay, although... did he have a goatee before? "And," added Robbie, "your body? How'd you do that to your body?"

Caleb looked down. Though he had dramatically changed physically as a result of the two men's attentions, those changes couldn't account for the fact that he seemed to be wearing

another man's body. The man from the last dream. The man with the black dude. He wrinkled his brow and his mouth twisted up into a unique sideways grin. "I dunno," he answered honestly. "This isn't... usual? I mean, given that almost nothing we do is 'usual' in the usual sense."

"I've never done that. Have you ever done that, Robbie?"

"I wouldn't even know how."

"Do I look weird?"

"You look incredibly hot! You look a bit older, and your hair is dark and short. That goatee and 'stache makes you look kinda 70's pornstar, but in the good, naked way, and your eyes are really, really green. And that fucking smile you do just turns me on like nothing else! Fuck, I want to fuck you so bad it hurts!" As he rose to his feet, he was already stroking his prodigious tool to erection, and it was drooling pre-cum onto the pine needle strewn forest floor.

Caleb rose easily to his feet and grabbed Robbie's erection, slipping his hand into Robbie's sudden wealth of lube and gave him a few friendly strokes. "Easy there, big boy. Let's take a minute and figure this out. Maybe it's part of the answer we're all looking for." But he didn't stop stroking for a second. Robbie rose onto his toes and stretched his head on his neck, sinking into the pleasure of Caleb's touch. "I really wish I could see myself. I look completely different?"

"You even sound different."

"Do I?" He realized immediately that he did. His voice, still deep, had a feral growl to it that his own lacked, and there was an undertone of humor, a depth of sexuality and a frosting of confidence bordering on self-satisfaction that made even his simple phrases sound like come-ons. "Nice." He gazed down at his arms and the furry chest and a spark of recognition flashed across his face. "I'm that dude!"

"What dude? Oh, Christ, yes, right there, rub your thumb right there ag.... ohhh, fuck."

"The dude from my dream!" Robbie and Mitch both raised an eyebrow as Caleb continued. "I had the hottest, most erotic, most realistic wet dream in my life last night. I swear I thought it was real! It was like, wave after wave of dudes like us, huge muscular twin-dicked behemoths all fucking each other stupid. And at the end, just when you woke me up, I was this one extraordinarily handsome dude fucking this other extraordinarily handsome dude's extraordinarily handsome butt, and it was like I was both dudes at the same time, and one was black, huge bald guy, shoulders out to here, deadly beautiful smile, chest so big that..."

"Dude."

“What?”

“You’re doing it again.”

Caleb looked down at himself and realized he’d just physically changed into the duplicate of the huge, beautiful bald-headed African American he was just describing, right down to his two uncut glorious dark pythons drooling streams of pre-cum. His chocolate skin was smooth and gorgeous, and his chest had swollen to impossible proportions, capped with fat nipples pointing at the forest floor. “Holy fuck.”

“Dude. What are you doing?”

“More to the point,” Mitch added, “how are you doing that?”

Caleb shrugged his giant shoulders, as his hands roamed across the dark muscular contours of his body. The sensation was an odd one, because it looked to his eyes as if someone else’s fingers were moving across someone else’s 8-pack abdominals, but he could feel the warm, silken flesh under his own touch, and he could feel the sensation of those powerful hands applied against his own stomach. “I don’t know,” he said softly.

“Do it again!”

He raised his bald head, a look of wonder in the almond-shaped, midnight-dark gaze of a man called Frazz whom he had never met. “But,” he answered in the other man’s deep, musical voice, “I don’t know how I’m doing it.”

Mitch tilted his head as he gazed on the perfection of the dark-skinned man. “Just close your eyes and think about that dream. Think about some other man you saw.”

He did. Caleb straightened and closed his eyes. His new form relaxed, arms at his side, breathing slowly. A look of calm determination fell across his face as he traveled back to the world of incredibly beautiful men inside his head, opening the vault of images and sensations that he had been experiencing in his dreams.

Mitch’s mouth dropped open and Robbie gasped and sighed as they both stood in mute astonishment while Caleb’s body began to cycle through a catalog of glorious masculine perfection, adopting the appearance of dozens of men one after the other. His skin tone changed, his body swelled and adjusted, and his face altered itself as his mind conjured up one monstrosously muscular specimen after the other. He looked like a Latino giant with full lips and long, lustrous dark hair hanging to a bubble butt of epic beauty. He looked like a blonde All-American god with thick vascular brawn bulging thick and heavy from his frame. He looked like a vision of athletic youth, with a face so gorgeous that Robbie swooned with desire. His chest was a pair of thick globes, then a set of massive square plates, then a collection of cabled muscle with skin so thin that every fiber of power flexed and stretched. His nipples enlarged to silver dollars, then shrank to tiny dark caps. Forests of dark curls swam across his skin and then disappeared entirely.

Again and again he changed, and every new man he became seemed more gorgeous than the last.

Inside his head, Caleb was able to easily draw the men out of his memory as if they were all resident inside him. He could hear their voices, feel their emotions, recognize the individual man inside the miraculous muscular bodies and sense, more than anything, the same constant stream of physical strength and sexual power that pulsed inside of him now. They were each different, each beautiful, and all the same as he was.

Perfection.

"Jesus," Robbie whispered. The soft sound drew Caleb out of his reverie and he opened his eyes and looked at his companions, resolving at last back into his own form.

"That was weird," he said at last, smiling. He looked down at himself and recognized the body as his own newly augmented one.

"I'll say," Robbie agreed. "And, like, cool! Shit, Caleb, can you be me?"

"You?"

"Yeah, can you change into me?"

He shrugged, and did it. There were small inconsistencies about his duplication, but he looked essentially the same as his friend. To Mitch, it was hard to tell them apart. "Apparently, I can."

"Fuckin' a!" he said, before attacking himself with his lips, kissing his other mouth and running his hands across the muscled contours of his other body. He moved his lips to Caleb's ear and said, "This is a fantasy I've had," he admitted. "I want to make love to myself. My new self. It's weird, I know, but what the fuck, right? If you had the chance to live out a fantasy, wouldn't you take it?"

Caleb could find nothing wrong with the idea, other than its obviously egocentric overtones -- but who could blame Robbie? He was undeniably gorgeous, and there was something definitely hot about fucking himself, so Caleb kissed his duplicate back and tightened their embrace. "Far out," he answered.

Mitch was slightly perturbed at the turn of events until he decided to just stand back and enjoy the action. Watching twin Robbies going at each other was unquestionably hot. He already found Robbie to be the most sexually attractive person he'd ever been with -- and now there were two of them!

"Can I... uh..."

Robbie -- it was hard to tell if it was Robbie-Robbie or Caleb-Robbie -- looked over and winked, and Mitch didn't need more coaxing than that.

The identical twin muscle men unlocked from their embrace and Mitch dove into the middle of them, effectively becoming the meat in a Robbie sandwich. Everywhere he looked, he saw Robbie's beauty surrounding him. Robbie kissed his mouth and sucked on his cock. Robbie's perfect ass opened for him and he shoved his hard-on inside as Robbie's cock penetrated his own ass. Robbie sucked Robbie's dick, and Robbie pushed his tongue into Robbie's mouth while Mitch rode his ass and licked his other ass. Mitch fucked both asses with his twin monsters and sprayed gallons of hot cream over the two sets of Robbie's massive pecs while Robbie made out with Robbie.

It was both a mindfuck and a real fuck, and when it was over Caleb morphed back into himself and had a huge smile on his face. "That was fun," he concluded simply.

"I wouldn't mind doing that with two of you," Robbie told Mitch, just before kissing his mouth eagerly.

"That can be arranged," Mitch's voice answered, and they both looked over to see that Caleb had now changed into Mitch's twin, and he was already sporting a huge erection between his muscled legs.

## Chapter Twenty-Five

Mr. Peck hated the word that came from one of his subordinate's mouth. "Infiltration." It was like discovering a cache of filth behind the oven in an otherwise spotless kitchen, or finding a single character of code out of place that made an entire program malfunction. "We suspect," the man said, in his nasal tone, "infiltration."

"Based on what?"

"Inconsistencies in protocol."

"Do we know who it is?"

"Not yet. We are zeroing in on likely targets."

Mr. Peck didn't like that, either. It spoke of sloppy work and lax rules. Perhaps he was not holding the reigns as tight as he could, or should, be. Discipline was important. "Please keep me updated."

"Of course, sir."

"Do you have an update on Subject One?" He refused to call the man they had in captivity by name. He knew his name. But names imply entitlement and individuality, and Subject One would be enjoying neither. He was merely there until his usefulness was at an end.

"His growth continues, as expected. Current rate at..." He paused to consult his slim electronic pad, tapping at it a few times. Peck waited patiently. He liked concise people. "...one inch every twenty-six hours, 56 minutes."

"Slowing, then."

The man nodded. "As predicted. He is not attaining the reported maximum height for the group. Obviously, his exposure was diluted or limited in some way."

"Current height?"

"Eleven feet, seven and a half inches. Weight, 1,217 pounds. His body fat quotient is only 5%, which would be dangerous under normal circumstances but seems, for him, to be optimal. We have been unable to perform precise strength measurements."

"Why?"

"We lack adequate equipment. He broke the standard equipment two days ago, and the altered equipment which we've been using on our own subjects proved insubstantial within

a day. The last measurements we have, now over 48 hours old, are here.” He turned the pad screen around and handed it to Mr. Peck, who glanced over the figures without reaction.

“Impressive,” he admitted.

The subordinate nodded, again. “Muscle density appears to be far superior to our suspicions, which also accounts for his weight. By all appearances, he is certainly a muscular specimen, but the size of his musculature cannot fully account for his strength. Again, not unexpected, given our history with them. Mentally, his adjustment to his new dimensions and appearance are as expected. Fear, tempered with excitement. I believe your plan to provide misinformation regarding his state and the nature of his growth and development proved useful. He is pliable, and agreeable to our directions.”

“Very good.” The young man can be so easy to manipulate. “Are we introducing him to his new capabilities?”

“As you instructed. He believes that our placebos are providing the additional physical and mental capabilities, and that without them...”

“He would be dead.” Mr. Peck smiled thinly. “Always a reliable incentive.”

“Indeed.” The other man appeared unmoved. “We are proceeding according to plan. We predict Subject One will attain his maximum growth by this time tomorrow... approximately.” He corrected himself quickly. He didn’t want to leave a false impression with Mr. Peck. “He remains in isolation and we have cut off visitations in order to preclude others from succumbing to his physical attraction, which is increasing in league with his strength and size.”

“The hazardous material suits are no longer sufficient?”

“It seems not. We are constantly filtering his room in an attempt to remove or mollify the effects of his pheromones but they appear rather more tolerant and difficult to avoid than almost any other substance. He does not appear to know how to reduce or extinguish the effects.”

“Or perhaps he doesn’t wish to.”

“It’s quite possible. His sex drive is... substantial. And gonadal output is remarkable.”

“Masturbatory behavior?”

“In light of the absence of others with which he can share himself, and of his body’s increasing output, it’s not surprising that Subject One’s prime preoccupation is self pleasure. He is also pre-occupied with anal pleasure as well as auto-fellatio, both of which are becoming expert practices with him. Sexual gratification is almost constant, though he can be distracted if necessary.”



“Distracted?”

“Video games. Television. Films. Though most everything makes him eventually, erm, ‘horny,’ to use his term. He’s admitted that he could stop, but he doesn’t want to. Evidently the satisfaction he derives from the act of ejaculation is significant.”

“Hardly surprising.”

“I think it is hard for you or I to fully comprehend it, sir.” He swallowed hard. “At any rate, the activity may subside as he attains full growth. We believe that to be the case. We have not had the opportunity to observe a first-hand Transformation by a fully-developed Transformed individual, of course, but we believe that Subject One is experiencing over an extended period what a man who is normally Transformed would experience over the course of minutes, or even seconds. Subject One has been continually growing and evolving over the course of two weeks.”

Mr. Peck nodded. “What is the update on Subject Zero?”

“We expect to apprehend Subject Zero within the hour. Project Overlord was quite effective in chasing down IP addresses within the net, and we were able to trace-route origination of the signal from records of that date. After that, it was simply a matter of following the trail of destruction. We believe he has infected at least one other individual, code named Subject Two, a member of a Canadian indian tribe, male of course.”

“Any further incursions?”

“None that we know of. We’ve done the usual coverage to produce deniability of his evolution and both subjects are officially dead in public record. This brings the total number of expunged public records to... 671.”

“So many?”

“As far as we can determine, that is the total number of affirmed infected. We are investigating 435 other reports, at this time. Total eradication of public records is imminent.”

“Excellent work. Thank you. I’m sure I don’t need to tell you that the infiltration must be dealt with immediately and permanently.”

The man swallowed again. “Yes, sir.” He did not add that, at present, there was still no permanent solution to the problem of the Brotherhood of Transformed Men.

Subject One, also known as Jason, no longer bothered to wear any clothing at all. When he passed the 9-foot mark, he decided it just wasn't necessary. The stretchy white material still easily kept up with his expanding muscles and frame, but he was so often stripping the thin cloth from his flesh to get at his cock that it just wasn't logical to keep pulling it back on.

And what, really, did he have to be modest about, anyway? He had yet to see himself in a mirror, but he knew he was built like a motherfucking brick shithouse and from what he could see of himself, every inch of his body was perfection, from his massive pecs with their perky, fat nipples to his muscle-fat thighs to his 8-pack super ripped abs, he had a hard time finding flaw in the form his body was taking as a result of this so-called 'disease' they kept trying to convince him he had.

It was like no disease he'd ever heard of, that was for sure. He certainly never felt better in his life, and except for a certain preoccupation with his always-hard prick and a newfound love of the taste of cum, he couldn't see a downside to this. Even so, as long as they were keeping him cooped up in his room and he wasn't wandering around the mall sucking his own cock, there was absolutely nothing wrong with him at all.

Lying to them was easy, now that he knew they were lying to him. He figured out for himself that as long as he kept on swallowing the copious flood of hot cream his fat balls delivered, he would keep growing more and more muscular. And as he grew bigger, his strength seemed to swell at an even more advanced rate. He could feel the power in his muscles growing like an atomic bomb, bigger and bigger every second.

He was scared, initially, but then he figured out that he was scared because they were trying to make him scared. He was young, but he wasn't dumb. Although for a day or so, he started to wonder if he was going insane, after he started hearing the voices inside his head.

They started up suddenly, and at first they were just talking to each other. Three distinct voices that would appear and disappear seemingly at random. Three men's voices, and one of them sounded like a Russian spy or something! It was weird and scary, because they were so clear, and so clearly not him.

They started out fairly faint and in the background of his own thoughts, and he was sure he was hearing a radio from some other room or there was cross-talk on the television. They were complete conversations, and they tended toward some sort of spy stuff, but then there'd be these talks about how hot the guys were. And these were comments made by men!

So, what was he listening to, some gay spy channel or something? He found the conversations interesting and he started working the voices into his sexual fantasies, making Coach Tucker into some hot Russian spy, and he was the American sent to work him over.

But it wasn't long before the conversations grew much more distinct, as if the broadcasters were coming closer. He could hear them as if they were in the same room as he was, and

then they started talking about SelfSuckSam and he was sure he was making them up in his own head, because he hadn't told anyone at this crappy place about him.

But they were using names of people he'd never heard of, and then the voices started being accompanied by dream-like visions that would pass in and out of his head, and he could see the faces and bodies of these other men, and they were fucking hot! And naked! And, often, fucking! Each other! Now, that was some good insanity.

So he started talking back to them, asking who they were, and where they were, and what were they doing? At first they didn't respond, so he upped the volume, practically yelling inside his head, eyes closed, teeth clenched, screaming at them to hear him, please, and say something back to him.

Were they ignoring him, or ignorant of his presence? It was hard to tell, and he started thinking maybe he really was going crazy, until one of the voices, the Russian spy dude, answered him back!

"Wolf."

"Hey! Hey, Russian... what?"

"Wolf. My name is Wolf."

"You can hear me!"

"It is obvious."

"Yeah, well, I've been yelling at you guys for a few hours now and you didn't..."

"We are busy now. Perhaps if you try again when we are not."

"But, wait! Are you in this place?" Jason kept his eyes closed and tried to broadcast an image of where he was, though all he could show was a small white room with no windows.

"We are here," the voice answered, and a flood of images came into his head, showing some kind of concrete-walled complex that looked almost comically cliched, as if they had been transported into some lame Xbox first person shooter that took place in a secret underground government facility.

"I think I am, too, but I'm not allowed outside my room."

"What?" It was another of the three voices, a decidedly American voice, of a forceful tone tinged with humor. Jason had decided he was the leader.

"I'm here, too. Somewhere."

"You are Transformed?" Wolf asked.

"I guess? I'm pretty fucking huge, if that's what you mean."

"Who is Transformed you?"

"Who? Don't you mean 'what'?"

The other voice joined the conversation. "What's your name?"

"Jason. Though everyone here calls me Subject One."

"He is not the same?" Wolf's voice asked.

"Apparently not. Jason, can you explain what happened to you, in quick detail, please."

Jason did so, sending words and images of what had transpired in his life for the past week or so. His online encounter with SelfSuckSam, the sudden changes in his body, his coupling with the other dudes at school, their changes, Coach Tucker, then his abduction and subsequent imprisonment, the tales he had been told, his encounters with the HazMat-suited men and how they probed and needled him, and now his solitary confinement and confusion over what was really happening to him, and his suspicions surrounding what he had been told.

"Is Sam with you?"

Jason caught a flash of the video image again, and felt a surge of sexual energy course through him. "No," he answered. "I don't know where he is. I haven't seen anyone."

"Was he with you?"

"I've only ever seen him online, and just that one time. I uploaded the video to YouTube, but I never met him in person, though I sure wish I could have."

"And he Transformed you?"

"I guess? I don't know what you mean." Then Jason's head was turned into a multiplex and every screen was showing men inflating with power, muscles bulging under their skin as they grew larger and larger. Other men stood over them, or near them, observing the changes or coming all over the men and feeding the growth. Jason understood, now, what these other men meant, and he signaled back, "No one ever did that to me. It started after the online thing. And it took a while for me to get this big. And did those guys have two dicks?"

"Yes." Jason's next mental download included a list of everything a Transformed man would usually receive as part of his evolution. Maddox showed Jason his own Transformation, and

the litany of miracles that came with it. "Shit," Jason said when it was all inside his head. "I didn't get the other dick, and I don't think I got a lot of that stuff."

A fourth voice entered the conversation, it sounded older, somehow, than the others. It said, "Tough break, kid. The second dick is amazing!"

"Thank you, Sherman," Maddox answered, "I'm sure that makes him feel better."

"What are you guys doing here?"

"Recon," answered Maddox. "You already know Wolf. My name is Scott, and the surly, unfeeling sort is Sherman, also known as Major General Sherman Tipton. But he's on our side, now."

"And who is 'our side'?"

Another flood of images entered Jason's head. Men, gorgeous men, naked, perfect, muscular and sexy as fuck. Hundreds of men. "The Brotherhood," Maddox said. "Including you. You're in a government-funded facility in Alaska. I would assume you're here for research, since your specific Transformation was done in a rather unorthodox manner, all things considered."

"Am I in trouble?"

"It's likely you're in some danger, to be perfectly honest. You can probably handle yourself physically, even given your less-than-optimal upgrading. If you're even a tenth as strong as the rest of us, you'll be able to take on quite a few ordinary men and their tactical weapons. If they've been injecting you or exposing you to chemical or biological experimentation, you could have a compromised system." There was a pause, and Jason waited impatiently. "Wolf is looking into that. Don't worry, we've got your back."

"And we can't wait to see it in person," the older voice added. "How are you holding up?"

"Okay, I guess."

"I mean sexually. It's a pleasant but sometimes awkward and frustrating side-effect."

"Oh, shit, I know what you mean. I guess I'd say I'm getting by. Lots of jerking off and self-sucking, but what I wouldn't give to have someone else's mouth wrapped around my cock for a change, not to mention finding a nice, hot, tight butt to fuck."

A sense of mirth and desire coated the next question. "Do you know where you're located? Do you know how we can get to you?"

“No. Sorry. They kept moving me into different rooms, and now I’ve been put in one that’s pretty much four walls and a door. I’m too big for a bed and I find I need less and less sleep, anyway.”

“Another side-effect. But I’ll explain everything when we meet in person. And Jason?”

“Yes?”

“My ass is extremely tight and extremely hot.”

Jason shot a fat, thick load all over his own mammoth chest.

## Chapter Twenty-Six

Transformation Gym had been Adam's idea from the start. The discussion at Michael and Carlos's penthouse that one afternoon launched a curiosity inside his brain that he couldn't ignore. The idea that Transforming others might not be a welcome change to a man's lifestyle was completely foreign and almost unfathomable to him. Who wouldn't want to have everything he could give to them? Why would anyone choose not to receive his gifts? Maybe there was more to this business than met the eye.

He began to ask other Brothers about their experiences, and their lives before being Transformed into giant sexual muscle monsters with unending appetites for physical pleasure and muscular power. Some related stories not unlike what he had been told that day -- that the Transformation was not entirely their own idea, and that they don't know what they would have said at the time if it had been offered to them, rather than bestowed upon them without choice. None of them wanted to return to their old lives, but there were enough seeds of doubt that Adam began exploring alternative methods of welcoming new Brothers into the fold.

Adam, who had been born into this life of naked carnal perfection, did not know any other life. He had no way of knowing what it was to be merely human, to be tethered forever to the ground without the benefit of flight, to have a body limited in potential and one that did not react so purely and so completely and so spontaneously to physical and sexual stimulation. He had two cocks, this was perfectly natural. He could fly, or something very close to it. He could share his thoughts and emotions and memories with his brothers, and live and love with each and all of them intimately without fear or negative repercussions. He understood that others wanted to stop them, but he assumed it was only because they did not -- could not understand what he offered.

But he slowly absorbed the memories of others and could, to some extent, understand now that freedom had other aspects, including freedom of choice.

The most obvious answer was the Transformation Gym, and with some money from Michael and a large, available warehouse in the Midwest of the United States, the first T Gym was opened.

It was, to be blunt, an immediate success. The gym was like honey for the bees, attracting the sort of men who wanted to become bigger, more muscular, more masculine. Sorting out those who would be more likely to accept Transformation was a little like attuning one's Gaydar. Who wasn't just coming in to work out occasionally, but was actively engaged in the observation, appreciation and almost or blatantly lustful ogling of the men whom Adam brought with him, the Transformed Brothers who populated the gym on opening day and made a show of displaying their many and varied muscular talents for anyone who wanted to watch? Whose eyes lingers on the bulging curve of a muscle-swollen pec? Who stayed a little bit too long in the showers? Who really enjoyed hanging out naked in the locker room, and had little or no negative reaction to a little extracurricular activity in the steam room?

These men were put on the fast track to Transformation and became walking advertisements for others. They wore Transformation Gym workout wear that hugged their muscles and showcased their improved sexual equipment. They attracted the right kind of attention and increased the membership naturally, feeding Transform what it needed most -- a continual and fresh supply of men to keep improving and evolving itself, growing ever stronger with every new Brother.

And Adam was always the center of attention, more muscular than anyone, more beautiful, more loving, more of everything that Transform provided. Men grew stronger by the day, then by the hour, and finally they would be welcomed to the inner sanctum and Transformed utterly, swelling enormous with muscle and sex and capable of Transforming others at will, with as little as a kiss or as deep as a double-cock fuck.

After the initial indoctrination, Adam slowed things down. The next generation of men were brought into the fold at a more leisurely and measured pace. Transform could be dolled out in as much or as little benefit as the giver deemed. On the surface, it worked perfectly.

In theory, the men at T Gym believed that they could slowly upgrade the new members using gradual but constant input of Transform. The protein shakes at the juice bar had much more than protein in them. The warm fog inside the steam room masked another kind of mist that coated their naked forms. The sweat they left on the equipment, their naked flesh on the benches in the locker room, the whole place was basically a swarming growth mechanism of Transform.

They planned on controlling access and exposure to their special powers and the transforming agent that powered it, but Transform was not so easily controlled.

Bryan called into his place of employment shortly after being initially welcomed as a formal member of Transformation Gym by Adam to request an immediate two-week vacation. He had eight weeks saved up, he explained, and was feeling over-worked and just plain tired. If he didn't get it, he said, he'd have to quit. He really needed some time off.

For the next two weeks, Bryan sank into an utter non-stop orgy of muscle and sex. When he wasn't working out his body, he was working out his cock. Although he wasn't fully aware of it, his initiation by Adam included the subtlest form of the amazing effects that some other members of the gym enjoyed in full. It was a way of sharing the benefits without being too overt about their full effects, and also to test new men and their attitudes about getting as big -- and bigger -- than humanly possible.

Bryan started out tentative in his new environment. Adam was, undoubtedly, the main attraction he had to staying at the gym on a nearly constant basis. The man was easily the most beautiful thing he'd ever laid eyes on, and every second that he was afforded to be



with Adam was another moment in heaven's embrace. He was addictive, and Bryan was definitely addicted.

The first three or four days, Bryan struggled to keep up. Everyone wanted to be with him. It was weird. There were so many more attractive and amazing looking men everywhere he looked, so why did anyone want to spend time with him? No one, of course, mentioned that the effects of Transform increased with each introduction of another man's individual presence. Being with Bryan wasn't actually the point. But he was new blood, and the effects of mingling with him brought about changes to the others that he wasn't fully aware of.

Not that it worried him too much. Maybe he wasn't the hottest thing on the floor, but the sex he had with these men -- with every last one of them -- was enough to blow his mind as well as his load. They were doing things he'd only seen in pornos, and their immense bodies, far from being musclebound, were incredibly flexible and almost impossibly talented. Their cocks were hard constantly. They came buckets. And then they came more buckets. They kissed with passion and need, there was never a tentative moment to anything they ever did and every second of the sex was like the best sex he ever had. Insatiable didn't even begin to describe the amount of hot, deep, hard fucking these men provided. And he found himself able to keep up after only a couple of days.

He knew he was changing. He could feel it and see it on a daily basis. If it wasn't that his body felt physically stronger and that he was making unheard of progress with his lifting regimen -- when he wasn't being fucked silly, that is -- it was easy to tell that his body was growing very quickly when he tried on his clothes again after a few days of naked gym living. Everything was tight, except the waist on his old jeans, which were a bit looser. The sleeves of his polo shirt gripped his upper arms tightly, the legs of his Levi's had a similar hold on his thighs and he was barely able to button the shirt's chest across his own.

Far from being worried about this sudden and inexplicable muscular development, he gloried in it. Like his time with Adam, it was addictive. He stopped leaving the gym and spent all his time improving himself, which not only accelerated the gains he was making but somehow made him less tired and more able to couple with more men more often. It was a vicious cycle of growth and sex, each one feeding the other hunger, and it went on for days before the Greeting Squad suggested, politely, that he might want to venture outside the walls once in a while and breath in something other than sweat, testosterone and the scent of cum.

On the ninth day of his new life, squeezed tightly into his Transform Gym clothing, he was advised by Adam that it was probably time to go outside the testosterone-fueled environment of the T and told to perhaps go buy some other clothes that actually fit his swelling muscles. With that advice, he walked along the three city blocks from the gym to the nearest mall, dressed in his old jeans and the Polo shirt he first wore, wallet in hand and a smile on his face.

People stared openly at him as he walked. He was never a shy person, but the attention was, at first, somewhat worrying. Did he look too weird? Was something showing that shouldn't?

His dick never seemed to get much below a semi-hard state, lately, and when he shoved it inside his tight jeans the bulge it created verged on obscene. There was no mystery concerning just what was pressing so urgently against the denim, and every step he took rubbed his cock closer to full erection.

He certainly wasn't unaware of his size, there were mirrors on every wall of the gym and he knew precisely what he looked like, naked, from just about every angle. He knew, as well, that his clothes were not just uncomfortably tight, they were positively indecent. His cock wasn't the only thing not left to the imagination - every new bulging muscular curve pressed itself against the material fighting diligently to keep it all in, but the overall effect was that here was a bodybuilder gifted with an over-sized dick wandering the city streets in broad daylight, wearing painted-on clothing.

And this did nothing but keep his overactive libido turned up to eleven. He reveled in it. And when small tears began to make an appearance along the seams of his shirt and pants, he had to fight an urge to simply rip himself out of his clothes completely and get arrested for indecent exposure.

He wondered if all the stares were based on his beauty or his oddity. He wasn't as huge as some of the other guys at the gym, but he was certainly packing it on. And every step made his dick grow harder and harder. It was as if the eyes that scanned him were bathing him in a wet heat that sunk into his flesh and kept his sexuality and masculinity turned all the way up. He wanted to strut and pose and show himself off. He reveled in the attention and the outright stares, whatever the cause.

Pushing into the cooled air of the enclosed mall, he was greeted with more of the same. He headed up between stores offering clothes and beauty products and toys, and every step made his cock harder, still. The head shoved intently against the material over his hip, and his fat shaft swelled thick and full, hot with blood against his skin and pulsing with caged sexual power.

The athletic store came into view when he rounded the corner and he bumped into a man who hadn't seen him coming, a taller man exiting the same store to which Bryan was headed, and the other man's physique was apparently equally impressive. His stature was only apparent because the clothing he wore was as loose as Bryan's garments were tight. Where Bryan's shirt did its best to cling to every muscular curve and crease of his upper torso, the other man's billowing shirt hung like a balloon off his tremendous chest. Where Bryan's jeans hugged the bulging contour of his swelling prick and suctioned itself onto the round glory of his muscled bubble butt, the other man's drawstring pants did not let on whether the man was gifted with a horse cock or pinkie finger down below, though it was clear that the man had huge legs.

A chill of lust ran through Bryan's body and made his prick throb and tingle. He looked into the man's eyes and saw the same feelings returned, and when he mumbled, "Excuse me," the other man, mouth agape, eyes wide, could only nod as he scanned the piece of prime male meat before him.

Bryan placed his hand on the other man's upper arm, squeezing his bicep and tricep firmly, investigating his size, and moved around him. He could practically feel the man's gaze on his butt as he walked toward the store and knew the man was following close behind him. He smiled to himself and rubbed his thumb across the urgent hardness of his cockhead. A small gush of pre-cum rewarded his slight attention, staining his crotch with darkness.

He walked toward the racks of athletic clothes, favoring the dark colors and stretchy fabrics, having been warned that he was not done growing and should "plan ahead," seeing in his mind's eye the muscle-packed bodies of some of the other men at the gym, particularly the massive perfection of Adam himself. Another gush of pre-cum shoved up the inches of his confined dick and the dark stain grew.

He was sorting through the Under Armor shirts when he felt the looming presence of someone behind him. A warmth came from that person, a kind of sexual heat that Bryan could actually feel permeate his own skin. The other person reached forward into the same rack and their hands brushed each other, and Bryan turned and looked into the face of the muscular man he'd nearly run down. "Hey," he said, simply. His voice was deep and gruff, saturated with sexual need.

"Sorry," the other man said.

Bryan turned fully to face him. "Sorry? What for?"

"Touching you," he said. And then he actually blushed. He was gorgeous, to say the least. Short blonde hair, deep blue eyes, clean shaven and tanned. He had a broad nose, maybe it had been broken once, and ears that stuck out slightly. His long neck was equally thick, with a prominent Adam's Apple. His muscled frame swelled beneath the loose pullover shirt, and a few curls of his chest hair wound over the top of the collar. He was as tall as Bryan, and a few pounds heavier. Definitely a prime candidate.

"I don't mind being touched," he said, boldly. "In fact, I quite enjoy it." He smiled, and allowed his gaze to fall along the other man's impressive body. "My name's Bryan," he said, offering his hand.

"Tony," the other man responded, taking Bryan's hand in a tight, assured grip. The muscles of his forearm twisted and flexed as they shook hands. Tony's arms were covered in a thick network of vascular beauty. More of the golden curls coated his skin.

For Tony, he wasn't sure why he was doing what he was doing. He'd never approached another man in this fashion before. He felt energized and hot and scared, all at the same time. He wanted something to happen, but he wasn't sure what or why. The man had caught his attention like no man ever had. Even though Tony was perfectly aware that other men stared at his body in a lustful or envious way, he'd never felt that same attraction so strongly before. He admired other big men, certainly, and could admit a fascination and jealousy when another man's arms were larger than his, or another man's chest showed

better definition, but what he was feeling now didn't start in his head -- it started in his crotch.

Something about this dude was seriously turning him on. His body was certainly amazing, and he had an attractive face -- beautiful, in fact. His eyes, his mouth, he wanted to lean in towards him, he could feel a physical attraction as if gravity were pulling them together. He definitely wanted to see this other man, Bryan, naked.

Bryan's smile increased when his eyes managed at last to fall upon the space between Tony's legs, where he noticed a very definite bulge that was very definitely bulging bigger as their hands held each other. "Very happy to meet you, Tony."

Tony gulped and licked his bottom lip. "Likewise, Bryan."

They stood like that for several heartbeats. Tony appeared frozen, so Bryan decided to take the reins. He released Bryan's hand and moved his own onto the other man's shoulder. He squeezed him gently. "You look like a man who knows his way around this place," he said lightly. "Got any advice for a newcomer?"

Tony pulled in a breath. "What.... what are you looking for?"

"Workout clothes, mostly," he answered. "Been putting on some muscle and I need something new that will allow me to continue to grow." He moved his hand down Tony's arm slowly, feeling the other man's hardness and warmth. "I plan on getting very big."

"You're pretty big already."

Bryan nodded. "Thanks." He looked at the rack of shirts. "How are these for working out?"

Tony followed his gaze over to the rack and said, "I like 'em. They're kind of expensive, but they'll really last and they do a great job of holding up to a hard workout."

"Good to hear." Bryan tilted his head slightly. "What size do you think I should get?" He stepped away from Tony to show himself off. Bryan's cock was approaching full mast and the bulge of his shaft was clearly defined along his hip. He performed a little double-bi and was rewarded with the sound of the material of his sleeves and upper back finally succumbing to his muscular size. His baseball biceps burst from the material and his upper back blossomed with muscle, tearing the back seam of the shirt open.

"Shit," Tony whispered, and he lowered his grip to his own burgeoning hard-on to adjust himself.

Bryan huffed out a quiet laugh and lowered his arms. "Guess I'll need an extra-large size." He grabbed a shirt from the rack and asked, "Which way to the dressing rooms?"

"Follow me," Tony said, and the two men wandered to the rear of the store where a set of mirrors stood. "They don't really have a room, this is the best you can do."

Bryan's smile increased in wattage. "Works for me," he said, and he stripped off his old shirt without another thought, revealing the incredible form and definition of his altered upper body. Transform was working its wonders on him, and he sported not only a perfect six-pack of deeply defined abdominals, but thick set of squared-off pecs and two fat nipples the size of silver dollars. Everywhere across his upper body, he was pure and perfect muscle. He paused to drop his shirt to the carpet and heard Tony gasp.

Bryan turned, naked from the waist up, and looked at his new friend. "You okay?" he asked playfully.

"You're fucking ripped!" Tony stepped closer and raised his hand to touch Bryan's body, then pulled it back.

"I told you," Bryan responded, grabbing the other man's hand and placing it against the broad muscular plate of his right pec, "I like to be touched."

Tony looked around to see if anyone was looking, then he moved his hand across Bryan's chest, marveling at the smooth, warm feeling of the other man's skin, and the utter size and hardness of his augmented muscularity. As his palm moved over the swollen bud of Bryan's fat nipple, a shock of deep erotic bliss erupted inside Bryan's body and a fresh gush of pre-cum pushed up his hard prick.

Bryan closed his eyes and pulled in a breath, wanted more than ever to rip the other man's clothes from his body and suck his cock inside his mouth. "That feels good," he said softly. He put his own hand over Tony's and moved it back to the hard nub, pushing his chest into the man's palm. Tony found himself rubbing the pad of his thumb across the firm tip of the other man's nipple, and watching the man's physical reaction to his attentions, surprised to feel a surge of sexual desire thrill his own body in response.

Bryan met Tony's gaze with his own and leaned toward the other man's face, tilting his head and softly pressing his mouth to Tony's lips. Tony lifted his other hand onto Bryan's chest and began to toy with both nipples, sending Bryan's throbbing hard-on into overdrive. The weight and heat of his cock made Bryan swoon, but he was growing increasingly uncomfortable in the confines of his tight jeans. He pulled his mouth from Tony's and said, softly, "Where can we go?"

Tony swallowed hard and felt a surge of fear rise inside him. "Go?"

Bryan nodded and pulled Tony's hand onto the fat, firm bulge growing against his drawstring pants. "Don't you want this?" he asked. "Don't you want me? I know I want you. I want all of you."

"I don't..."

"Where can we go? Fast. Right now." He pressed his half-naked form into Tony's body and could feel the other man's heat returned. Tony's cock was hard, and hot.

"I can't..."

"I want to suck your cock, Tony. I want to see you naked and I want to make you cum harder than you've ever cum." He kissed him again and rubbed the other man's prick, massaging the shaft and squeezing him firmly. "Where can we go?"

"I've never..."

Bryan kissed him again, deeper, harder, more passionately, pressing their bodies together, muscle to muscle. "Where can we go?"

"I... oh, fuck," he answered, pushing his mouth back onto Bryan's and kissing him back, standing in the back of the sporting goods store in the middle of the mall, wanting to be naked as much as he wanted to see Bryan's body fully exposed and wrapped in his muscled embrace. "Let's do it," he whispered.

## Chapter Twenty-Seven

Bryan's eyebrow arched, and he smiled. "Right here?" Tony nodded. "Right now?" He nodded again, and he was suddenly fumbling to untie his waistband.

Bryan didn't think twice. He dropped to his knees and pushed Tony's hands away, using his fingers to pry the knot loose and dig his hands inside the other man's pants. Tony was at full attention, and his cock was dully throbbing and bright red. He had a full mushroom cap atop the thick shaft and it rose a good eight inches high. Bryan took Tony's hard-on into his warm, wet mouth and ran his tongue around the thick contours of his cock, sucking and licking. He started rubbing his own 10-incher through his jeans and could feel the first load ready for release immediately, his semi-Transformed body already primed for non-stop sex.

They had hardly been at it when a voice said, "What the fuck?" and Tony opened his eyes from the ecstasy to see a young man in the store's signature colors standing three feet away with a look of shock on his face. "You can't do that in here!" he announced, and suddenly Tony realized what was happening.

But Bryan didn't stop. He was pulling his jeans open and digging into his crotch to release his own pent-up hard-on. He pushed his pants off his hips, exposing his fine butt and allowing his thick erection to pop out and slap itself against his tightly muscled belly. It was slick with pre-cum and glistened in his grip as he stroked himself toward orgasmic release while sucking on Tony's thick dick.

"Hey! Dude!" There was a hand on Bryan's shoulder. Tony was frozen in place, but his cock never grew a bit less firm under Bryan's attentions, and he refused to yield to the third man's entreaties. "Yo, you can't give blow jobs in here! It's... it's... well, I'm pretty sure it's not right."

Bryan pulled his mouth from Tony's cock and rose to his full height. He met Tony's gaze and took his lover's hand and turned it over, licking the salty skin with his spit-slick tongue and set Tony's hand to his hard prick, smiling as he said, "Just a sec." Tony dutifully began to stroke his meat as he watched Bryan turn around and strip himself bare naked, pushing his shoes from his feet and shoving his tight jeans off his perfect and beautiful body before approaching the shocked clerk, who could not have been more than 21 years old.

"Excuse me," Bryan said, as he reached forward and began to undo the clerk's belt.

"What are you..."

"Less talk," Bryan answered, "more cock." Then he pulled the clerk's pants wide open and knelt down to his hands and knees, leaning in to pull the other man's limp dick into his talented mouth.

It felt good to Bryan to be absolutely naked again, natural and unselfconscious. The clerk's prick started out soft, but after only a couple of minutes inside Bryan's expert cocksucking mouth, he was as hard as Tony and as happy to have Bryan on his knees before him.

Bryan was enjoying himself, too, of course, but he wanted both of these men, now. If he was back at the gym, such a fantasy could easily become a reality with just a look and a nod. But how was he going to coerce these two heterosexuals into a three-way at the back of a sporting goods store in the city's busiest mall?

The clerk's body couldn't hold a candle to Tony's massive muscularity -- still hidden though it was -- but he owned a well-trained collection of tight brawn, and a long dick that smelled plenty good after being cooped up in his pants sans underwear. He was evidently a hairy little fucker, at least his balls were, and he had a hell of a bush crowning his thin, long dick.

Bryan gazed up at his new conquest and wondered what it would look like to watch this razor-thin dude fuck the shit out of Tony's muscular butt. Bryan reached his hands around the man's body and began to knead the firm flesh of his ass in his strong grip. The young man responded immediately, moaning deeply and making tight fists with his hands.

Tony watched the actions with fascination and lust. Bryan's perfect ass was presented before him, and it provided a temptation he had never experienced before. A naked man's butt, muscular and beautiful, and a small, tight, rosy hole. Before he realized what he was doing, and without a thought of its consequences or cause, Tony lowered himself toward Bryan's exposed ass, leaned his face toward it, and shoved his tongue inside that pucker, burying his face between Bryan's cheeks. The other man tasted sweet and smelled amazing. He was suddenly overcome with a new and different hunger than he had ever experienced, and he eagerly attacked Bryan's buttocks with his mouth, pulling the man's ass wide and eating him out.

Bryan gushed a sudden flood of cream, surprised and thrilled with the turn of events, his orgasm doing little to douse the fire heating him up from the inside. Tony may have started out tentative, but now he was going to town on Bryan's hot ass, digging his pliable, warm, wet tongue deep inside him, slicking up the tunnel for what Bryan knew would shortly come. He sucked harder on the clerk's knob and swallowed a salty tang of pre-cum with hungry pleasure, moving his hands to the man's waistband and slowly pulling his pants off his body.

Tony could stand it no longer. He was in hog heaven, feasting on Bryan's tasty hole and wanting nothing more than to be inside the man, to shove his hard-on into the tight wonderful heat and start pumping. He stood up and shoved his loose pants off his hips and down his legs, kicking them off before stripping his shirt free as well, gloriously naked and horny as fuck.

Tony was beautiful, a muscled monster with heavy, round masses of brawn. His cock was large and thick, arching up proudly and flush with blood, and he owned a pair of low-



hanging balls in a hairless sack. The rest of his bulging body was dusted in golden fur, it grew thick between the hemispheres of his chest and coated his arms and legs.

The clothes had done a good job of camouflaging what lay beneath, because the man's body was an ode to muscular development, particularly his legs, which were fat with heavy wedges of raw power. In fact, as thick and impressive as Tony's upper body development was, it was clear now that the man loved working his legs until they screamed.

Everything below the waist was incredibly huge, almost disproportionately so. The folds of muscle seemed to contend with each other for space inside his tanned skin, bulging with so much brawn that every muscle head seemed to spring out of his legs. His thighs were so wide and thick that it was clear now why the man had elected to wear those loose pants - those legs would never fit inside a pair of jeans!

To say nothing of the man's ass. It was tremendous, amazing, impressive and awe inspiring. "Bubble butt" was a phrase that could only hint at its majesty. The round balls of his ass flesh kissed each other below a wide separation created by the sheer arch of the mounds. Deep depressions on either side further shoved the perfectly rounded mountains of butt muscle outward. The man's ass was nothing short of magnificent.

Bryan was only dimly aware of Tony's nudity, but acutely aware of the absence of the man's mouth on his spit-slick asshole. He sensed more than felt the hulking size of Tony's naked form approach him from behind, but the clerk's cock seemed to register that something new and entirely fucking fantastic was happening, because he started insistently fucking Bryan's mouth, grabbing his head and shoving in deeper and deeper. His breath grew ragged and a deep moan left his body at the sight of Tony's muscled perfection.

"Fuck," he said softly. Bryan smiled and swallowed the clerk's sudden flood of cream. He emptied his balls and shot again and again, his entire body shaking as he came.

Bryan heard Tony's voice behind him. "Don't move," he said. Then Bryan felt the other man's cock head kiss his asshole and start to pry him open with its mass. It was hard as a rock and hotter than lava, and it felt like the man's arm was shoving itself into Bryan's butt. Tentative at first, but Tony was quickly pistoning himself in and out of Bryan's butt, fucking him with growing assertiveness, grabbing the other man's hips and shoving his dick inside to the hilt, slapping his heavy balls against Bryan's butt flesh.

Something inside Bryan seemed to suddenly explode, like a dam rupturing before the onslaught of a flood it could never possibly contain.

Without realizing it, the men of Transformation Gym had built a time bomb of male sexual power, building up a slow but constant supply of Transform -- but withholding the actual terminal event -- was only postponing the inevitable. All it took was the right trigger

applied under the right circumstances, and the time bomb would explode with muscular and sexual might.

With his mouth still surrounding the clerk's cock and his ass engaged in a vigorous fuck, Bryan began to emit a steady stream of Transform, simultaneously altering his own physiology at the same time as he was feeding the sudden muscular growth of his companions. His body was reacting of its own volition, altering its own DNA with the augmentations that Transform provided, unable or unwilling to slow or halt the sudden revisions as his body began to swell in size and develop increasing muscle mass, the fibers and cords of raw naked power feeding upon themselves as the process accelerated.

Bryan's form did not possess the ultimate Transforming capability, but it had been saturated with its properties and he was rapidly becoming something more than human, but something less than a fully Transformed man.

For Bryan, the immediate sensation was like having the best, biggest and most prolonged orgasmic event he'd ever experienced. He was growing stronger and bigger by the second, and as his body piled on size and strength, the sense of sexual bliss and orgasmic gratification grew in unison. He felt connected to the other men in a more intense and intimate form than mere sex could convey.

Tony felt a shock of something hot and intoxicating erupt up his cock and explode into his body, spreading outward from his crotch and reaching up across his belly and around his balls and over his butt, traveling like a wave, flooding his system with its power. It was passionate sex and massive muscle growth and enormous physical strength and overwhelming masculinity combined into an electric current and then turned up to eleven. He threw back his head and felt the wave washing over his entire body, filling him up like light.

The clerk's thin, sinewy form seemed to throb and boil. Tony already possessed enormous muscularity, and his body began to simply swell with more. But the clerk had fine, hard muscles under his thin skin, and it seemed at first to recoil and contract. He was being assaulted by Transform, and it had at first tried to drink him all in at once to find the means necessary to trigger its effects, but it soon managed, in its way, to build on its own ample reserves of power and suddenly, the man's arms were bulging fat and his chest was heaving and swelling and his legs ballooned with fresh, raw power.

The three men were growing larger and larger, Tony leading the way with Bryan coming up fast behind him as the clerk played catch-up. Bryan's cock was fountaining a steady stream of iridescent cum, splattering against the clerk's legs. He wasn't aware that he was changing at all in the first moments of his initial transformation, overcome by the sheer power of the masculine sexual energy enveloping him so entirely. He was awash under the force of it, feeling the growing muscle in his limbs and torso like heat and vitality, his eyes closed and his brain feverish with orgasmic rapture.

But Tony was watching the entire scene develop. He watched as his own chest began to swell outward. He watched his arms growing thicker and fatter with evident power, his muscles growing beneath his skin, fed with arteries of thick veins that sprang up beneath his flesh. He watched Bryan's back ripple with new muscle, watched the bulging masses fatten and dilate, watched each muscle separate and grow. He watched Bryan's shoulders growing wider and wider to accommodate the muscle growing upon them, mountainous and amazing. He brought his gaze up and watched the thin clerk's body suddenly and violently explode with muscle. The man's belly seemed to shrink and suction and suddenly he had a six-pack of insane definition. His chest divided into flat plates that inflated with power, fibers of muscle reaching across the expanses and swelling with brawn. The man's neck was a collection of cords that throbbed and swelled outward. His lats bloomed like wings and his upper arms gave birth to fat biceps and triceps fighting for room under his skin.

Tony looked down and his own chest was still growing. Bryan's body was becoming something ungodly, or superhuman. Muscle on top of muscle, growing bigger with every heartbeat. Tony fucked him harder.

Bryan was breathing fast, sucking air into his over-heated body. His sense of sexual pleasure seemed only to be growing stronger, not receding. It was growing inside him like a nuclear explosion, swelling up and out and hot as the sun. His mouth was filled with wet heat and he swallowed ravenously, sucking the clerk's sweet salty seed inside.

The clerk was cumming again, more deeply and more copiously than before. His balls could not contain the wealth of cream he was producing, and he pumped it from himself in an ever-growing flood. His body stretched and swelled. He moaned with pleasure, a feral sound that erupted from somewhere deep in his growing chest. His nipples tingled and throbbed. His asshole felt warm and wet and seemed to buzz with sexual heat. His legs began to shove against each other as they grew thicker and thicker.

Tony's growth was slowing. He knew he was taller, perhaps as much as two feet taller. He could see parts of his body in his peripheral vision he had never seen before. He felt heavy and huge and powerful. He raised his right arm and flexed the bicep into an impossible mountain of muscle. It swelled round and perfect and pushed against his skin and split along the head. A, equally impressive mound of brawn was swelling along the underside as his tricep competed for attention. He could feel a thick slab of muscle unfold from his back as his lat bloomed. The arch of the muscle from his chest to his shoulder was almost frightening. He grinned with amazement and brought his hand up to feel the hardness of his arm. It was granite.

Bryan's growth was also slowing. His body had surpassed Tony's for sheer size. He was colossal. Tony could only see the man's back and butt, but it was evidence enough that Bryan had become something more than human. He was flawless and beautiful and almost frightening in his size. Tony said, "Get up, dude," in a voice now deep and powerful,

shocking in its gravity. Tony pulled his cock from Bryan's ass with a wet pop and took a few steps back to allow the larger man room.

Bryan felt dazed but invigorated. As he slowly rose to his full height, it slowly dawned on him that something more than a mind-blowing three-way had just taken place. His perceptions were substantially altered. He was taller and heavier than he had been only minutes ago. He was also, obviously, a lot bigger in every direction. Thick mounds of muscular beauty bulged from every inch of his body as he looked down at himself, and when he managed to look over the ledge of his expanded chest he saw an award-winning dick throbbing hotly between his legs. It was majestic and beautiful, with a flaring mushroom head and a long, thick, ungodly shaft that extended out from his body for at least a foot, if not a good deal longer than that.

He pivoted around to look at Tony and they both gasped at the same time. Bryan gasped because the formerly impressive mass of muscle that Tony had been was now replaced with someone out of a muscle worship fantasy. Tony gasped because Bryan's backside could not prepare him for the awesome beauty and overwhelming masculine magnificence of the man's visage.

Not only had Bryan's body been made over into the epitome of muscular perfection, his face had somehow morphed into a countenance of masculine beauty unequaled in Tony's experience. Hell, Bryan was simply beautiful regardless of his sex, but the overwhelming muscularity paired with the dark shadow of whiskers that clung to his jutting jawline and the heavy brow that was now arched in curiosity over his deep blue eyes painted a picture of utter masculinity -- not to mention that he owned a monster cock that was rising from his loins with an evident eager hunger, the eye of his cobra drooling clear honey that draped his dick in a thick sheath of glistening lube.

A pair of hands appeared from behind his monstrously huge frame and crept across the thick globes of his chest, the fingers of the clerk weaving through Bryan's forest of fur with evident lust. Bryan turned his head - god, his profile was majestic -- and another beautiful male face appeared and they kissed, sending a thick glob of pre-cum flowing out of Bryan's erection. Tony noticed an erotic and highly enticing scent surrounding the trio, one that made his already amped libido spark anew. His eyes zeroed in on that mammoth and beautiful cock and he knew he wanted to suck it inside his mouth to feast on its bounty.

Bryan's mind and body buzzed with sexual power. He was overwhelmed by the changes he had experienced and not quite fully conscious of them at the same time. It all felt like a dream or a fantasy, though his senses were heightened and there was no denying what his own eyes were telling him. It was as if Tony had somehow been magnified, all his dimensions had improved to a very agreeable amount, but his legs still somehow managed to make the rest of him look like it was trying to catch up to their size. Bryan wondered what his butt looked like. Tony was definitely bigger. Much bigger. Bigger everywhere. Taller, too.

In fact, it was occurring to him now, creeping into his brain, that something about this wasn't... quite... right. It felt goddam good, that was for sure. In fact, he felt like he could get to some really serious fucking with both these guys immediately and, he knew, he could keep going like the motherfucking Energizer Bunny if he wanted to. He could feel his cock surge with desire and tingle with need and bulge with capability. His balls were full of rich, heavy cream and he could start pumping thick fountains with a wish -- but there was fear mixed in with the heightened sexuality.

"Dude," he said softly to face he had been kissing, "could I borrow your phone?"

"What?"

"Your phone," he said again. "I need to make a phone call."

"Now?" The clerk pinched his very fat nipple, sending a fresh shock of sexual bliss rocketing through Bryan's body. His cock jerked and issued another thick gob of honey. That sexy scent increased, too.

"Sorry, I just need to ask someone something about... what just happened."

"Another dude like you?"

"Better."

"I'll believe that when I see him!" The clerk looked around for his pants and pulled a slim iPhone from the pocket, passing it over to Bryan's huge paw.

"Thanks. Uh, you could probably find something in common with Tony while I handle this. I'm just saying..."

The clerk met Tony's feral gaze and the two men began attacking each other's naked body while Bryan dialed the T Gym. "Hi, it's Bryan. Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay. Better than okay. Um, is Adam available? I just have..." he looked down at himself and smiled, "a couple of things to ask him."

## Chapter Twenty-Eight

Frazz, Sherman and Wolf, as Transformed men, no longer needed to eat – unless it was to eat out each other's ass or to swallow each other's dick. Food was a sort of luxury, but not a necessity. But in order to pass for the soldiers whose identities they had borrowed, regular attendance in the Main Office mess hall was mandatory.

It also gave them an opportunity to meet up and have some face-to-face discussions, although those weren't strictly necessary, either, given their mental connection to each other. Sherman also, admittedly, simply loved to sit down in a room filled with muscular, sexually-deprived hunks of male flesh and drink in all the repressed sexual tension. Wolf found the whole thing a bit absurd, and as usual Maddox took it all in with a grain of salt and a sense of humor.

Their business might have dire consequences for the Brotherhood, but he had to admit there was something deeply satisfying about passing so easily among the very men who were dead set on seeing the eradication of his kind.

"Operation Midnight? Nothing?" Maddox was quizzing Sherman Tipton on his knowledge about Main Office systems and capabilities.

Sherman shook his blonde head. "Nope. Sounds ominous, of course, so it's probably bad."

Maddox shrugged lightly. "I've only run into it in abstract, I can't access any details." He looked at Wolf and asked, "What's new in reconnaissance?"

"Those three infiltrators," he said, grinning. "Still the big news. Have them scared shitty."

"Shitless," Maddox corrected.

"Yes, shitless. Hard to pin them down, apparently. So they're starting up testing."

Sherman's attention was drawn back to the conversation from the deep-voiced black dude he'd been eyeing. "Testing?"

"Fluids. Specifically, sperm. Everyone going to get to cream a few squirts into a little plastic cup."

"Sounds ominous," Tipton said, toying with his plate of pasta tubes and salty Marinara.

"I wouldn't worry myself about it," Wolf said, still grinning. "My section is in charge of it, so I'll be handling the results." He settled back in his chair and folded his meaty arms behind his head. "Personally."

"Still, it does mean they are beyond suspicions."

“Could also be precautionary.” Sherman pursed his lips and whistled a low note. “Fuck, I’d love to stick my tongue between that man’s butt cheeks.”

Maddox cleared his throat and moved his chair to the left, giving Sherman the evil eye as their friend, Marshall, joined them. Marshall was evidently an old friend of the trio they had replaced. Maddox had been trying to figure out how to Transform him since he made his friendship known, but so far they had not found any time alone and unnoticed. Main Office was a hive of constant movement and observing cameras. “Hey, dudes.”

“Hey, Marsh,” Maddox said lightly, patting the man’s broad back. Corp. Zachary Marshall Braddock, Jr. was a tall, muscular man with a shock of strawberry blonde hair and skin as white as milk. He seemed always to have a smile on his chiseled features and delighted in practical jokes at everyone else’s expense. Marsh’s father had always been known as Zack, so it was that Marsh had taken on his middle name as his chosen name.

Maddox could easily confess a strong attraction to the man, and suspected that his bravado and bluster was all show, a mask that hid whatever secrets he was hiding, like almost everyone else in the military. He was funny, he was smart, and he was handsome.

The other, and maybe the most important reason that Maddox wanted to pull Marshall into the fold was that he happened to be a chemist and biologist specializing in DNA research. And it seemed to him that a man like Marshall would be an invaluable new brother when teamed up with Carlos and Jerry, the originators of the Transform process.

Mostly he just wanted to get Marshall alone and naked. No one had managed to get under his skin like this man could.

The big brute scooted his prime buttoflesh in-between Maddox and Wolf with a shit-eating grin on his cocky face. “Whattup? Looks like another plate of delicious rubber and blood, today. Fuck me if they don’t know how to deflate a guy just when he starts feeling good.”

Maddox knew what that meant. “And who’s today’s target?” In his assumed identity, Maddox was a half-Asian, half-Scots giant named Andrew McTeague. His mother, presumably, was the owner of the Japanese half of his make-up, given the last name. Wolf was a towering African-American called ‘Tank’ by everyone, though his ID badge named him as Terrance Clay. Sherman, as was his usual desire, had found what amounted to a muscle-bound twink with an angelic face named Cary Phillips. Maddox had to admit that as far as twinks went, Sherman certainly knew how to pick them – though with the guns on the guy’s arms, the term twink was being seriously stretched out of proportion.

Marshall motioned with his fork toward a table full of stoic and rather dull-looking men across the hall. “The Odd Squad. Figure it was about time to take them down a notch.”

"You're shitting me," Wolf said, smiling broadly. The Odd Squad was a group of MPs with a decidedly low tolerance for shenanigans. They banded together and took their jobs very seriously.

"I shit you not, Tank. I have managed to pull off a grand scheme to relieve our mutual and interminable boredom, if I do say so myself." He stuck his fork into a sticky collection of pasta and crammed it into his mouth, talking around the food, smiling the whole time. "I managed to fix up a few special trays for the boys. My own special recipe."

"Nothing dangerous, I hope," Maddox said, half-seriously.

Marshall swallowed and leaned in close. He smelled good. "A little concoction I brewed up. Odorless, colorless, non-toxic. But when it heats up and combines with food, it releases its little cargo of intestinal surprises. Gentlemen, tonight those poor chaps are going to be spending a couple of hours on the nearest toilet having almost no fun at all."

"I'm glad you're on our side," Sherman said, swallowing hard.

"Never doubt that," he answered, shoveling another big bite into his mouth.

"It occurs to me that you won't be around to see the pay-off," Sherman observed.

Marshall cocked an eyebrow and creased his forehead. "Not sure that I'd want to, and you're certainly developing some interesting fetishes if that's the first thing that occurred to you, Terry." He laughed at the idea of it. "Besides, everyone knows that stealth and secrecy is a hell of a lot sexier than putting everything out there on display, now isn't it?" He grinned as if he knew something and wasn't telling. "And what have the three of you been up to?"

"Nothing so grand, I'm afraid," Maddox/Andy announced. His position in security wasn't very deep, and he spent most of his time monitoring the very cameras and systems that were in place to capture his cohorts and him. Wolf/Tank was in recon, like the members of the Odd Squad though slightly more elite. He had daily briefings regarding what was happening and what shouldn't be happening, and was expected to be one of the guns sent in first to any situation. Sherman/Cary had been relegated to lab work, a task he was ill-suited for but which he managed to complete with few errors, the low man on the totem poll given his rank and relative inexperience. "The usual grunt work. I think Tank's been having a grand old time butting heads with Peck's men, and Cary is doing his usual best not fucking things up too badly in Chem."

"Thanks," answered Sherman, drolly.

"Nothing explosive, lately?"

Sherman rolled his baby blues. "When are you gonna finally pull those strings you keep bragging about and get me into BioChem with you? I hear that's where all the fun shit happens."



Marshall shook his blonde head. "Not gonna happen. Everything's on shut-down. Hasn't Tank told you? Some terrorists," he said, using air quotes and rolling his eyes, "have managed to infiltrate the compound. Like no one would even notice that someone new was wandering around this hermetically sealed prison? Hell, if anyone new did show up, I'd probably throw 'em a party and invite them over to my quarters for a movie and popcorn. Not that we have any popcorn."

"Or any movies," added Sherman.

Wolf's now-dark gaze passed over them all as he spoke in his deep voice. "It's no joke. But they'll get sloppy, and we'll catch them." He finished with a smile that was both devious and evil.

"Okay, big guy, if they're here, why hasn't anyone seen them?"

"I'm not allowed to say," he answered.

"Uh huh. Couldn't have anything to do with all the experiments in Sector Seven and the mysterious 'reassignments,' could it?"

Maddox looked at Marshall. "You know something."

"Yeah, but I can be as cagey and Mr. Secretive, over there."

"No you can't."

"Oh, all right. Twist the other arm. All I know is that we're working on some radical recombinant shit that'll make the Martinez-Lassiter work look like Betty Crocker. Those two were smart, no doubt about it, but they cut some corners and got sloppy and that's why their work amounted to nothing. Everyone knows they shouldn't have been using civilians for guinea pigs! I mean, who the fuck thought that was a good idea?" Sherman started to color suddenly, his youthful visage turning scarlet red, and he started wolfing down pasta. "No, it should have worked. It should have worked really well, but something went wrong somewhere otherwise we'd have heard about it by now. Super Soldiers and all that other sci-fi shit."

Maddox looked at Wolf in his 6' 9" musclebound disguise and said, "But we already have Super Soldiers, dude!"

Marshall smiled and shook his head. "No, I'm talking the real deal. If their plans had worked out, the men they would have produced would make even our friend Tank here look puny. They were doing some far-out amazing tinkering with the human genome, and specifically with male enhancement, and I'm not talking about a little blue pill. On paper, it all looked good. But something happened, and nobody's talking."

"Sounds like bullshit to me," Tank said.

"Most dreams do, until you actually see them."

"Dreams?" Maddox perked up.

Marshall shrugged, toying with his plate of food as his mind wandered. "The dream was to create the perfect warrior. The ultimate soldier. Self sustaining, self sufficient, I mean we're talking radical shit, here. Like... okay, this is gonna sound weird and a little daffy, but the plan was that these dudes, these perfect men, would never need anyone or anything else to complete a mission. They'd use themselves or each other for everything. And I do mean everything."

"What's 'everything'?"

"Sustenance. Survival. Satisfaction." He grinned as he said the last word.

"Call me dense, but I still don't get what you're talking about." Maddox was prodding him. He wanted to see how Marshall really felt about what he actually was, and what he hoped to make Marshall become.

Marshall counted the points off on his fingers. "Sustenance. Using the body's own capabilities, namely a strong protein supply, to maintain physical strength and sustain over long periods of time if necessary." He saw Maddox/Andy looking perplexed, so he spelled it out. "They'd swallow their own sperm, which would be altered to contain the essence of what they needed. Clear enough? Survival. Their physical factors would be altered to such an extent that they could survive literally any attack with no armor, no weapons, no nothing. A naked dude's skin and muscles would be strong enough – hard enough – to withstand bullets, explosions, you name it. And satisfaction." He paused.

"Go on."

"Lemme put it this way: The masculine factors were going to be amped up ten, maybe twenty-fold. Huge amounts of testosterone pumping through these dudes 24-7, right? So that lends itself to aggressive behavior. Incredibly aggressive." Maddox suddenly noticed the cords of muscle and veins along Marshall's forearms twist and flex. "Normally one can alleviate that through physical stress, and there'd be no problem there, since these dudes were designed to go from one bad-ass situation into another. Kind of like how I notice you three hitting the gym more than usual." His grin reappeared and he wiggled his eyebrows. "But there's that other kind of aggression that men experience that can't always be relieved by blowing shit up and shoving huge loads of metal around, know what I mean?"

"Kind of?"

"Fucking hell, I'm talking about fucking, right? So there's these amped up guys all hanging out together with too much testosterone and they're already swallowing their own loads

and shit, so how do you think they managed to rechannel sexual aggression when there's no pussy around?"

"You're shitting me." Maddox tried to look appalled. Sherman was smiling and Wolf just sat there with his huge arms crossed over his gargantuan chest.

"It'd be like a huge Greek army, and I do mean huge, all fucking each other and chowing down on each other's dicks. The solution, you gotta admit, is kind of elegant."

"Makes sense," Wolf/Tank intoned.

"That's what you're doing?"

"Well, not exactly. Like I said, the Martinez/Lassiter formula was fatally flawed. Obviously, something went wrong. A lot of the work disappeared and it's hard to locate anyone originally associated with the project. Neither of those guys, Dr. Carlos Martinez or Dr. Jeremy Lassiter, were military and rumor has it that they both 'disappeared,'" he added air quotes again, "shortly after the first trials. Only one man was actually given the formula and there's no record of him after that point, either. At least, none that I've seen."

"What's all this have to do with terrorists?" Maddox asked.

Marshall looked around and spoke more softly. "Nobody's admitting anything, but what I figure is that some of those first test subjects – and there had to be more than the one guy – some of them, maybe all of them, went rogue."

"Wouldn't we know about them? I mean, something like that would be hard to..."

Marshall was shaking his head. "Like I said, sustenance, survival, satisfaction. They could go underground and remain in Black Ops for weeks or months, even years, and then surface where you don't expect them. Who knows what else they planted in their DNA? The amount of data is limited, but there are hints about impossible shit like pigmentation and skeletal restructuring, shit that would make them able to literally look like someone else. Fuck, Andy, you could be one of them and I'd never even know it."

"Oh, you'd know it," Maddox/Andy replied, "by the way I made you swallow my dick."

"I think we might have a debate about who was swallowing whose dick, buddy. I've seen your dick, and I'm not sure my jaw could handle the dislocation." He smiled and laughed slightly, working his lower jaw back and forth before continuing. Damn, the guy made Maddox horny. "But like I said, it's impossible. The amount of restructuring and alteration to the genome necessary to do any of that is... well, it would take several generations to see the results."

"Generations?"

"I guess iteration is more apt than generation. You'd need to alter a subject and allow his system to process the alterations. Then take a sample from him and introduce it into another subject. The original formula will have transmuted to some respect, integrating the original DNA with the augment. The new sample would be a super-sample, and after introducing it into the next subject, it would combine again and yield a super-super-sample. And you'd need to do that hundreds of times, maybe thousands, to get the results I'm talking about. So the chances of that happening are pretty slim."

"Why?"

"That many generations would require a huge amount of subjects, obviously, and lab conditions, housing, and a hell of a budget. If anything like that was happening inside our organization, I'd know about it."

"But isn't the point," Sherman suggested, "that it isn't happening inside this organization, hence the whole terrorist plot?"

"Yeah, maybe, but to what end? If they were terrorists, they wouldn't be infiltrating here. This is all experimental shit and thinktank stuff. Nothing they might damage here would hurt the U.S. at all. Wouldn't they attack something a bit more, you know, important?"

"You said you're trying to recreate those other two guys..."

"Martinez and Lassiter."

"Yeah, whoever. You said you're trying to recreate their work, only fix whatever went wrong."

"Yeah. So?"

"Maybe it's self-defense."

Marshall shrugged. "Could be, I suppose. Or maybe they just want you to suck their dicks for them." He pushed his food away and checked his watch. "Check you later, boys. Got some stuff brewing in a petrie dish I should get back to." He stood up and glanced over at the table of MPs and smiled. "See you dudes in the gym, as usual? I'll give you an update on my experiment."

Maddox nodded and Sherman said, "Cool," as Marshall sauntered away. Maddox watched his butt as he left their table and Wolf/Tank clicked his tongue.

"Why don't you just go stick your tongue up his ass, Andy? You're already drooling."

Maddox recovered himself and said, "Sorry. He's very... distracting."

"Fucking hunky piece of fine ass, is what he is," Sherman/Cary corrected. "But maybe you should be a bit more careful around him. Good natured homoerotic wordplay is all well and good, but you're getting seriously close to blowing our cover."

"That's not all I'd like to blow," Maddox said, then he turned his attention back to his comrades. "You're right. Sorry." He adjusted his copious length of bulging prick in his military issue pants and asked, "You think he suspects?"

Tank shook his head. "He wouldn't be joking with you about being one of the terrorists if that was the case. He'd just report you like a dutiful soldier."

"Something about his demeanor," Sherman volunteered, "tells me he isn't exactly a dutiful soldier. For one thing, he's awfully big for being a lab rat."

"You think he's sampling the goods?"

"Could be. Or using himself as a test subject. The fact that he can keep up with us in the gym is rather unusual."

"Everyone here is rather unusual. Or hadn't you noticed?"

Sherman smiled. "My dick definitely has. And you're right, these guys are too big to be merely bodybuilding fanatics." He looked down at the slop on his tray and toyed with the pasta and sauce. "Think there's more here than tomatoes and garlic?"

"Possibly. You know Peck better than I do, would he do something like that, given the ramifications?"

Wolf's eyebrow arched. "Ramifications?"

Sherman murmured, "That they'll turn into us." He thought about it. "I wouldn't put anything past that man. But it seems reckless. He's certainly not that."

"Someone else, then?" Maddox glanced around the room, looking at the collection of huge men around them. He hadn't considered that Main Office could already be moving on something like this.

Sherman considered a moment. The sound of chairs skidding across the concrete floor signaled the end of this lunch shift. "This is pure conjecture, of course, but if I were Mr. Peck and I was facing a force of hundreds of Transformed men and the likelihood of infiltration at Main Office, as well as the threat of someone like Sam who can, apparently, perform wholesale alterations to another man's genetic pool via electronic stimulus, I'd be loading the cards in my favor in every way possible. And how would you fight a supposed army of super soldiers who couldn't be harmed by weapons?"

Wolf stated the obvious. "With another army."

"We need to move the time table up."

"I didn't know we had a time table."

"We do now, and it's just been accelerated. We need to find Jason, and find out what's going on in here."

"And SelfSuckSam?"

"You find anything about him, yet?"

Tank shook his head. "He's not here. But I think he soon will be."

"Then we wait."

"And then?"

"And then we see just how big these dudes can really get."

"And in the meantime?"

Maddox stood up. He had a prominent hard-on pressing urgently against the front of his pants and a small dark stain was already growing. "Meanwhile I need to get to the bathroom and stroke out a few heavy streams. Just being around that guy gets my engine running hot and hard."

"You're not very subtle," Sherman said, smiling, "but you are effective."

Marshall stepped through the door of his lab and locked it behind him. A sheen of sweat glistened on his forehead and his hands were clenched into fists. His body felt tense and hot, and his heart was beating quick and hard.

He glanced across the room at the video monitor and immediately regretted it. He didn't want to see the contents of that screen, didn't want to experience what it always made him feel, and how his body, more and more, needed that feeling.

He looked back at the monitor as he slowly crossed the room and approached his table of experiments, the microscopes and glass containers and readouts all silently awaiting his attention. He'd been neglecting them, but not without reason. Still, guilt sank into him as he looked at the backlog of work, but it only lasted a moment before his eyes were drawn again to that screen at the back of the lab and the vision it broadcast into this space 24 hours a day.

How long had he stared at that screen? How long could he? It was a form of torture, in a way, and he wondered why he subjected himself to it.

Movement on the screen caught his eye and he looked directly at it, and found the subject of his thoughts looking directly back. The face on the screen was small, but the smile and the look of pleasure that always haunted the subject's visage was clear. The face was small because the man was situated away from the camera, but he was now moving closer, pulling himself from his reclining position to stand up.

It was as if he knew that Marshall was watching him, but that wasn't possible, let alone likely. As if he had been waiting for him to return, like a lover, and now that they were together again he would give himself over completely to Marshall's gaze. As if he was performing a ritual they had shared again and again.

Marshall's mouth hung open slightly as he pulled breath into his lungs. His heart was thumping its hard, steady beat, both excited and alarmed.

The person – the man – on the screen grew larger as he approached the camera's never blinking gaze. His smile was beatific and beautiful, the smile of a young god who did not know its power. The smile graced a face of utter perfection, a face that belonged to a body of overwhelming power and unrestrained masculinity. Marshall felt himself pulled toward the vision on the screen, the ideal and flawless and muscular beauty that moved with precise sexual supremacy and fluid athletic grace.

The smile grew bright and unavoidable. Marshall felt his body growing hotter and his dick growing fatter. The plum of its head shoved against his fatigues uncomfortably and he could feel its heat press against him as it filled up with blood. His heart pumped harder just to fill it. It surged with growth, swelling massively in his pants, but he knew it was nothing compared to what was coming.

It was addictive. It was dangerous. It was secretive.

It felt good.

It felt right.

"Hello," he whispered to the screen, and the man on the other end of the camera tilted his gorgeous face and licked his full, soft lips slowly, pulling the bottom one in playfully and biting it, causing it turn red and swell. The man on the screen reached his hand down the muscled contours of his naked form and moved his fingers around the hard, red, beautiful cock arching proudly up from between his legs. He was constantly erect, like a pagan god of sex, and his tool was a massive engine constantly flowing.

He moved his hand from his erection, pulling strings of glistening thick pre-cum from it that clung to his shimmering skin like glass threads, and he reached forward slowly toward the

camera. Marshall mirrored his movement, keeping his own eyes on the other man's clear gaze, moving his touch toward the monitor.

Inch by inch their forefingers approached the glassy separation that kept them apart. Marshall closed his eyes and held his breath. He knew what came next.

Jason reached his finger toward the camera's lens and whomever was watching him. He knew he was being watched. He could sense it, somehow, like a shower of heat bathing his naked form, like that magical sixth sense one feels when someone new enters a room and they zero in on only you. He had stopped growing and had attained the perfection of form he'd been allowed by the gift of the previous god. It was his turn to pass it on.

He touched the lens and sent a thick, hard shock of his sexual and muscular strength through the connection.

On the other end, Marshall shuddered with ecstatic bliss and received a fresh jolt of the magic the other man possessed. A gush of cream erupted in his pants, and he felt his shoulders and chest push a bit tighter against his shirt, forcing a button to pop loose and ricochet against the screen. His cock swelled enormously as it delivered its hot, wet load. Marshall gasped and moaned and felt his muscles sing with strength. His head was filled with the vision of the man at the other end of the camera, his flesh, his muscles, his eyes, his smile, his chest, his belly, his butt. He ached again to be with him, not simply observing him, overcome by the other man's power.

Jason pulled his finger from the lens and placed it against his tongue, licking the sweet, salty tang of his own cream from the tip. His majestic cock gushed a sudden fountain of cream in concert with his unknown and unseen companion, and his body soaked it inside like a sponge. His cock erupted again, and again, sending incandescent streams of hot cream across his belly and chest. It splashed against his lips and he licked them clean.

Jason stood and stretched his 12-foot frame, bending with inhuman elasticity to flex and bulge his collection of massive muscularity. A smile wound across his mouth reflecting the euphoria his body delivered with every orgasmic rush. He wondered, absently, if there really was anyone else at the other end, and if he was doing anything at all other than relieving his boredom. His visitors were now few and far between, and he sensed that his body was giving off some extreme and effective forms of sexual waves, judging by the care with which any of his visitors took to mask his effects from themselves.

He could feel it, in some degree. Smell it, too. He gave off a kind of heat, and it built up against itself and banked against the walls like waves, swollen with his burgeoning power. It was something he no longer sought to control, allowing it simply to flow from him in abundance, ceaseless and boundless.



His cock was hard again. Or still. It was almost constant, now. He was in a constant state of arousal and capable of cumming as often and as copiously as he desired. He still had not seen himself fully, and could only guess at his appearance and size. He could look down his body and it's massive pectorals and the rippled glory of his belly and the fat, hard wedges of muscle lining his legs and arms and he knew he looked fucking amazing. But he had no idea what changes had happened to his face and back and butt. He could only pass his hands across the rounded muscular perfection of the twin globes of his ass and feel the sleek, silken, warm flesh. He could reach over his shoulder and feel the thickness of his lats, and the swelling mountains that reached across his shoulders.

He looked into the camera again and knew he was being watched. He winked at his companion and summoned a fresh flood of power into his touch. He took a slow breath, swelling his chest to enormity, and pushed his finger toward the lens again, almost seeing the swollen waves of strength and male sexuality traveling from his hand into the camera.

Into the camera and into the wires.

Into the wires and into the system.

Into the system and into the network.

Into the network and out of the monitors.

Out of the monitors and into the men.

The men who watched.

And the men they touched.

And spoke to.

And ate with.

## Chapter Twenty-Nine

Robbie, Mitch and Caleb took their time getting back to the scene of the crime. They were all rather and continuously distracted by their newfound capability and each of them would attempt to surprise the others by morphing themselves into a kaleidoscopic array of gorgeous musclebound men. Robbie was particularly adept at it since he had a backlog of naked male flesh on a couple of hard drives, and he could easily dredge up a catalog of porn stars, underwear models and actors, enhancing their various visages with maximum amounts of muscle as if he was a real life muscle morphing software program.

After a while, he started taking requests, changing into a hugely muscular Johnny Depp – at one point complete with pirate dreds and goatee – at the next he was Jake Deckard even bigger than life fucking Caleb’s ass. Fantasies became realities with alarming speed as each of the men volunteered who they’d love to suck off, or rim, or kiss, or fuck.

They slowly made their way back to the lake where Robbie had been unknowingly changed by Chuck’s skyward sexual Olympics, staying mostly within their compacted bodies to more easily maneuver between the thick foliage with a minimal environmental impact. Along the way they became intimately familiar with each other’s particular sexual talents, desires, passions and aptitudes, with each man expanding their personal boundaries – only marginally in slut Robbie’s case, but massively in young Mitch’s and somewhere in-between for the more mature and experienced Caleb – so that by the time they reached their destination, it could be said that each man was a master of sexual gratification.

The lake was calm and clear, its surface glassy and mirroring the bright blue sky. The naked trio approached in a kind of awe, half-expecting another miracle to befall them after hearing Robbie tell his tale of wondrous and unexpected transformation as he lay sprawled across a rock near the shore.

Robbie ran toward the large, smooth boulder and jumped atop it, stretching his muscled arms wide and turning his grinning face toward the sun. His cock sprang instantly to full glory, plumping into thick and full erection and drooling streams of prefuck in pure joy of returning to his place of rebirth. “It was here,” he crowed, “right here! God, it felt so good.”

“Do you think it’s the water?”

He looked down toward Mitch and squatted atop the rock, scratching his head. “No. Something fell on me. Something wet.”

Caleb laughed. “A bird shit on you! That’s what it was!”

“Laugh all you want, fuckface, but you can’t deny the results.” He stood up once again and pivoted in place, displaying his perfectly muscular form in all its glory. The sun shone against his tanned skin and made his hair shine like spun gold.

“What do you think it was,” Mitch asked softly. It was clear that the appearance of Robbie on the rock in all his magnificence had him awe-struck, even when his own body was a match for his lover’s perfection.

Robbie stopped spinning and shrugged. “That’s why we’re here, Mitch. To find out.”

“Subject is in sight. Two others with him. All three appear to be infected.”

“Weapons ready.”

“Affirmative.”

“Hold for my signal.”

Robbie stood atop the rock with one hand shading his gaze as he looked across the lake. The muscles of his arm and shoulder bunched up into impossible mountains, the fat lobes of power twisting and flexing beneath his tanned skin. Caleb lifted his arm and rested it across Mitch’s wide shoulders, allowing his hand to innocently dangle down across one of Mitch’s broad pecs where his fingers could absently brush his nipple, sending shocks of intense pleasure through Mitch’s body. His cock was quickly inflating and with a grin he reached down to fondle Caleb’s collection of ample equipment, lifting his friend’s thick prick into his expert touch and rubbing his cock head with a talented thumb. Caleb went up on his toes, and his perfect ass tightened and hardened like two bowling balls.

“Fuck.”

“Keep the channel silent, recruit.”

Robbie could smell the sexuality thicken and looked down to see his two friends entering into another of their unending sexual adventures. They simply couldn’t keep their hands off each other, and there was no reason why they should. “Dudes,” he said, watching Mitch turning toward Caleb and planting a wet, warm, passionate kiss on his mouth, “again?”

Mitch broke the kiss and smiled, and Caleb started laughing while he smacked Mitch’s butt with an audible slap. “Sorry,” Caleb reported, “I just can’t help myself.” They were both now sporting huge erections, both dripping pre-cum that coated their fat red hard-ons in clear, gleaming coats.

Robbie was smiling, too. “I know, dudes, but could we maybe curtail it for just a few minutes while we figure this part out?”

Caleb said, “you’re just saying that because you’re not looking at what I’m looking at.” With that said, Caleb started morphing physically into an exact duplication of Robbie’s perfection of masculine beauty.

“Yeah, Robbie, it’s hardly fair of you to stand up there naked like that and lecture us about behavior.” Mitch began to change, too, and then there were three exact duplicates of SelfSuckSam standing at the side of the lake.

“Sir?”

“Subject Zero remains the target.”

“But... sir?”

“Use your best judgment, recruit.”

“Yes, sir.”

Robbie folded his arms across his massive chest, grinning from ear to ear. He had to admit that seeing his new body and face making out with himself like that was a major turn-on. His own dick was as hungry and huge as his comrades', but they did have a job to do. “Maybe a dip in the lake will cool your jets.”

Caleb eyed the calm waters and tilted his head. “Doubtful,” he said, giving Mitch’s towering cock a couple of strokes, “but it’s certainly tempting.” Mitch’s balls drooped with cream and his cock was pumping pre-cum like a hose. Caleb moved his hand onto Mitch’s butt and began to tickle his asshole with one very talented digit.

“Shit.”

“I don’t want to have to say it again. Keep the fucking chatter down!”

“Sir, we need to strike. The ammo loses potency in water and its adhesive properties...”

“Understood. Team One, ready weapons. Team Two, we are going in.”

“Team Two, ready.”

“Weapons ready.”

“Commence activities.”

Robbie was still standing on the rock and Mitch and Caleb started to walk deeper into the lake when there was a sudden flurry of activity from the surrounding tree line. The woods seemed to erupt as small, round projectiles suddenly shot from the darkness and figures shrouded in hazmat suits and full helmets covering their heads emerged running, holding thick-barreled guns with large capsules attached.

Pebbles and sand kicked up as the projectiles fell short of their targets, but more were already on the way. The dark balls drooped and melted in the dirt, losing the sticky, wet material that coated them.

Mitch was struck in the small of his back and felt another small onion-sized ball strike his calf. Something splattered from the impact across his skin and he reached back to scrape it off, but it clung to his hand in thick strands of dark green goo.

“Run!” Robbie shouted, jumping down and bounding along the lake edge. The men in the plastic suits were running at him and he heard the steady beat of a helicopter somewhere overhead.

He found himself running suddenly so quickly that the surrounding landscape was blurring. His feet were losing contact with the ground and he felt weightless.

Mitch’s senses turned hazy and indistinct. His sight grew fuzzy and there was an odd taste in his mouth. His powerful legs felt watery and it was hard to think.

Caleb’s first inclination was to help Mitch, who was collapsing in his arms. He looked back as the men – about a dozen – were approaching fast, and the sand and small rocks around him started to billow under the onslaught of the helicopter’s rotors. “Mitch!” he shouted, trying to lift his friend, but he was already a dead weight.

“Go,” Mitch mumbled. A single syllable, almost indistinct, and then he passed out.

“Mitch!”

“One is down! Target the second subject!”

“I can’t see! I can’t see!”

“Open fire!”

“Where’s the other one?”

Robbie was flying. He had no idea how he was flying, or why, but now that he was doing it, something clicked and it started coming more naturally to him. The winds lifted and surrounded him like arms, carrying him higher. He felt exhilarated and scared shitless. The ground was zooming away from him and, looking down, he could see the team of men closing around his two companions. A cloud of dust obscured his view of the rock where he had stood moments before. There were two choppers in the sky below him, another above the woods. He swooped among the cold winds and found his wings, understanding that his own strength, limitless and awesome, was hold him aloft. He flexed his giant muscles and paused in mid-air, naked and glorious.

Caleb let his friend drop to the water’s edge and he began to run into the water. The lake was shallow for 30 feet and then there was a drop off and he dove into the frigid water. Something smacked him on his ass before he sank under the surface. The lake was dark and cold, but he only felt the fear of being suddenly alone and seemingly defenseless. Who were those men? What did they want? Where was Robbie? What would happen to Mitch?

Caleb’s lungs began recirculating the oxygen in his blood, and the amazing properties of Transform again came to his rescue. His heart was beating fast, but from fear rather than lack of oxygen. He wasn’t breathing the water, but he wasn’t drowning, either. He swam deeper.

“Subject Zero in custody.”

“Do not remove your protective suit! Do not remove...”

Lt. Estaban Ramirez was having trouble with one of his gloves. He couldn’t get a hold on the naked man’s flesh. Without thinking, and in the rush of adrenaline and excitement, he released the seal and flicked his hand, throwing the glove to the sand.

Contact with Mitch’s skin sent a sudden rush of Transform into Estaban’s body and within seconds he was inflating with power. He gasped and gulped in air as his body simply exploded out of the suit’s protective environment and he was growing bigger by the foot.

Falling to his hands and knees, his body swelled with muscle. His back expanded and unfolded with fat wedges of raw brawn under his dark Hispanic skin. His shoulders stretched wider and wider and his knees dug into the soft, wet sand as his body grew

heavier with muscle. A feeling of intense pleasure, the power of a thousand orgasmic explosions, filled him up and a secondary cock sprouted from his loins into full bloom.

“Jesus Christ!”

“Hit him!”

He raised his head and sucked air into his overheated body. His ass and nipples tingled with a sudden fury of sexual excitement and he sat up, plopping his perfect ass onto his heels and stretching his arms wide. They engorged with huge bellies of muscle, veins wound around the fibers and cables to feed them, and his chest inflated and bulged. A sudden forest of dark curls sprang into existence across his pecs and the 10-pack of abdominals swelling across his tight stomach.

He was growing taller and taller, now, even as his body continued to fill up with power. He grabbed hold of his twin monsters as they started erupting, shooting torrents of white cream into the lake, fountaining with audible power.

“Hit him!”

“It’s Ramirez, sir!”

“I don’t give a fuck, hit that man! He’s infected!”

Several semi-hard balls splattered against Estaban’s developing form. He opened his mouth to shout, “No!” but the intense narcotic effects started sinking through his skin and infiltrating his system. He was still growing and cumming when he collapsed into the sand, his mind unconscious even as his body continued to hearken to Transform's undeniable power.

“He’s in the lake!”

“Where’s the other one?”

“He’s in the lake!”

Caleb swam away from the shore where the attack was organized. He couldn't see through the lake's mire of plants and silt, but his tremendous strength pushed him through the water easily. He was still scared as he began to emerge on the other side, dripping and naked.

"Subject spotted! Eastern edge!"

"Take him out!"

Robbie watched the helicopters suddenly shift and start to converge on the far side of the lake. Two large figures were already down on the sand near the rock where his adventure had started weeks before. Mitch and Caleb, he thought. That was Mitch and Caleb. And he thought they were dead.

Hanging in the sky, unseen by the forces below, naked but far from defenseless, Robbie started to descend toward the helicopters. They were still after someone. He was going to help them, whoever they were.

Caleb heard the choppers approaching and he ran into the trees. In his escape, he had reverted to his own physical appearance and was moving with speed and a tracker's ability to slip through the wilderness leaving little trace of his passing. The shadows and limbs surrounded his retreating form, but he was not invisible.

"He's going deep!"

"Keep on him!"

"I've lost visual!"

"Switch to thermal scoping. Keep on him!"

Robbie fell toward the helicopters and was buffeted by the disturbance their movements created. His form of flying relied on the updrafts and downdrafts and the weight and substance of the air. He moved through the sky as if he was swimming through wind, and



the choppers were causing enormous and unpredictable changes in the currents his Transformed senses could detect. It was like trying to swim through a storm-tossed sea, but he was determined to help whomever these men sought to capture.

Robbie twisted his huge body and sank into a fold between waves of wind, he straightened and arced over and found himself falling directly toward the swiftly rotating blades of one of the three helicopters.

Caleb stopped and stood stock still, listening. He closed his eyes and concentrated on the sound of the helicopters, determining where they were and which way he should go. Sounds echoed and reverberated around him. He thought about Mitch collapsing in his arms and his emotions threatened to overwhelm him. He pulled in a calming breath and listened harder.

Robbie was diving toward a helicopter and used the craft's disturbance of air to buffet his fall and he swung behind it, grabbing onto the aircraft's tail like a gymnast on the uneven bars. His weight and strength were too much for the fragile machine and he literally tore the tail free.

"Mayday! Mayday! We've been hit!"

"Holy shit! Look! It's one of them!"

"We're going down!"

"Bail! Bail!"

The helicopter was suddenly twisting in the air like a wounded beast, disgorging the pilot and the gunner as it plunged. Robbie flew around and under the fatally wounded chopper and tried to find his wings again, finding himself suddenly falling between the torrents of air the damaged craft was creating.

Caleb heard a crunch and a twisting of metal, then a sound like something being torn apart and a small explosion. He started running.

Robbie fell a hundred feet and then found his flying wings, again. The pilot and gunner were above him, one hanging in the sky from a parachute, the other flailing wildly with a failed pack, and one of the remaining helicopters was swinging around to face him. He pushed

against the air and sent himself soaring quickly toward one of the descending men – the one without a parachute.

Cpl. Brandon “Bud” Charleston was a 23-year-old graduate of the Airforce Academy. He was an Iraqi war veteran from West Virginia. He had been an Eagle Scout and had a perfect record. He had been raised by his grandmother, who had died before seeing him become the man he was today. His mother was a drug addict and he didn’t know who his father was. He was proud of his African heritage and his singing voice, a cool clear baritone.

He was now free-falling several hundred feet above a Canadian forest without the benefit of a US government-issued parachute when a 6’ 9” muscular naked man was impossibly but obviously flying up toward him after somehow managing to pull his chopper apart with his bare hands.

Panic swelled in his head like bees and he wished to God he had a sidearm like his gunner’s mate, Cpl. Paul Sanderson. But it had left the chopper before he did, falling into the trees as he scrambled to pull the useless ripcord, and he was weaponless. He tried to look up toward Paul as he tumbled, tried to see if he was going to shoot that man before he....

But he was already there, already before him, impossibly huge, impossibly naked, impossibly powerful looking. He was simply floating in midair, not even breathing hard. “Tag,” the muscular man said, just before he put his huge hands around Bud’s head and kissed him full on the lips. “You’re it!”

Bud’s body suddenly heated up a million degrees and he felt like he was exploding. Something whistled by his head and he knew Paul had shot a bullet toward his captor. The heat zeroed in on his prick and it felt like it weighed 20 pounds. It tingled and throbbed and filled up with sex. Something was happening to him as he continued to fall through the screaming sky, something that made his uniform grow suddenly tight, then simply rip itself apart. The man who had kissed him said something that sounded like “I’m sorry,” but Bud didn’t care, he felt too good. He was overwhelmed with a feeling of incredible orgasmic joy. Everything suddenly felt a million times better than it had a moment ago. He felt himself falling, his body had swelled so huge so fast that he had also torn through the straps of the useless parachute, and he was naked and free.

He was falling and it felt good, the wind rushing over his naked skin, his muscles singing with power, his body swelling as he fell. Then the man was there again, that amazing flying man, and he was kissing him again. “Hurry up,” he said, grinning.

“What?” Bud swooned as another rushing surge of orgasmic bliss and sudden muscular growth exploded. His cock felt amazing. He wanted to kiss someone. He wanted to fuck someone. He had never felt so amazing and powerful and sexy in his life. The man’s arms were holding him and his descent through the sky had suddenly slowed. He heard someone, someone’s voice, calling his name from somewhere. Another bullet whistled by, but it’s

whistle stopped suddenly as it struck something hard. The man, the kissing man, said, "Ouch," and then started to laugh.

"I said 'hurry up,'" the voice sounded like sex. It sank into his head and tickled his balls and licked his asshole. Another sound, something much louder, was growing around them and drowning out any other sound. The big, nude man was gone.

"He got Bud!"

"How? What the fuck is going on, Sergeant?"

"He got Bud!!"

"Shoot that son of a bitch! Now!"

"I'll hit Bud!"

"It's too late for Corporal Charleston! Open fire! That's an order!"

Bud fell through the canopy of the trees as he grew. He was inflating at a rapid pace, the cells of his body dividing and subdividing at an accelerating pace. His muscles exploded with size and strength. His skeletal frame cracked and expanded to keep up. His skin stretched and grew dense, like armor. His body was strong and firm and huge. He hit the ground and bounced, having fallen from the sky to the earth like a god from the heavens. He felt dazed and horny in equal measure, his body felt no pain, only pleasure, and he slammed into a bank of trees and a growth of shrubs before finally coming to rest without a scratch on his amazing new body. He lay on the cool, moist ground as his growth matured to full Transformation, an 18-foot high muscular behemoth with twin pricks and an unstoppable libido, breathing hard and exhilarated from his fall and from his metamorphosis.

He opened his eyes and smiled as a feeling of complete and utter satisfaction and supreme physical strength sang through him. He reached down to his twin erections and felt them explode with hot cream. It splashed across his naked skin. It sank inside. He came again. Then he was struck by several semi-hard rubber balls coated in an adhesive narcotic designed to penetrate his dense layer of skin and enter his bloodstream, rendering him temporarily cataleptic.

Four much smaller men suited up in protective outfits approached his prone form.

"Subject is down," one reported into his helmet mic. "And he is one big sum-bitch."

"Cut the editorial comments and find the other one."

“He’s coming to.”

“Already? Drug him again.”

“What about Ramirez?”

“That’s not Lt. Ramirez.”

“Well, what about the other man?”

“Drug him, too. We’ll sort it out when we get back to base.”

“But....”

“Orders are orders.”

Robbie watched the new Transformed man fall from the sky and the other man still safely floating and shooting up at him before he set his sites on the next chopper. “Too sloppy,” he said to himself. “Let’s see if we can do the next one a little better, Robbie my man.” He grinned like a child at play as he sailed swiftly through the blue toward the second chopper.

“He’s coming! He’s coming!”

“Shoot him! Shoot that motherfucker!”

“Here he comes!”

This time Robbie planted himself on the windscreen of the chopper, his arms stretched wide enough to grab hold of the front of it. His muscles bunched and flexed monstrosly, swelling with strength easily summoned, his body energized with the power of three dozen strong men, the ability to lift tons of steel, and he ripped the front of the helicopter off.

The pilot and the gunner were frozen in place, shocked to their bones at the site of the hugely muscled naked man spread-eagled across their windscreen literally pulling the face of their chopper off in his bare hands. They watched his perfect and undamaged nude body with wide eyes and open mouths, unable to easily process that what they were seeing was actually happening, even as the helicopter began screaming its death throes at them.

It came free in his hand much easier than Robbie expected and he was thrown off balance in mid-air, holding onto the chopper's door frame with one hand and casting the crumpled mass of aluminum and plastic aside with the other before falling into the cabin of the disintegrating aircraft and managing, somehow, to sit his prefect ass down directly between its stunned occupants.

"Hi, dudes," he said with that same smile on his lips.

"Fuck," said one of them, his word almost lost in the winds shoving around the cabin. The chopper's blades were still turning, but Robbie had managed to remove the controls along with the front of the cabin. The tail rotors were starting to pinwheel what was left of the chopper like a top, and without the straps holding the men in, they would already be falling toward the ground.

"Excellent idea," Robbie agreed, shouting, "but let's get you out of those clothes first!" He grabbed each man by the arm and shoved a sudden, unfiltered, full blast of Transform into their bodies. "I'll catch up to you later!" He winked at them, and fell out of the helicopter, arms outstretched to catch the wind like a sail, and rose into the sky. His body, dense with muscle, crashed through the overhead rotors like steel through paper and they shattered, showering the carcass of the dying helicopter with shrapnel.

The two men inside were suddenly pelted with shards of razor-sharp metal, but they were already too large to remain encased by the chopper's metal skeleton, and it simply ruptured like an egg shell as they burst free of it, swelling with power. Their growing bodies were thrown apart by the resulting explosion, each man flying into the air as their bodies grew increasingly powerful and automatically healing the injuries they had sustained. Wounds closed themselves with no sign of a scar. Muscles surrounded their limbs like impenetrable chain mail, and the process of Transformation delivered them into an embrace of pure sexual release. Like Bud, the two men fell safely to earth without a scratch on their perfect muscular forms.

Like Bud, both were set upon by members of the capturing force and subdued before they could cause more men to succumb.

The third – and final – chopper swung aside when they watched the second one torn apart by the infected man. They had seen bullets literally bouncing off the man's naked flesh. They had no defenses to defeat him. They elected, instead, to escape.

Robbie was flying through the sky's twisting winds, swooping and diving and twisting through the vortices and thermals. His body reacted with a natural grace, and he was now flying with a second nature, as easily as running or swimming. His thoughts weren't concerned with the manner of conveyance any longer, he was zeroed in on the last helicopter and the safety of whomever was left in the forest below. "Oh no you don't," he said to himself, smiling. "C'mon now, boys, you know you want me. Come and get me!"

He wasn't angry, and he wasn't scared.

But he was horny as fuck.

Caleb was still running, now unobserved from above, but unknowing of where he was or where he was going. His thoughts were filled with the last image of Mitch in his arms, his powerful form crumpled, his gleaming eyes fluttering, his beautiful mouth slack. Caleb's body carried him forward effortlessly through the dark, dense foliage. He moved with inhuman silence and unnatural grace, jumping and darting like some super-powered gazelle crossed with the immense form of a bear. His skin was dark with mud and grit, and though branches had reached out to tear his skin he was utterly without injury, as perfect as he had been before the chase had started.

He slowed and stopped, finally. Not to catch his breath, because he wasn't breathing hard, and not to rest his muscles, because they had hardly been taxed at all by the unending streak through the dark forest. Blood was pumping through his veins and into his great muscles, hot and fast and charged with oxygen, but he felt as if he could keep running forever.

He stopped to listen for signs of pursuit, and to get his bearings, and to take in what had happened to him. Who were those men? What did they want? He had done nothing, literally nothing at all, since encountering Robbie and Mitch in the woods. It had to be what had happened to him, obviously, but from what Robbie and Mitch had told him, even they had no idea what had happened.

Why had they not simply approached them? Why attack them? And those absurd suits and helmets, as if they were dripping with some deadly virus. He had never felt better in his life! Even looking at himself now, he was again amazed at his capabilities and amazing and seemingly limitless gifts. He had swum across a lake on a single breath. He had been running at full speed and wasn't out of breath, wasn't even tired. His body, miraculous and powerful, did everything and anything he asked of it with no effort at all. He didn't even know if he had limitations anymore – it certainly didn't seem like it!

He remembered that something hit his butt as he dove under the water and he turned to look down at his own ass to see what had happened. He was covered in filth and mud, but as he moved his fingers over the contour of his right ass cheek he could feel something embedded in the skin. He plucked at it with his fingernail until it popped out into his palm.

He brought the pellet up to his face to look at it more closely. It was like a needle, pointed at both ends, and thicker in the middle. The head was slightly flattened, as if the impact with his body had mashed the lead like a wall of steel. The needle had embedded itself into his butt, but done him no damage at all. Looking again at his ass, and feeling his flesh with his hand, there was no blood, no indent, no sign that a bullet had ever managed to insert itself into the relatively soft flesh of his ass at all.

He laughed softly and crushed the needle between his fingers with a crackling electronic snap before dropping it to the forest floor.

There was the faint and unmistakable sound of an explosion somewhere far off behind him. How far had he run? And what was happening back there? What was exploding, and why?

He elected not to investigate. Caleb turned on his heel, and continued his escape.

Robbie scooped air with his huge arms and shoved it behind him, shooting himself through the air after the last helicopter. The chopper pilot was flying a radical course, dropping and soaring as if he could shake the path of the man pursuing him. Robbie could sense the currents before him as they violently shifted and exploded, easily coursing his way through them, pivoting and twisting like a leaf.

The helicopter was headed back toward the other shore, across the lake, back to the safety of the force of men with their soft bullets filled with poison. They no longer tried firing projectile weapons at him, they knew how useless that was. He was invincible, gifted with impenetrable skin and muscle harder than steel.

"He's following us! He's following us!"

"He's supposed to follow you, soldier!"

"Shit! Look how fast he is!"

"Canisters ready!"

"Aye, sir!"

Robbie didn't want to hurt anyone. But he didn't want to be hurt, and he wanted them to leave Mitch and Caleb alone.

And watching that black kid swelling with muscle, and those two dudes in the other 'copter crack the shell with their growth – he was feeling extremely aroused. This flying shit also had his hard-on in overdrive. There was something about the ultimate freedom of naked flying that was euphoric and blissful. He really wanted to fuck someone. He wanted to land on that beach and rip every man out of his silly plastic suit and watch them all explode with muscle. He wanted them all together, naked, on the beach, in the sunset, fucking the living daylights out of each other.

He sighed and smiled and pushed himself toward the retreating chopper.

“Sir?”

“Not yet!”

“Sir?”

“Not yet! He’s gotta get closer!”

Robbie twisted and arced in the sky. He found a pocket and dove through it, closing on the helicopter at nearly 100 miles per hour.

“Sir?”

“Do it!”

The copter banked suddenly, dangerously, up above the tree line and Robbie was caught in the rotor wake. The air was saturated with an aerosolized solution of the narcotic on this side of the lake, and now it was all sucked into the air and surrounded Robbie’s body, clinging to his skin in a mist of fine droplets.

It struck him all at once and he was falling, no longer held in the arms of the winds aloft. His unconscious body was sailing diagonally toward the lake at 80 miles per hour, and he struck the surface like an egg hurled at concrete.

“He’s down! He’s down!”



"No shit. Retrieve the body, we don't want him drowning on us. Where's the third subject?"

"We lost him, sir. East of here. He was in the woods, heading North."

"Tracker?"

"Gone dead, sir. Four miles outside the perimeter."

"Four fucking miles?"

"In six minutes sir. Through a forest."

"All right. Pack things up. We won't catch him this way. Get some agents in every town for a 50-mile radius, concentrate north of point zero. Report results to Main Office. And get that fucking chopper down here before we lose it, too! What about Ramirez?"

"Full infection. Charleston, McDonald and Tallman, too. They're subdued, along with S. Zero and S. One. Extraction team en route."

"Damn. How big?"

"Ramirez is at 5.48 meters. Charleston slightly larger, about 5.5 meters. McDonald at 5.58 and Tallman is 5.63 meters."

"In American?"

"About 18 and a half feet."

"Tallman. Ironic."

"Yes, sir."

## Chapter Thirty

Wolf's voice suddenly appeared inside Maddox's head. ::He's coming.::

Maddox pursed his lips, or more accurately he pursed Andy's lips. He paused only a moment in his duties and then continued switching his view of the cameras monitoring every inch of the facilities. It was deadly dull work. He dearly missed being in the field. But maybe – at last – some action was in the offing. ::Where?::

::The usual place. High security. No contact. You won't be able to observe him. They're keeping very tight reins on our Sam.::

::You expected less?:: He furrowed his brow. ::Where's Sherman?::

Wolf was off duty, resting in his bunk, eyes closed as he debriefed his cohort. ::I'm leaving him out of this, for now. He's under suspicion.::

::Slip up?:: Fuck.

::Marshall's been compromised. Seems our young friend has been exercising his talents. The whole section is on watch. Bio, bio-chem. Everyone. Very bad leak.::

::That explains a lot. Remind me to have a little talk with Jason.::

::You may be able to do that in person.::

::What's up?::

::The time is approaching when we may make our move. They're scheduled to move Jason to another cell. Robbie – Sam's real name is Robbie Nelson – Robbie was a naughty little boy. Seems he managed to Transform four soldiers before capture. They picked up another man with him. A third escaped.::

::Six newbies?:: Maddox's brow arched in spite of his attempt to look neutral. ::What about the soldiers? It isn't like Peck to allow them..."

::Nothing he can do, now. They're fully Transformed. Seems Robbie isn't like Jason or the others Jason was unknowingly altering in stages. Robbie's 100%. His companion is too. However it happened, he came all the way through – in addition to his new talents with electronics.::

::A trigger, then.::

::Trigger?::

::A term Carlos uses to refer to new Brothers who, once Transformed, develop new abilities or capacities no one else had before. Every new talent, from flying to shrinking to talking like this, they were all triggered by a new Brother. Others might bring accentuated growth or size. Just another little benefit to a constant stream of new blood.::

::Why wasn't Jason fully Transformed, then? If Sam, er, Robbie was always at full strength...?:::

::Not my specialty. Maybe it was unintentional. Maybe it was accidental. We'll ask him when we meet him.:: Maddox flipped to a new view on his monitors. ::Lots of activity outside. Must be close.::

::Coming in from Canada. The four soldiers are at full height, stuck in mid-Transform apparently. They're all being kept sedated.::

::How is that possible?:::

::New drug. Or massive doses of an old one.::

::Even so, if bullets can't penetrate then how can... never mind. Bullets are big, hard things. Drugs can be absorbed. Not sure why that never occurred to me before.:: He moved the camera around to try and see Robbie. It was dark outside, and there was a lot going on. ::What's their plan?:::

::I think they're trying to figure that out. Apparently they're convinced he's one of us.::

::Makes perfect sense.::

::They'll probably try to drill him for info and make some empty threats.::

::What info?:::

::The usual. Our plans. How we're going to take over the world. Just some fucking shit, they don't know what the hell they're doing.:: The last came through colored with mirth and some annoyance, but no anger. Transformed men didn't feel anger. It had been replaced.

Loyalty, however, was still a very strong thread running through their very sturdy fabric. No one fucks with a Brother, unless that Brother wants to be fucked.

::Anything else?:::

::I know what Operation Midnight is.::

::That sounds ominous.::

::Last ditch defense. They don't want a repeat of what happened at the last Main Office. I guess you boys had some fun.::

::I'd tell you it was an accident, but that's only half true. I couldn't help it at the time.::

::Regardless of intentions, they don't want another mass Transformation. So if we take that route this time, the whole place goes up.::

::You're shitting me.::

::You say that a lot.:: Maddox smiled. Wolf wasn't accusing, only observing. It was how he was, all stoic observation and steely nerve. It made Maddox ache to touch his muscled body and kiss his soft, warm mouth. He was one sexy fucker. ::Operation Midnight goes into effect at the first sign of an outbreak.::

::What about the situation in bio-chem?::

::It's been contained. As far as they know. This is an automatic defense. I gather that the presence of scores of men suddenly inflating with muscle and growing tall enough to break through the ceiling did a job on the structure?::

::Pretty much destroyed it.::

::At the first sign of a breakdown in structural integrity anywhere in the facilities, Operation Midnight goes into effect. Sensors are implanted throughout Main Office. So we need to be very careful about how we manage to carry this out. One wall out of place and 'boom!':::

::Which wouldn't stop us.::

::But it would halt the spread of the – I hate using this term – the infection. They'd rather kill their own men than allow them to join the Brotherhood. That's their main goal, of course. Halting the spread of Transform, and doing so at the source.::

::But we're such lovable guys!::

::Riiiiight.::

::This smells like Peck.::

::Wow.::

::What?::

::What an incredible prick he must be.::

::That sums him up rather well. What are they going to do with Robbie? How are they proposing to interview him?::

::Well, they can't risk putting a camera on the guy in case he does his magic and makes all the observers explode with muscle, so someone has to be in the room with him.::

::Who's the lucky man?::

Maddox couldn't see Wolf's smile, but a sense of satisfaction and glee came through the mindlink quite clearly.

There were four of them. Trained soldiers all, debriefed on the threat, they knew what would happen to their bodies if they became exposed to the menace they were facing. Esteban Ramirez, Bud Charleston, Darrell McDonald and Ronny Tallman. They knew what they were, now. They knew what had happened to them. What had been done to them. And that it could not be un-done.

They had each been brought in separately to their new quarters. Clean rooms with no electronics, no windows, a single door. The ceiling was 25 feet overhead, allowing room for them should they elect suddenly to swell into their ultimate size. They had been issued new uniforms, white stretchy outfits that clung to their bodies like a second skin, making them appear to be sort of superheroes, their new muscles bulging in thickly etched perfection, their new sexual equipment shoving massively against the confines leaving nothing at all to the imagination.

They didn't know what they looked like. They awoke from their drug-induced slumbers already clothed, already sequestered, already alone. Their new bodies were pumping massive amounts of testosterone through their systems. They felt better than great. They felt huge and powerful and wildly, overwhelmingly, astonishingly horny. Beyond horny. Leagues beyond it.

It was one thing to be Transformed by someone and then be able instantly to enjoy all the new heightened masculine physical and sexual powers with the person who brought you. It was quite another to be fully Transformed in the space of seconds and then be knocked out while your body continues to alter itself into the ultimate expression of male perfection, and then wake up alone and insatiably hungry for another man's touch.

Jason, at least, had the benefit of being Transformed over a period of days, plus he had been surrounded by an ample and constant audience of worshipful attendants as he matured into his new body. The four men who had been instantly upgraded by Robbie's powerful metamorphosis had nothing and no one to fall back on.

Esteban awoke and sat up. He knew where he was, immediately. It was not wholly unexpected. Even as he had been kissed and felt himself swelling as he fell through the sky, in the back of his mind he was having a series of major “Oh, shit” moments. Firstly, he thought “Oh, shit” over the fact that his parachute had malfunctioned and he was facing certain death, or at least a very uncomfortable and bone-crushing landing once gravity was through with him. Then, there was an “Oh, shit” when he saw the figure of the huge naked man flying toward him. Another “Oh, shit” blossomed when he felt the man’s hands touching his skin, and then the man’s lips pressed against his mouth. And the final “Oh, shit” that chained them all together as he felt the Transformation overwhelm him and his body changed in the course of a few heartbeats.

It had undoubtedly saved his life, that action. Of course, his life wouldn’t have needed saving if the dude hadn’t torn the tail off his chopper.

As he recovered consciousness and the full realization of what had happened hit him, another sensation hit him with the power of the sun. He was incredibly aroused. More aroused than he had ever felt in his life. He realized that the whole ‘hot Latin blood’ thing was both legendary and stereotypical, but at that moment it felt all too real.

His blood was on fire. His whole body was on fire. His cock felt like a throbbing, heavy, hot length of massive sex. His balls tingled and bulged with cream. He was acutely aware of his asshole and his nipples. His lips buzzed and his tongue felt thick and every huge muscle on his body was pulsing with something hot and wet and arousing.

His hands began to move across the contours of his new form, and everywhere he touched himself he succeeded in turning up the flame. The suit they put him in did little to alleviate the sensations of sexual bliss erupting everywhere on his body. He moved his hand across the fat hemispheres of muscle across his chest and he circled a nipple with his middle finger. His cock jerked and hardened and erupted with a gush of pre-cum, joyful and eager. He could feel the heat of his tool throbbing against his hip.

Make that tools. He had two cocks. Two huge, hungry, hard cocks. He moved his other hand down to rest it on one of them and it grew against his touch, swelling fatter and longer. The head pushed against its confines and it renewed its gushing pump of pre-cum. His skin-hugging white superhero tights grew darker as the stain of his sexual desire spread across his groin. His second cock begged attention and he put his other hand against its shaft and was rewarded with a third massive flow.

Grinning, Esteban slipped his thumbs under the thin waistband and peeled the material away, allowing his twin monsters to swell and harden, each helmeted plum shrouded in a wealth of foreskin, both piss slits pouring out clear, salty, thick pre-cum in heavy abundance.

As Esteban was exploring his new sexual boundaries, Bud Charleston was exploring his own.

The very first thing Bud did after regaining consciousness was to strip his body out of the ridiculous tights. He was incredibly hot, in both senses, but the only one he knew about was temperature-wise. He wanted to be naked. No, he needed to be naked. So he tore the clothing from his body and stood up, stretching his frame and his muscles.

Transform had done an amazing job on the man's dark-skinned body. His chest was massive – two squared-off hemispheres of bulging brawn so thick and awesome that he almost looked overbalanced – and so was his ass. Bubble butt didn't even begin to describe the beauty of the twin muscular globes mounted with jutting perfection on his backside. His lower back was equally impressive, with fat cables of power thick enough to place a hand between them.

His chocolate skin was dusted with tight black curls. His nipples were jet black. He had a belly that bulged with power. No slim waist for this colossus, the man had an 8-pack built for support of the massive upper body he'd been gifted with.

None of that meant that his legs were over-shadowed. On the contrary, it would take a chest and ass of the magnitude with which Bud had been given to compete with the enormous slabs of power lining his long, long legs.

Overall, the man was nothing short of a monster.

Between his gigantic thighs, two fat cocks arched out and dangled nearly to his knees. Both anacondas were drooling thick strands of pre-cum, throbbing insistently for his touch. His balls hung low and fat, churning with their load, and it didn't take him long to grab on to each of his beauties and start stroking out the first of several copious fountains of thick creamy cum.

Darrell McDonald was a career soldier. 29 years old, with eight years spent in the Armed Services. Maybe not the brightest bulb in the pack, but not a slouch, either. He enjoyed the discipline and chain of command. He enjoyed the camaraderie and fellowship. He liked being in the army.

He was awake, now, and living inside a brand new shell. One built for combat, that was certain. He remembered the whole bullshit speech they delivered during pre-launch. "Don't let them touch you. Any exposure, and I mean any, will result in full infection of your person and the end of your life as you know it. These are not human beings we pursue, gentlemen. These are monsters. These are freaks of nature. Abominations who want nothing less than to destroy our way of life!"

Yodda yodda yodda. Did he roll his eyes in the meeting? He doubted that. But he'd also heard the same speech and turn of phrase thrown at Al Qaeda and the late, great Saddam. Over the top rhetoric designs to get the new recruits jazzed, give 'em a hard on for war, set

'em up for the enemy. He didn't need that shit. Just point him at a target, hand him a weapon, and he was good.

'Now look at you,' he said. His voice now emerged as a throaty rumble. How could it not, living inside a chest the size of a tank? He was sitting against the wall of his room – more like a cell, really, but he didn't want to think like that. He was wearing some weird white suit, kind of shimmery, and when he plucked at it, it pulled away from his body and then snapped right back in place, as perfect as before. It wasn't uncomfortable, but seemed stupid. Who was it protecting? It sure wasn't doing much for him.

Besides, he'd seen what that guy could do, the man who tore his chopper apart and then did... what he did to him. He'd fired bullets directly at the man. And not just the usual bullets, these were armor-piercing 35mm anti-air ammunition firing through twin 90 caliber barrels at 1,100 rounds per minute. This was armament designed to take out fucking aircraft, and he watched it bounce off the guy's body like he was fucking Superman or something.

Course, the fact that he was fucking flying was another hard-to-miss detail. Pity nobody mentioned that before he sat his ass down in the fucking chopper. But he thought of the old saying, 'military intelligence is a contradiction in terms.'

He smiled and shifted his weight. Damn, this body was amazing. He could feel all his muscles with an intensity that defied logic. He had a new connection to his physical self he never imagined before. He moved his finger against his chest and pushed, wondering why it seemed so, well, human, when he knew he could now withstand those same fucking bullets.

What had they said? "In case of exposure, be prepared for enormous physical changes. The disease infects the mind as well as the body. There's no telling how you will react afterwards, and it is likely you will suffer severe mental disorders."

Fuuuuuck. Darrell shook his shaggy head – where the fuck did all this hair come from, anyway? He had been halfway to bald before this happened, and now he had this lion's mane of dark brown hair. He pulled a handful into his grip and tugged. Yep, definitely physically connected. It felt really soft, too, and smelled nice. He pushed it all back behind his head and sat back again, as that unavoidable feeling of warmth crept through his body.

He recognized the feeling, of course. It was sex. It was that feeling he got looking at porn. Or he used to. Now that feeling was cropping up constantly, but he noticed it happened most intensely at times like now, when he was thinking about Ronny.

He liked Ronny from the start. They made a good team. Ronny was a good pilot, fast reflexes, cool headed. He could hold that fucking chopper on a dime and just hang there, in the sky, like a falcon on a warm breeze. Tall fucking dude, stood 6-foot 7 in his bare feet.

Big feet, too. Size 14, was it? Something ridiculous. Huge. And he was always smiling. Nice smile. Made his face light up. Made him seem almost pretty. His eyes were a kind of green,



but there was a gold fleck in the left one. Long eyelashes, too. Everything about him was long. Bet he has a long fucking d...

Fuck! There it goes again! The warmth was all over his body, sinking into his skin and tingling agreeably. Was this that severe mental disorder they talked about? He steered his thoughts away from Ronnie's smile and the contents of his pants and thought about his situation, again.

What was he supposed to do, now? Why hold him in here like this? Hell, they had to have seen what that other guy was capable of. What a fucking amazing soldier he'd be now! Flying? Fuck! He could fly! Why didn't they set him loose, let him fly his ass into Iraq, let him get in there and get some of them swarthy, sweaty fuckers in a room, all those hairy muscular soldiers, and he could grab them all and strip them naked and kiss them and...

Fuck! What the fuck?!? Kiss them? Naked? Hairy? The fuck?

Okay, get a grip, son. You're First Lieutenant Darrell McDonald. Serial number 38447502. Assigned to Main Office, special forces. You're a gunner in the chopper Louisa along with its pilot, Sergeant Ronald Tallman. You went down during Operation Impound after being attacked by... by a... a naked man with muscles out to here and a dick the size of a liter of Coke and he touched you on the arm and you felt like you were gonna fucking bust a nut and now you're sitting in a fucking cell because you fucking did your duty and now what? Now what?

"Now what?" The rumble of his new voice sounded very loud in the otherwise silent room. He missed Ronny. Ronny could joke it up. He could always see the silver lining. He was a good kid. 21 years old. Hardly even a man, yet. What the fuck are you talking about, Darrell? You'll be 30 next week.

"Happy fucking birthday," he said, and then he laughed. The warmth was back, stronger than ever. His dicks were getting hard. He could feel them growing hot as they lengthened along his thighs, crawling up his legs under this stupid white suit. He spread his legs apart and watched his dicks climb his thighs, their veiny shafts and bulbous crowns clearly evident against the hard contours of his leg muscles. Shit, he had some big fucking cocks.

They grew bigger from his admiration. He brushed them with the backs of his hands. They felt so firm! So huge! He moved his touch along their girths. So fucking hard, like glass. Like steel. The sleek material allowed them to easily slip along his muscled inner thighs. They just kept growing, bigger and bigger. The heads plumped, the mushroom caps blooming. He moved his grips around each thick shaft and squeezed. Twin plumes of pre-cum erupted suddenly with a wet sounding squirt. A shock of intense sexual pleasure electrified his whole body. He could feel the warm wetness spread down them, dripping along the hot skin, heating them up even further. They continued to grow longer and fatter and harder.

Ronny's smile lit up inside his head.

Ronny was wandering in a circle in his room. He had managed to accidentally discover a few of his new capabilities that no one had bothered to tell him about. Growing and shrinking. Controlling his new body with innate and pinpoint accuracy. Swelling with masses of muscle or compacting it to a more manageable size. He was used to being big, but there was big and then there was ridiculous.

Ronny had always been practical. Methodical, too. Searching for solutions in every tricky situation.

And really, what was so bad about this? What was he going to complain about? Oh, poor me, I can fly. I can bend steel with my bare hands. I own two huge pricks. I feel fucking amazing and I'm virtually indestructible. Somebody shoot me.

He laughed. It was true, he did have an amazing smile, but its wattage had increased substantially under the power of Transform. He owned the face of an angel. Maybe a god. And not some lowly demigod, no, an honest to goodness fucking Greek God, with the chiseled chin and the sharp cheekbones and the masculine brow to prove it.

Not that he knew any of that. But it wouldn't have mattered to him, anyway. It was his nature to take things like that in stride. "You think I'm handsome? Really? I guess that's nice." The fact that he owned a face that could make time stand still in awe of its beauty? Oh, well.

His body was no less impressive – perhaps even more so. Bud had developed into a muscular monster with a bubble butt of ungodly beauty. Esteban was an Aztec idol with kissable lips and a muscularity of deeply etched perfection. Darrell, when he managed to get his 'whoa is me' head out of his gorgeous ass, would realize that his new body was a collection of brawn almost too dense to be believed. His body was made of nothing except solid, rock-hard muscle, with a vascular network of veins pumping blood into the heavy bellies of power.

But it was Ronny's body that had really morphed into something beyond amazing.

Maybe it was because he was tall to begin with. Maybe it was something in his genes. Maybe he was just lucky. Whatever the reason, his body displayed a perfection of form and power that had to be seen to be believed. Everything was pumped and primed and perfect. Nothing seemed to stick out too much, or overshadow another part. Every muscle flowed effortlessly and beautifully into the next. He was gorgeous.

Even his cocks were incredibly developed. Thick, heavy, full and meaty, his new pricks – two of them! – begged to be worshipped, fondled, sucked and stroked. They were fuck machines, massive pistons built for being shoved deeply and entirely into a waiting ass that would then be fucked to blissful heavenly orgasmic paradise.

And if anyone was lucky enough to encounter his worshipful butt, they might have think they died and went to ass heaven.

And if anything, he smelled even better than he looked.

He was pacing in his room like a caged tiger, restless, bored and itching to do something. Or, more accurately, someone. Just as Transform had worked its magic to utter perfection on his physique, so too had it amped up his sex drive to something even beyond what a Transformed man could expect.

The only thing that kept him from simply jerking off continually was his discovery that he had control over himself, and the need he felt not to simply relieve his pent-up sexual energy on his own two pricks but to be with someone else. He needed to touch someone. He wanted to be touched.

But he knew it wasn't going to happen. They'd been told of the consequences. They were warned that the infection wasn't pleasant, but this was maddening.

He stopped in the center of the room and looked up. "Hello?" He paused, not expecting an answer but hoping for one anyway. "I was just... um... wondering if maybe someone could just talk to me?" He had no idea that his voice was saturated with the power of Transform, that his every utterance, every syllable spoken, could cause an ordinary man to lose control and suffer an orgasm of ungodly proportions. If he did know, he could have controlled it, as he was controlling everything else.

It just didn't occur to him.

"Hello?"

Ronny Tallman sighed and started to flex and stretch his new body. It didn't feel tired or worn, but it just felt really good to stretch all his muscles, feeling them pull tight, bunch, and release. He found he could now practically bend over backwards. He could lift his leg parallel to his body, kissing his own knee. He could perform effortless splits, moving his legs apart with no pain. The floor felt cool against his asshole through the thin material. His dicks wanted to get hard from the sensation but he kept them pliable. He could do that now.

He stood erect again and closed his eyes, centering himself. Calm overtook him, but he could still feel every millimeter of skin and muscle and bone with intensity. He had never been so fully aware of himself before. It was thrilling and captivating. He shoved blood into one prick and felt it surge. He pulled the other into his body cavity and it disappeared as if it had never been there. He smiled, that was good. No sense shocking anyone too badly. Being a bodybuilder was one thing. Being a twin-dicked bodybuilder would take more than a little explaining.

Opening his eyes again he looked down to check his dicks. He rested his hand on his thigh and brushed his thumb along the length of his observable prick, still feeling the other one

as fully as if it was still obvious. Of all his body parts, his cocks seemed to have minds of their own, reacting instantly and automatically to his attentions, swelling with sudden size, eager to please. He smiled and moved the pad of his thumb slowly across the semi-hard expanse of cock under his tight leggings. It bulged and hardened with happy urgency.

He pulled his hand away and sucked in a cool breath of air. His mighty chest expanded enormously. He felt his nipples rub against the material and a fresh lightning bolt of sexual bliss erupted from them. He wondered if all clothing felt like that, and was that the reason the men on the beach were naked? Was it easier to live inside this body if one weren't constantly aroused by the touch of cloth on the skin?

He tentatively moved his fingers to the hem of the shirt and pulled it upwards, exposing his cobblestone belly. His skin was super-sensitized to everything. The air on his flesh tingled and excited him. He moved one hand onto the firmness of his abs and a fresh, sudden tremor of pleasure erupted. God, his skin felt amazing. So smooth, so warm, so sensuous. He lifted the shirt higher until his chest was exposed as well.

He was hairy now. He'd been smooth before, but the changes had given birth to a thick dark forest of curls that grew thickly between the heavy globes of muscle and spread across the expanse. Dark, fat nipples poked their heads through the sea of curls. He wondered, idly, what it would feel like to have someone chewing his nipples. The very idea made them throb agreeably.

His chest seemed to pour forth from the shirt once exposed, as if it was growing more massive. The shirt clung to his body so tightly that he didn't have to hold it up, so he moved both hands onto his torso and felt the power coursing through his muscles, and the intense erotic pleasure his skin delivered. It was like a drug, the impact this soft, slow touching was having on his senses. Could he even survive having sex with someone, pressing his naked body against theirs, wrapped up in their arms?

It was becoming overwhelming. Clearly, his body needed this. The touching. It rewarded even the slightest caress with cascades of sensual bliss. He was almost afraid to find out what fucking someone would feel like.

But he wanted to know even more badly.

His balls ached. He knew he was full of cum. Bulging with it. He would have to relieve himself again, soon. This time he would swallow it all. It tasted good, the little he managed to splash on his lips. He would pull his cock inside his mouth and suck his own balls dry. Something told him that would be very satisfying, indeed.

He moved his hands down his muscled body and peeled his pants downward. His heavy cock sprang outward and he finally allowed it to achieve erection. It swelled hugely, arching up and gushing pre-cum. He bent his mouth down to the flowing fount and sucked the plum into his warm, wet mouth.

He was cumming a flood instantly. Ronny gulped it down and felt his cream fulfill and energize him utterly.

He decided that clothing probably wasn't that important, after all.

## Chapter Thirty-One

It seemed to Caleb that he didn't stop running for a day and a half. It seemed that way only because it was true, though time does have an odd way of behaving when you're constantly in motion and passing through some of the most beautiful landscapes in the world, and you happen to be nude.

He kept running for three reasons. The first, and most important, was that he was being chased. He wasn't sure if the feeling was true or not, but he had the distinct impression that there was someone behind him and that if he didn't keep moving, that unknown threat would catch up.

The second reason was that it simply felt so fucking good. His new body performed with an amazing dexterity and seemed to contain ungodly amounts of energy, propelling him forward practically non-stop through forests and brambles and over mountains – literally over mountains – without the slightest complaint. The feeling of movement and of strength in his muscles was exhilarating. He was a perpetual motion machine, with the energy within him seeming to build on its own momentum. He stopped to refill his gas tank by sucking on his own dick. He found that he craved that taste, and the feeling of warm, salty cum streaming down his throat and into his belly. And his cock and balls, as usual, were more than happy to oblige.

A few quick gulps – or, more happily, a couple of long engorging suck sessions – and he was good to go. It was weird, it was freaky, and it was completely great!

The third reason, and one he didn't wish to confront, was that he was, for the first time since his encounter with Robbie and Mitch, completely alone. And he found that, contrary to his former solitary nature, he hated it.

He missed his friends. He missed their faces. And their voices. And their touch. And their cocks. He missed being with them, and fucking with them, and as the hours stretched into days, he found himself growing uncomfortable in their absence. Physically uncomfortable. It almost felt like a sickness, like he needed them around.

He ran to fill his head with something else. The smells of the forest. The sight of the changing sky. An occasional wildlife encounter, which happened much more frequently to him than at any other time he had ever spent in the wilderness, until he realized it was probably because he was traveling with an inhuman silence, passing through the trees on quiet feet, almost as if he weren't even touching the ground.

He was never scared of the animals, even the mountain lion he came upon as she sat sunning herself. They regarded each other almost as equals in this green kingdom. It made him feel powerful and free. In some ways, he was an animal out here, naked and perfect, not only surviving but thriving.

All except for that loneliness thing.

If he were being honest, it was the sex he missed most. With those two, he had enjoyed almost constant erotic attention for the past few days. His body had learned to expect it. And it just fucking made him feel good. Now he found himself stroking out a load or sucking down a thick flood and, sure it was satisfying, but how could that compare to having those two muscular sex freaks going apeshit on his butt?

He wondered if they were okay. He wondered if they were alive. He wondered why he wasn't angry about the injustice of what had happened. He wanted desperately to see them again.

He had no idea how far he had run. Canada was a very big place, with very few people, and if he stayed clear of the U.S. border he diminished the chances of running into any cities greatly.

38 hours into his marathon, and over 1,200 miles from the lake, he stopped dead in his tracks and stood in a clearing, naked and beautiful, staring at a small cabin with open windows and an eerie silence surrounding it. He had traveled through thickly forested lands and over rocky mounds and across streams of freezing water and discovered a small log cabin sitting as alone as he was.

He knew he should run on. Keep going. Avoid people altogether.

But he was so lonely. He just wanted to hear someone's voice. To see another human face.

To get his cock sucked.

He smiled and shook his head. 'Gutter mind, much?' he thought. He looked down at himself and his heart flipped in his chest. He was a real fucking sight. He was splattered with grime and grit and mud, his once shining pale body looked feral and frightening, and it was hard to see the man through the muck. He stood there in the dimming light, rubbing and scrubbing at his skin to clean at least one layer of the forest off his naked form when the door of the cabin opened and a figure stood in the open doorway. It was clear that whomever the owner was, he was also holding a very large rifle in his hands.

Pointing directly at Caleb.

He held up his hands and shouted, "I'm not a bear!" It was the first thing that occurred to him to say.

Luckily, it was the right thing.

"Well then, what the hell are you?" The owner's voice was gruff and ancient. It sounded like he had done nothing but smoke cigarettes his entire life.

"Can I put my hands down?"

The man lowered his weapon. "I don't recall ever askin' you to put 'em up in the first place."

Caleb laughed in spite of his fear and let his heavily muscled arms drop to his sides. "I'm sorry," he said.

"Sorry for what?"

"I didn't mean to scare you."

"I'm the one with the rifle, son." The figure cocked its head sideways. "Eh, mind if I ask how you come to be butt naked in the middle of nowhere?"

"Long story," Caleb answered.

"I got time," the old man answered. "Why don't you come on in and... ooh, son, you're a goddam mess. What've you been doing, and who've you been doing it with, anyway?"

Caleb approached and saw that the man was indeed as ancient looking as his voice sounded. He was tiny compared to Caleb's immense form, maybe 5-feet nothing, but wiry and standing upright. He had a weathered face and bony hands, but his eyes sparkled keenly. A ruffled shock of pure white hair sprang from his weathered scalp, and his eyes were a watery blue-gray. A brush of a mustache crowned thin lips and his nose had been broken more than once in his long life.

He set the rifle in the doorway and stepped out of the cabin, offering his hand to the stranger who had emerged from the primeval forests into his world. "M' name's Clancy."

Caleb reached forward and took the smaller hand into his giant grip. He could see how he might be mistaken for a bear, he was nearly 2 feet taller and probably 2 feet wider than the little man. "Caleb."

"Yank?" Caleb nodded, smiling. "Well, get your ass over to the lake." He motioned over his shoulder, behind the cabin. "It's not gonna be pleasant. It's gonna be friggin' freezing, but it's clean and pure."

"No problem," Caleb said. "I appreciate it."

Clancy walked Caleb to a small, dark body of water a hundred feet or so behind his log cabin, passing an outhouse and a huge pile of wood on the way. Caleb walked slowly into the frigid water before diving forward easily, surfacing again after spending a couple of minutes under water scrubbing his skin. The forest dregs drained off his muscular form quite easily, and after only a few moments of swimming and loose washing, Caleb's clean form emerged again in all its perfect masculine glory.



"Damn, son!"

"What?" Caleb paused in his cleaning, meeting eyes with the older man.

Clancy was staring at the length of cock hanging thickly between Caleb's muscled thighs, fat and dripping. The temperature of the water had managed to diminish its massive size, but it was now quickly regaining its usual magnificence. "I've seen smaller equipment on horses! Bet the gals have a time with you."

Caleb grinned and blushed slightly. His cock, however, seemed to surge with pride, drooping more heavily with its mass over two fat, low-hanging balls. "The guys, actually."

Clancy didn't bat an eye. "S'pose that saves a lot of grief."

"How's that?" Caleb walked forward and they approached the cabin's back porch. His heavy prick swayed like a pendulum.

"A lot less cryin' and a lot more sackin', men bein' what they are."

Caleb could only laugh. "Not exactly the reaction I expect."

Clancy shrugged. "Makes no nevermind to me, who's doing what with who. Live and let live, I always say. Long as they leave me alone, I leave them alone. I ain't dipped my wick in 20 years. Why should I care where you're puttin' yours?"

Caleb was wiping the excess water from his skin and twisting his great wealth of dark locks, squeezing out the droplets before shoving it behind his shoulders. It put Clancy in mind of Tarzan, watching the huge naked man behaving so relaxed even though he had not a stitch on him. "A very practical state of mind," Caleb said, placing his hands on his hips.

"I expect you're hungry, though it don't look to me like you're starving. Got a lot of meat on your bones."

"I'm okay. A hot shower would feel wonderful, though."

"Sorry to say I ain't got one, son. No power out here. No gas, neither. And just a water pump from a well."

"No phone?"

"No nothing. Off the grid, y'know?"

"Sounds lonely."

Clancy nodded once. "Sometimes, yeah. Now what about that story?" The old man gestured for Caleb to go inside the small cabin and followed after, ulling the door shut behind them. "Don't think I have any clothes that'll fit your size, son. Though you're obliged to try."

"I'm okay," Caleb answered as he looked around the cabin.

"You always naked?"

"Lately. Mostly."

"Saves time, I s'pose."

The interior of the cabin was sparse and simple. A large, single room with a fireplace, a small bed, a table, a chair, a woodstove, some wall-mounted door-less cabinets and a bookcase that seemed ill-equipped to deal with the loads of books piled on its shelves. There were more books along the wall. There was an armoire in one corner, and another door leading to the front of the cabin. It appealed to his love of wilderness and roughing it. He could see himself here, easily. "Nice place," he said. His admiration was clear in his tone.

"It suits." Clancy was putting his rifle back in its rack, near the front door. The windows had no curtains, and the floor was bare wood. "Gets a bit cold in winter, as you might expect, but I keep the fire burning and keep a bottle of Jack handy." He grinned and motioned to the bed as he took the only chair available. "Have a seat, Caleb. I want to hear how you happen to find yourself here looking like that, and what happened to you."

Caleb had been considering what he would tell the old man about how he came to be found naked in the middle of nowhere. The truth was a stretch, no matter how you framed it. It was wholly unbelievable. He thought about providing a physical and undeniable demonstration that would prove that at least part of the story was true, but believed under the circumstances it was probably best to keep his true form and capabilities concealed.

He had no idea who was after him or why. For all he knew, this seemingly innocent and solitary old man was in on it all. He doubted that strongly, but prudence was called for.

"It's... it's an extreme wilderness survival camp." Yeah, that sounds plausible. "You pay this company money and they drop you into the wilderness, supposed to be miles from civilization, and you're left with nothing." He held his arms apart to display the definition of nothing. "Literally. Not even the clothes on your back. And you fend for yourself and... survive." He tried not to make the sentence go up at the end, but it did it anyway. He swallowed hard. "So... I, uh, I'm like this kind of stupid extreme athlete freak. I mean, look at this body, you think this comes from sitting at a desk all day? Nah, I do all kinds of crazy shit. Skydiving, bungee jumping, freefalling. Street luge." Clancy's eyebrow arched dubiously. "So this sounded like fun, to me. The whole outback, sole survivor thing. But I guess it kind of got out of hand."

“Uh huh.”

“There was a... a mountain lion. Not that they didn’t warn me about them. And bears, too. Anyway, I came upon it all the sudden like and I was shocked and, um, so I ran away, it was chasing me, of course. For a while. So I’m running. I’m running. Not sure how far. Not sure how fast. And that’s how I ended up here, in this room, with you.”

There was a prolonged silence. Clancy was staring at Caleb when he finished. Caleb was feeling warm and comfortable in the room, even if the extended lie made him feel dishonest with his host. The daylight was dimming outside and Clancy went to start a fire in the stone hearth. He hadn’t said a word about any of it.

Caleb sighed and bounced slightly on the bed. It wasn’t exactly soft, but it felt nice against his butt. He realized all at once that he felt tired – not physically, but emotionally. He was worn out thinking about all this, worrying about his friends, wondering if he should have stayed to help them, and what happened after he disappeared. “Do you mind if I rest a little? I can sleep on the floor if you don’t want....”

“Don’t be stupid, son. Lie back. Have a snooze. It’ll do you good.”

“Do you believe me?”

“It’s a good story,” the old man said.

“Do you believe me?”

“Is that important?”

Caleb lifted his legs onto the bed and lay back. His feet overhung the end of the small cot a good deal, but he didn’t care. “I suppose not.”

Clancy considered his answer, anyway. When he looked at the young man again, huge and powerful, but somehow vulnerable, he was already asleep.

It all seemed impossible. Of course it was impossible. But why would he make it up? Maybe he was a thief or murderer on the loose, but he was far and away too deep into the wilderness to be on the lam from prison or the cops. His body was surely impressive, the boy seemed to have done nothing else with his life but lift weights. Looking over his naked form, Clancy couldn’t see an ounce of fat on him, and everything was huge. He was like a walking, talking chart of the human muscular system. Every single muscle body was so clear and defined, but they were oddly perfect, too. Perfectly balanced, perfectly formed. As if he had been built, or designed.

Caleb's immense chest rose and fell as he breathed. He had one of them six-pack... no, six, seven, eight-pack bellies like a prize fighter. He even had muscles Clancy had never seen before. Broad fingers of muscle under his rib cage. Two enormous cables along his pelvis. Like a fat V pointing to the young man's impressive equipment.

It was all very strange.

Clearly, some of it was a lie. He supposed the idea of a man wanting to challenge himself wasn't out of the ordinary. But naked? In the middle of the forest? No tools, no weapons, not even shoes on his feet? And how did they expect to find him again once the ordeal was over. Using the stars as a guide was simple enough, but Clancy was miles and miles from anywhere. It just didn't make no sense.

He sat back down in his chair and observed Caleb as he slept for a few moments. Bullshit, he thought. Something was up, clear enough. Nobody just wanders through the wilderness in the altogether and then just magically shows up – and not a scratch on him! Not a scab or a wound. Nothing. Just ain't right.

Clancy decided to let the boy rest. He retrieved the novel he had been reading and sat in his chair in the silence as the daylight dimmed.

About 15 minutes later, there was a soft, cooing noise from the bed. Clancy turned at the sound and was watching Caleb sleep when his attention was drawn to the space between the man's enormous legs and what was living there. His dick was growing. Getting hard. "Must be some nice dreams," Clancy mumbled, watching the thing quickly inflate, twisting and shifting as it swelled, bouncing softly with every heartbeat, growing quickly to erection.

Caleb stirred but didn't awaken. He had a smile on his face and his dick was still growing. There was something odd about it, though. Were his balls moving? Well, balls did that, sometimes. What was it called? Clancy tried to remember. It was in one of the books he read. But he read a lot of them. Some muscle does it. Pulls the testicle up, nothing weird about it. But Caleb's balls seemed to be a bit overactive. Like they were throbbing or pumping or churning or something. Swelling, even.

He was observing Caleb's equipment undergoing this series of developments when he realized what the something odd appeared to be, and Clancy rose from his seat to squint at what he thought he was seeing. But there it was, clear as day. Just at the root of the man's erection, he could see another little dick emerging.

Now, just what the hell was that?

It started out small, but it was advancing quickly, almost magically inflating to match its brother's size. It was kind of cute when it was small, looking just like a tiny, perfectly formed penis, like a baby might have. But within seconds, it had doubled, then tripled, then quadrupled in size and was now in a race with the other one to see which one could get bigger, faster.

It was certainly no baby dick, now. Both of them had achieved a size that made the boy's original flaccid cock look like a dwarf. Jesus, how big was this boy? And there were two of them!

Caleb moaned. It was a deep sound, and it seemed to reverberate through Clancy like a forgotten sensation. It moved through him like more than a sound, more like a feeling. Caleb had turned in the bed slightly and reached down his hand to rest it on his growing erections. Something appeared at the tip of each huge dick, a glistening bubble of clear honey, and it grew slowly into a flow that cascaded over his hand and belly. He moaned again, louder, and the sound shook Clancy physically.

His own long-sleeping cock stirred awake.

He watched the actions with almost scientific interest. Clancy had always been a curious man, and this was too fascinating not to look. He felt like he was invading the boy's privacy, but how much privacy did a naked man have?

"Son," he said quietly. Then, "Caleb," more urgently. He moved his hand forward to awaken the boy. The twin dicks swelled suddenly, the skin growing shiny and tight. Clancy knew what was coming. He wasn't so far removed from the actions of an aroused male that he didn't recognize a cock on the edge of ejaculation. And these were about to blow.

"Caleb?"

A thick, sudden gush of white cream fountained from both barrels and sprayed across the young man's muscled belly and chest. It was an amazing display, far more cum in a single blast than Clancy had ever experienced. Caleb grunted heavily, then let out another low moan. The sound was like magic inside Clancy's head, and it moved quickly toward his own shriveled prick, tickling it. Another gush followed quickly, and even more copiously, pumping from the boy's twin beasts in thick, full streams.

Then, as Clancy stood by the bed and looked down at this strange man, his body seemed to absorb the flood of sperm into itself, and in moments it looked as though the action had never occurred. Had it not been for the twin 14-inch-long beer can-thick erections still throbbing between his legs, there would be no evidence that he had done anything at all.

"Caleb!"

The young man eyes snapped open and he sat up abruptly. His massive erections wagged like cranes loose of their moorings, pointing their nozzles about wildly. They grew red again, intense and shiny, swollen with power, and Caleb delivered a third sudden cascade, now shooting his bursting load in two directions. One blast shot straight up, an uncapped hydrant discharging its flood toward the dark wood beams where it splattered and stuck and dripped like heavy cream.

The other was pointed directly at Clancy.

“Oh, shit!” Caleb’s third double-barreled blast was even heavier than the previous two. He was overdue, clearly, and his balls were emptying themselves of his pent-up cargo. He shoved a warm flood of Transform-engorged cream at his host and it coated his shirt and arms and neck. Caleb grabbed his unbound cocks, but not before a fourth explosion of cum rocketed from his jets with enough force to knock Clancy to the floor, dripping with thick, warm cream.

Caleb knew what was coming next. It had started even before he let loose of his final load. Clancy’s body looked like it was bubbling. It seemed to shimmer and throb and tremble as if it was filled with bees and was about to explode.

Which wasn’t far from the truth.

Caleb leaped from the bed, his erections deflating as he regained control of his body, and scooped up the already swelling mass of muscle into his arms, trying to get him out of the cabin before Clancy’s growing body destroyed the structure.

Caleb was saying, “Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” as he broke through the door to the front of the cabin and set Clancy down under the starry sky, and then he stepped back to watch the man change before his eyes.

Clancy was drowning in bliss. He had forgotten what this felt like, the sudden unyielding surrender to orgasmic pleasure. Those fleeting moments of satisfaction when his cock burst with seed were like sparks to the bonfire of sexual deliverance he felt now. He was blinded by it, deafened by it, made insensical by the power of Transform and its overwhelming and undeniable power of total muscular and masculine metamorphosis.

Caleb was mesmerized by what he saw. The old man’s body was stretching and swelling like elastic. He had torn through his clothing before they ever got out of the cabin, and in the dim light Caleb could see the changes occurring very rapidly everywhere, and it was an amazing experience.

He remembered the feeling he had when it happened to him. He felt some of that now, watching as his power was transforming another man into a god. Clancy’s wrinkled form quickly smoothed itself as the skin stretched, and then its age-marked, dried and sagging appearance was replaced by seemingly new skin, clean and smooth and gleaming.

His back arched weirdly and two massive collections of pectoral muscle reached their grip across his rib cage and swelled upward. His shoulders cracked and twisted and sprouted mountainous lobes of brawn. His neck spread wide and his arms elongated like snakes emerging from their holes, only to have their bony bodies suddenly swell with meat that shaped itself into perfectly formed biceps, triceps, flexors and pronators. His upper arms blossomed with fat muscle, his forearms swelled with cables of power.

It was all happening very quickly. He was 7 feet high, then 8, then 10. His body was exploding with power and beauty. Caleb found himself growing wildly aroused watching the man alter. He had done this. He had made this god.

Clancy's face solidified into a youthful reflection of the old man Caleb was familiar with. His eyes were closed through the entire process, but watching his skin smooth and his lips plump and his receding hairline repair itself was odd and erotic. His chin and cheeks grew broad and heavily masculine. Whiskers sprouted on his face, and it was only seconds later that a full, heavy beard wound across his face.

He was growing hairy everywhere. It coated his chest and belly and forearms. It lined his legs and crowned the fat, enormous tool growing between his legs. Caleb had said that he was not a bear when the rifle was pointed at him, and it was growing increasingly clear who the bear was in this situation. Clancy's fur was jet black, shiny even in the gathering darkness, like strands of black glass.

"Come on," Caleb whispered. "Come on."

Then, there it was, Clancy's secondary cock. It seemed to appear all at once, growing from nothing to full mast in seconds. Both of his huge pricks writhed and grew and then swelled into erection and went off like fireworks, spraying his first Transformed load of cream in thick fountains.

As Caleb watched the transformation take place from the outside, inside Clancy's body and mind, the old man was undergoing a nuclear detonation of masculine sexual power and utter muscular strength.

Caleb's sudden and unexpected volley of super-saturated Transforming cum splashed against him and began soaking into his skin with the heat of lava. It struck him as a warm wetness, but the shock of the man's cock firing a wet blast of cream toward him was quickly overtaken by the sensation of heat flooding his system.

It was not a tactile sensation, it was the effect Transform caused the body's systems. It didn't attack so much as inundate, scissoring into the genetic building blocks and sending a cascade of upgrades and changes with literally breathtaking speed and efficiency.

The heat was pure sexual excitement. The libido was a mental process with physical attributes. One of those was heat, and it was the one felt most acutely as Transform was introduced. Everything else was suffused inside it, and the heat was overwhelming.

Pleasure came next. Pure, unfiltered, crystal clean sexual bliss. The body was about to undergo a dramatic physical restructuring. Bones would be broken and shattered and rebuilt. Muscle tissue would tear and build. Skin would stretch and repair. All this was going to be very painful, indeed. To counteract the pain, Transform was designed to slip a velvet glove around the brain's pleasure centers and gently massage it, stroke it, suck it and lick it.

Transform headed directly into the brain like quicksilver and turned off the parts that were going to interfere with its task, replacing those with a flood of intense sexual delight.

Over the lifespan of the serum, it had increased this ability quite substantially. Now, a man like Clancy would be shoved under a vast sea of erotic ecstasy and cradled in its warm, sweet embrace.

Then it started changing him physically.

Everything happened at once, but a man felt it most acutely in his muscles. They sang with power. They bulged with brawn. They released intense feelings of physical power, like a sort of male aphrodisiac, complementing the sexual excitement, building on top of its foundation so that a complete and intense connection married the two together.

Muscle was sex. Sex was strength. Power was erotic. The bigger the muscle, the more intense the pleasure became. So much so that a Transformed man experienced almost every physical action with an accompanying sexual gratification. Everything felt not just good, it felt like a hard-on in action.

Clancy sank deep into Transform's intense heat of sex and growth and remained there while it happened to him. He realized the sensation of muscular development stretched out with the extended orgasmic perfection of his transformation into something better, newer and more beautiful than he had ever dreamed.

As Caleb watched, Clancy's growth seemed to slow. He was nowhere near Caleb's ultimate size, stopping at around 12 feet long. Still massively muscled, and gifted with two huge cocks, but the man had another 6 feet to grow if he was going to match Caleb, Robbie and Mitch. Clancy's mouth was moving, and he was saying something that was hard for Caleb to hear at first. He leaned in closer and heard a single word said softly in Clancy's deep voice over and over. "More... more..."

At first, Caleb didn't understand. Then Clancy's hand suddenly reached out and snatched one of Caleb's heavy pricks, grabbing onto the thick shaft and trying to pull the spout into his mouth. "More..." he moaned. "More..."

Caleb realized that the man's old body didn't possess all the fuel necessary to change him entirely. He needed more of what Caleb had accidentally delivered, he needed more of his amazing transforming cum. He wanted it, he somehow knew he wasn't done yet. Caleb smiled brightly and pushed his cock into Clancy's open mouth and started shoving a heavy river of warm, salty spunk into the man's body.

His seed flowed out of him in a gushing torrent, his balls swelling heavy and fat with the load. He felt the extended orgasmic bliss as he delivered more and more transforming cream, watching the man's growth suddenly resume with seemingly violent development. He was gulping it all down as fast as Caleb could deliver it. Caleb's second prick was



spraying a white fountain of thick honey all over Clancy's swelling hairy chest. It gathered in gobs and droplets on his dark fur before his body drank it inside greedily.

Clancy's growth resumed immediately and he was quickly stretching and expanding again, his body growing taller, his muscles swelling with size and strength, his own cocks exploding with renewed vigor. He was bathed in cum, inside and out, fountains of rich, transforming cream erupting from his own cocks and Caleb's magic pricks.

Caleb watched his pectorals unfold, the cables of muscled glory swelling with amazing speed now that a fresh supply of Transform was being delivered. The man's nipples were huge and fat. The separation between the heavy globes of power mounted on his chest was several inches deep, and getting deeper. The swelling hemispheres pressed against each other for space, massive mountains of brawn getting bigger by the second.

The man's arms were catching up to his chest easily. The limbs stretched longer, and the muscles just kept getting larger as they could claim more room. Fat veins appeared and wound across the mass of brawn, throbbing and branching out before being swallowed up by the ever-increasing size of his biceps and triceps. His shoulders were blossoming with fat wedges of power, thick and beautiful.

His legs seemed to be almost explosive, the muscle swelling so quickly that Caleb was almost shocked, wondering how Clancy's skin could contain so much mass. The lobes of brawn were incredibly vascular, his skin stretch thin as paper over the perfection of muscular development. Folds of brawn mashed with each other and swelled with sudden power. His ass lifted him physically off the gravel.

Then, it was over almost as quickly as it began. Clancy's renewed growth didn't slow this time, it simply stopped. He had been delivered into ultimate Transformation in a matter of seconds. His cocks, thick and hard and a yard long each, were pumping fat cascades of cream across his new body, which swallowed it inside through every pore. He settled into his new body and everything seemed to go silent all at once. He was breathing hard, his massive muscular chest heaving, but he had a shit-eating grin on his lips when he opened his eyes at last, and stared into the night sky.

"How do you feel?" Caleb was a little bit scared, but his excitement and arousal was doing its best to overwhelm his anxiety about what he'd just done. He could still feel the thrilling afterglow of the extended orgasm he had been experiencing as he came a torrent over the old man.

Clancy thought about his answer, but no words could encompass what he was feeling. He felt like cumming, so he did. His twins squirted fat ribbons of cream across his body. It felt so good. The warmth of his own cum suffused his giant body. He came again, shoving thick gushing surges of cream from his swollen balls. It felt like he was made from cum. It felt like his whole body was a giant dick, swollen and hot and heaving orgasmic fountains.

"I guess you feel pretty good."

"Holy hell, son," he said at last. "What's happened to me?"

Caleb brushed a hand through his hair and pulled in a long, calming breath. "It's my fault. I didn't mean to do it. I was dreaming about... about my friends and we were... well, let's just say we were enjoying each others' company quite enthusiastically and I guess things just got away from me."

Clancy looked pointedly at Caleb's twins, hanging thick and luscious between his thighs. "Those things, you mean." He considered his own two monsters. They were still hard, hotter than hell and filled with cum. "And why am I so frigging big?" Clancy was breathing hard. Sexual stimulants were still coursing through him. He was over-amped on erotic stimulation and having a hard time just talking.

"Oh. Well, I am too. You can – at least, you should be able to shrink yourself down if you want to. Your whole body obeys your thoughts. It'll do whatever you want it to."

He turned his gaze back to Caleb's cocks. "But what if I want to suck your dicks, as I find that I suddenly have this almost..." he gulped, and licked his lips, "almost uncontrollable urge to do? How do I control your body?"

He smiled. He closed his eyes. Then he came again.

Caleb watched the man's cocks fountain their rich, thick cream of pure muscular power. It was maybe the most erotic thing he'd ever seen, the old man turning young again, and shoving his massive load from his rejuvenated balls.

He swelled his own body to its ultimate perfection and lay his naked muscular massiveness against Clancy's. He spread his legs around Clancy's cocks and let them splatter his load over his bulging back. He leaned his face toward the other man's gorgeous visage, rubbing his warm, naked muscled torso against Clancy's warm furry bearskin, and pressed his lips to the other man's soft mouth.

Erotic bolts of electric bliss shot through him. The kiss grew urgent and passionate. Clancy brought his arms up and surrounded Caleb's form in his brawny bear hug, kissing him back eagerly and hungrily.

Everything was sex. Everything was hot and wet and slick and hard. "Fuck my ass," Caleb said softly. "Fuck me hard and deep."

Clancy moved his cocks toward Caleb's moist heat, instantly aware of his control over them, even hard, and pushed his cock heads against Caleb's hot puckered hole. Caleb opened himself to Clancy's beasts and sucked them inside, surrounding them in a tight, deep warmth and massaging their intense firmness with his muscles.

Clancy had never felt anything like it. Caleb's ass was magic, more perfect and wonderful than any pussy he'd ever shoved himself into. It sucked on his cocks. It massaged them and worshipped them and made them cum. They belonged together, that ass and his cocks.

He came a heavy flood and filled Caleb's guts with cream. He pushed his mouth against Caleb's and shoved his tongue inside. He surrounded Caleb's heavy muscular body with his strong arms and squeezed him tightly to his chest. Everything about him felt good. So pure and perfect and hot. He fucked him harder, deeper, fuller. His cocks swelled with greed and pride, pumping thick floods of cream into his ass. He wanted all of this man, he wanted to fuck him senseless, he wanted to feel the man's hot, hard cocks inside his own ass, pumping hot cream in constant streams of sex and strength.

Caleb grabbed onto Clancy's huge body and radiated sexual power. Transform was flooding out of him so thickly that any man within a square mile might have felt changed. It was in his sweat and his scent and his pheromones. It was in his touch and his skin and his cum. It was a masculine musk that billowed from him in invisible clouds. It saturated the air around them, heating them with sexual power, coating them in masculine strength.

Clancy's cocks fucked his ass deep and hard and true. Massive shanks of meat filling up his ass and stoking the fire of his passion. He bit down hard on Clancy's shoulder and the man bucked and gasped and pushed himself into Caleb's ass deeper than ever. Oh, it was so good. It was perfection.

Clancy fucked Caleb and then Caleb returned the favor, spinning Clancy onto his belly and shoving himself home. His balls slapped Clancy's muscular butt with every deep thrust. Hot, sticky cum splattered out from his hole and coasted Caleb's belly, dripping down his legs before his body swallowed it up. He was pumping a steady stream of cum, feeling every inch of his yard-long cocks as he traveled inside Clancy's ass.

The night turned to dawn and they were still at it, hours later. The two men shared a fuckfest of enormous proportions, exploring each other's super-muscled, super-sexed bodies until Clancy pulled back on a handful of Caleb's lush locks, kissed him hard and collapsed onto the gravel, breathing hard.

"Fuck," he said softly.

Caleb laughed, straddling his lover's torso between his legs, both stiff cocks lying across Clancy's new bulging muscles. "Again?"

Clancy found himself laughing in spite of himself. "Son?"

"Could you call me Caleb? The way you look now bears little resemblance to the man you used to be. And I'm not all that comfortable thinking about doing what we did with my father."

Clancy laughed again. "Caleb, maybe you want to tell me what really happened to you. And then what happened to me."

"I'm glad you're not angry."

"Angry? Caleb, this makes Viagra feel like a Flintstone vitamin!" Caleb grinned and squeezed his ass around Clancy's cocks. The older man released a gush of cream that warmed his guts considerably. "Now, what sort of magic is this, and please tell me it's a permanent condition!"

## Chapter Thirty-Two

Mr. Peck never actively participated in an interrogation. It could be a dirty business, and he was not one to soil his hands on anything menial and potentially without a positive outcome. He did, however, observe the proceedings and make his opinions known.

Sequestering a Transformed man was no small matter. One could not simply handcuff them, because they could easily snap the metal bracelets with two fingers – or probably just one. Drugs always had side effects, and they placed doubt on the veracity of the answers. Even so-called truth serums would cloud the mind.

Threats, however, were always effective.

Luck was on his side, this time. The men he had captured so far, including that uncooperative young man they had been holding in captivity for some time, were not members of the self-proclaimed Brotherhood, a title that left a very bad taste in Mr. Peck's mouth. These men had been infected through means which they themselves could not account for, and they had no connections with that larger and very annoying membership of Transformed men who had been so elusive and damnably disobliging.

Before Jason had suddenly wised up – no doubt abetted by the infiltrators still sullyng Mr. Peck's attempts at keeping that one as pliable as these two – he was duped into believing that his state of affairs was leading to destruction, and had managed in itself to kill his friends and some faggoty high school coach. Collateral damage as far as Peck was concerned. Necessary victims of a larger victory. Hardly innocent, when they were so active in spreading the disease whether they knew it or not.

He looked at the wall of glass separating him from the interrogation room and tapped his fingers with annoyance on the surface of a metal desk. Things were progressing too slowly. Fear had seeped in to Main Office. Reports of what had happened at the lake were bound to make their way through the usual rumor mill, and the fact that four men – four! – had already been infected and necessarily sequestered didn't help matters.

But he would deal with them, too. Idiots.

"You have no choice."

Peck's attention turned to the man on the other side of the glass. He was huge. Huge in every way. He had refused to wear a stitch of clothing and stood there in the cold metal-walled room completely naked, obviously unashamed, maybe even proud of his condition. It was disgusting.

"There is always a choice."

The man's voice was absurdly deep. He nearly growled the words, like a tiger in a cage. At least they knew his real name, now. No more of this Sam business. It was distasteful and insulting, that name. 'Self-Suck Sum.' Peck nearly wretched.

"Your friends may not think so."

"I leave that to them. What you're doing is illegal. You can't hold me like this. You have no right."

"I think you will find that argument particularly useless. 'Rights,' as far as you're concerned, no longer matter."

One man was in the room with him. It couldn't be helped, the man had a way with electronics that was more dangerous than the possibility that he might infect yet another member of Main Office. He might somehow look at a camera and send through a sexual signal and inflate men into more freaks. He was saturated with the disease. It leaked from every pore. It was in his sweat and saliva. He reeked of it, a stink that clung to him and filled up the room. And any man exposed to him would end up the same way. Peck shook his head and glanced at the clock.

An hour. An hour of this endless posturing and nothing. They had nothing.

Robbie suppressed a smile. At first he tried swelling to full size, but they weren't impressed. He considered just punching the walls or trying to break through the single door, also metal, and knew he probably could. But something kept him from doing it. He didn't feel angry, or violent, or even vengeful. It was weird. He had all this strength, all this muscle, and he mainly wanted to have his ass well and truly fucked.

At first, there was fear. Not of what might happen, but of the unknown. Who were these people? Where was he now? What did they want? Why did they attack him? How had they known where he was, anyway? Were they constantly watching him? Were they the reason he was now whatever he was? Had they done this?

He had refused to wear the ridiculous suit they offered him, some odd shimmering collection of white material that didn't look like it could possibly contain all of him. They insisted it would. But what did it even matter? Was he supposed to cover himself up because he was supposed to feel ashamed, or was it a protection they wanted for themselves? Either way, it was stupid and he refused to cover an inch of his naked glory.

He awoke in this same room where he now stood. He didn't remember how they got him here, or anything else after they knocked him out. He felt a little bad about the damage he'd done, and he regretted having to leave those gorgeous muscle monsters he'd managed to make behind before being able to enjoy the fruits of his labors. His ass tingled from need.

He could practically feel their cocks in his hole, taste their mouths with his tongue, feel their hands on his chest, their fingers pinching and pulling on his fat nipples.

He pulled in a calming breath.

::I know it's hard – you should excuse the expression. Just bare with me until this is over::

Robbie shook his head. This was so weird and absurd. The dude 'interrogating' him ends up being just like him. Masquerading as his captor. His enemy. And there they were, together in that room, both wanting nothing more than for Robbie to tear the stupid Hazmat suit off the other dude's body and get to the fucking, for fuck's sake.

::Sorry::

::Try to keep your expression neutral::

::Right. Sorry::

"Things will go easier if you give us what we want."

The difference between the voice in his head, which sounded vaguely Russian, and the one coming out of the guy's mouth, which was straight-up American South, was disconcerting. He knew who the guy was, but not a lot more. Trying to have a verbal and a non-verbal conversation simultaneously was a near impossibility. So he had the basics down, and now knew just enough to understand that he was in no immediate danger, but that danger was standing just on the other side of the mirror that reflected his ultimate perfection of masculine muscular beauty.

"I've already told you a million times, friend. I don't know about any Brotherhood. I don't know any Dr. Martinez or Dr. Lassiter. I don't know how I changed. I don't know why I can influence electronic signals. If I knew any of it, I'd tell you. Why would I lie?"

"Exactly. Why would you? And yet, clearly, you are."

Peck looked at one of the stupid-but-useful members of the military industrial complex over whom he had total control and issued a curt order. "Cease interrogation."

He turned to the opposite wall to observe the other captive. The Indian man with the unpronounceable name. The story was the same. It was all Robbie, he said. Robbie did it. Ask Robbie. Peck repeated the gesture and the order. "Cease interrogation." Disgusting.

The lone door to the empty room opened and another Hazmat suit appeared. The man who called himself Wolf nodded once, said nothing more out loud, and exited the room. In his

head, Robbie heard. ::Looks like we're done. I'm going to leave now. We'll be able to talk more like this for a short time, but everyone is under observation.::

::What should I do?::

::If I were you,:: Wolf's voice said, after he had disappeared, ::I'd jerk off. A lot.::

::Really?::

A feeling of warm familiarity and friendship accompanied his next words. ::I'll be more than happy to help you out later. Save me a raincheck. But for now, do what you have to do.::

Robbie could think of no reason not to, so he inflated himself to full erection, feeling his heavy prick grow hot and hard, throbbing and pulsing as his blood filled it massive length, released a copious flow of warm, thick pre-cum and began stroking himself in long, lengthy, luxurious freedom.

It felt so good, so perfect and right. Shocks of bliss erupted along its length and entered his body like electricity. The skin along his shaft was so warm and smooth, urging his strokes on as he gripped his own amazing firmness. He wanted to show what he could do, wanted everyone to watch him, wanted cameras focused on his perfection and an audience of millions of guys to watch his red, rock-hard, unstoppable cock swollen to its most glorious and amazing dimensions. He moved his firm grip up and down the shaft with an expert's ease, feeling the erotic chills of orgasmic bliss filling him up like lightning in a bottle.

After a few moments, with his cum-swollen balls hanging heavy and his cock as hard as steel, he bent down to suck his plum-sized cock head inside his warm, wet mouth and shot a fat, hot load of salty goodness down his own throat. He sucked more of his seed inside, invigorating and strengthening himself, feeling his body swell with size and strength, fed by his own limitless supply of masculine power. He allowed the full strength of his Transformed masculine sexuality loose. It overwhelmed everything else and sent a thick, flooding jet of cream down his welcoming throat.

It felt good. And he closed his eyes and thought of Wolf, sending his interrogator a promise of things to come.

Wolf was sitting in another room, several hundred yards away, debriefing his superior officer on the non-progress of his interrogation when Robbie's sexual sensations began flooding his head and infiltrating his physical and sensual selves. He paused a moment as the onslaught of erotic sensations bathed his pleasure centers and delivered a taste of the ultimate physical bliss of Robbie's transformed perfection.

::Fuck!::



::Exactly:: Robbie smiled as another gush of cream filled his own mouth. The sensation of sexual gratification and orgasmic satisfaction was broadcasting out of him in heavy waves.

::Haul it in a little, dude, I'm in serious danger of blowing my cover – among other things!::

::Shit, sorry about that. Guess I don't know my own strength.::

Wolf recovered himself enough to suppress his own amped libido back into submission before his cock threatened to rip a hole through his underwear, his pants, and the table top where he was sitting. His body responded to Robbie's sexual entreaty with almost preternatural speed and power, as if the other man could take control of his libido and stroke it to orgasm using only his mind. Wolf swallowed hard into a dry throat and bit his bottom lip hard. It was going to prove difficult not to immediately bust that man out of this place if that was the indication of his capabilities.

Mr. Peck left the observation room and returned to his office to look in on the four soldiers who were now absurd muscle-bound freaks. They had each been given a short set of guidelines regarding their infections, allowing them to maintain a more practical height, and how they could control their sex drives in spite of all evidence to the contrary. They were currently housed in separate rooms and kept away from their comrades. They pose a serious threat to Main Office, whether they meant to do harm or not. They all knew the consequences of any action they might contemplate taking against Main Office. They were soldiers.

At least, they used to be.

His subordinate stood before his desk, hands clasped behind his back. "As instructed, they are sequestered and have been issued the standard elasticsuit. All have thus far agreed to contain their growth potential."

Peck felt no pity for them. They were stupid to have been attacked, stupid to have allowed themselves to be infected.

"We've notified their families of their untimely demise, I assume?"

The underling nodded curtly. "Per standing orders. Sergeants Ramirez, Charleston, and Tallman are requesting visitation rights. I have not issued orders concerning the release."

"The fourth man?"

"Sergeant McDonald? He remains quiet and compliant. That isn't to imply that the other three are misbehaving, but their general demeanor is rather more animated and... amiable." Peck looked up to see the man smiling. He narrowed his eyes and the smile erased itself from his face. "Permission to speak freely, sir?" Peck nodded. "May I suggest that allowing

the men to see each other would not cause undo harm to the base and could relieve them of any ideas concerning escape.”

That’s all Peck needed. More ass rapists. “You think it’s wise?”

“I think it’s prudent. We already know that the men are facing some rather unique and overwhelming challenges. Frankly, they weren’t adequately prepared for this. Having provided further instruction regarding what we know about their circumstances has alleviated their understandable trepidation to some degree, but these are our men, after all. They deserve better treatment.”

Peck pulled in a long, measured breath. He supposed it was inevitable, but he didn’t expect it so soon. Morale. Always morale. Why couldn’t they see that those men weren’t men, didn’t deserve this kindness, didn’t even deserve to be called men any longer. They were little more than animals, now, lacking dignity or morals. Sex-obsessed degenerates with no regard for decency. They were disgusting. Why did they deserve anything at all?

On the other hand, what better way to keep them occupied? Who knows what lascivious deviousness they would be cooking up on their own. Let them rape each other. What did he care?

He issued an order to allow the four men under his command to cohabit. They would only hurt each other.

They didn’t lead the four men together into a room so much as open the doors and allowed them to find their own way. Esteban, Bud, Darrell and Ronny were sexual volcanoes within minutes of exploding. It was unsurprisingly simple to do.

Esteban sensed something exactly like heat emanating into his room when the door opened. “Hello?” He stood up, adjusting his cocks in his tight, white suit. He’d spent his time, like the other three of his comrades, stroking his cocks, amazed and amused that no matter how much or how hard or how firmly he jerked off, his cocks – both the uncut original and the uncut twin – were happy to cum and cum and cum again. The elastic skin covering the fat dicks helped him achieve amazing orgasms that shook him to his bones, and although he had yet to discover the uncommon rewards that sucking his own cock could deliver, he had already found out that his altered body would immediately soak whatever flood of cream he managed to coat himself in into itself like a sponge.

He wondered, at first, if they had second thoughts and were allowing him to return to his duties, but then a scent struck his nostrils and wound itself around his brain and sent his cocks northward all over again, swollen and hard as rocks, stretching the white material nearly to its limits. A flow of pre-cum began to pump up each thick shaft, as if his cocks knew before he did what – or more precisely, who – was awaiting him.

It smelled like a locker room outside the door, a stink of sweat and masculinity bordering on perfume. A musk of intense masculine power assailed him and he was drawn toward it

like a bee to pollen. He could almost pull apart the smell and register its components, but altogether the sensation inside his head was one of deep, hard, full-on masculinity.

His whole body warmed up with sudden intensity as the smell grew stronger. He peered outside his door and a long empty hallway stood outside, bathed in harsh florescent light. Another open doorway was at the far end, and Esteban could almost see the delicious smell pouring from it. "Jesus," he whispered, and his balls churned and swelled. He was rubbing the hard contours of both cocks and swimming in a warm pool of bliss as he stood, waiting.

Bud looked at the open door with curious eyes. The same heat that Esteban felt was now coating Bud's naked dark-skinned body. He had long ago stripped himself of the white, skin-tight suit and it was lying neglected in a corner. His glorious naked form, chocolate-hued and shining with health, stood in the center of his own room. He had been releasing heavy, bright clouds of male pheromones because he had been engaged in a non-stop litany of masturbation and self-fellatio and butt exploration and nipple torture and anything else he could manage to inflict on himself on his own. His new body was incredibly flexible, incredibly sexual and incredibly horny. Rather than spend any time questioning it or denying the truth of it, he had been engaged in an orgy of self love that only amped up his libido to new heights.

He sucked his cocks into his mouth and swallowed down the salty spunk of his balls with greedy hunger. He shoved fingers and then fists into his butt, exploring the sweet, wet warmth inside and bringing his orgasms to new heights. His nipples were like two small dicks, fat with sex and ready to cream. The immense muscular power circulating through his body made him feel incredibly horny, as if his muscles were made of dick meat. Rubbing himself, stroking his dark skin, exploring the heavy bellies of power, it all felt beyond good.

Rather than being satisfied, his new body only wanted more.

He heard a deep, male voice say, 'Hello?' The sound of it reached down to his hard-ons and stroked them anew. His soul shook with need and his body shook with desire. He took a step toward the exit and stood in his own doorway, naked and ready to fuck.

A dark-skinned man appeared at the other end of Esteban's hallway. A massive, naked, muscular dark-skinned man with two huge erect and drooling cocks. He seemed to glow in Esteban's eyes, like a mirage. His body was overwhelmed with brawn. He owned two heavy globes of meat that hung from his chest, pecs so large they seemed almost like breasts from this distance, round with swollen power. His skin was a milk chocolate brown, and he had fat nipples, big as silver dollars, dangling from each mass. His waist narrowed under the onslaught of his chest, and even from the front Esteban could tell that the man had an ass that would make a Greek statue get off its pedestal in worship.

The naked black man smiled. He folded his muscled arms across his chest and said, "Hello."

“Bud?” Esteban could hardly believe it, but he recognized the eyes and the jawline immediately. Bud’s features had been honed to an extent, as if any peculiarities had been shaved away. He still wore his signature goatee and mustache, and his smile was incandescent.

The other man nodded once and said, “Ramirez?” Esteban felt himself shiver. Something in Bud’s voice penetrated him like a kiss. It found its way to his groin and sent his cocks swelling. He nodded back. Then Bud said, “C’mere.”

Esteban started toward where Bud stood, still in the doorway to his room. As he walked, with each step, it seemed to Esteban that the chocolate man was swelling larger. It wasn’t merely that the distance between them was shortening, he could actually visibly witness the other man’s muscles swelling, bulging against each other, making Bud’s shimmering dark skin grow thinner and shinier.

The mass of his chest was growing even bigger. Esteban could see the valley between his pecs growing dense as the two masses of brawn folded into and against each other. The surface of his chest pushed outward. His nipples climbed over the mountains and began to move apart from each other.

Esteban moved his right hand against Bud’s left pectoral and could feel him growing. His skin felt warm and smooth and soft, but the muscle beneath was rock hard. He moved his other hand to Bud’s other pec and slowly moved his palms against the bulging power. Something hot and wet splashed against his belly. Another hot gush quickly followed.

Esteban’s touch against Bud’s skin was like having his dick stroked, then grabbed, then licked by about a dozen capable tongues. Bud came two quick loads without even realizing it. He closed his eyes to luxuriate in the feeling of the other man worshiping his heavy pecs. He could feel Esteban’s hands move with gentle but insistent caresses across the increasing mass of his chest. Then one hand moved aside and something wet and warm surrounded his left nipple. Esteban licked his chest before taking Bud’s fat nipple between his teeth and tongue and sucking it into his mouth.

“Bite it,” he instructed. Esteban did. “Harder.” The sharpness increased. The pressure mounted. A tingle of excitement exploded into lust. “Harder, motherfucker,” he instructed softly.

Esteban played the tip of his tongue across the tip of Bud’s nipple and held its thickness between his teeth. He was playing with the man, torturing him, bringing him to the threshold of pain and backing off – but Bud wanted more. Always more. Esteban felt Bud’s huge hand cup the back of his head and he bit down hard.

Another thick, hot gush of cream erupted all over him. He released a flood of his own and it soaked the thin material covering him. All at once, he wondered why he wasn’t already naked. His partner seemed to sense his desire.

“Why do you still wear that?” He could feel as well as hear the man’s question as it rumbled from his huge chest. Bud’s hands moved down his white-shrouded form, caressing him through the thin material.

He looked up into the man’s dark, dark gaze. “It’s what they told us to do.”

The smile reappeared like sunlight in the night sky. “Haven’t you realized? We no longer have to do what we’re told to. Now, we can do what we want to.”

Esteban raised his head from the other man’s enormous chest. “What do you want?”

He leaned in and kissed him before whispering into his ear. “I want to fuck you.”

Esteban had never heard five more wonderful words.

::Problem?::

::Potentially. Robbie just sent me some sex waves so strong that I lost control for a moment.::

Wolf could sense Maddox’s shock through their connection. ::A Transformed man lost control?::

::It was... quite intense. I don’t think he knew what he was doing, at least he wasn’t aware of the power of the signal. The problem, though, is....::

::The problem is that there are at least five more in the building just like him. And that much pent-up sexual energy is likely to explode sooner rather than later.::

Sherman entered the conversation. ::Can you make contact with the others?::

::I’m not sure, yet, where they are and I don’t want to send out a broadcast like that without accuracy. I don’t know what monitoring equipment they have in place. Alpha waves make themselves known like ripples in a pond.::

::I know the theory,:: Sherman responded. ::Making physical contact will establish a stronger link between us. It’s important that you find them, and do it quickly.::

::Before they find each other.::

In another room, with another open door, Darrell stood trembling. Not from fear, but from lust, and wonder, and the pain of love.

Another man stood in his doorway. A beautiful man. An ungodly beautiful man. A man of unearthly beauty, a beauty almost too bright to look upon. A naked man with a smile that had been haunting Darrell ever since he recovered his senses and found himself inside this room.

It was the smile of the man he had called his partner. It was Ronny's smile.

But now it was painted on a face that was almost too gorgeous to look directly at. It was a god's face, mounted on a god's body. Perfect in every way.

Ronny stood in his doorway, leaning against the threshold with a manner suggesting that there was nothing whatsoever weird about this at all. He was naked. But Darrell had seen him naked before. But now he seemed, like, super-naked. As if he had never seen him naked – or any man naked, before. He took Darrell's breath away. Darrell was shocked to his bones. Darrell had never wanted to touch someone so strongly in his life.

Just a touch. He knew it would be amazing. What his eyes beheld would be nothing compared to touching the man in his doorway. To touch his skin, to stroke his flesh, to feel his body against Darrell's own. Were hours passing? Were days? Or had time stood altogether still.

And there was that smile. God, it was almost too much. So perfect. So beautiful. So fucking unbelievably sexy. There was nothing about him that wasn't pure and flawless. His skin was smooth and utterly without a mark, no blemish, no mole, no freckle. His eyes sparkled blue-green, like precious gems. His muscles were collected into fine, fat wedges of brawn. The met each other in harmonious perfection, huddled beneath his flesh like promises of unlimited strength. Every move he made, even standing still, brought forth a dance of such splendid male beauty that something inside Darrell pulsed to it, needful and demanding.

The lips moved, the teeth parted, and a voice came out of the god's mouth. "You just gonna stand there, looking stupid?" it asked, straightening up.

"I'm not sure...." He was afraid to speak, as if it would break the spell and end this dream.

Ronny approached him and stood next to him, mere inches away. He was giving off a palpable heat, as well as a heady perfume of power, soaked with a musk of sex and muscle. "You look good, D. I guess this stuff isn't quite the nightmare they described." He lifted his arm and bent the elbow. A riot of muscular growth swelled along every inch. The bicep seemed to grow so big that it threatened to erupt through his beautiful skin, but it simply stretched to gladly welcome its engorged perfection. Its fibers and cables twisted and bunched. His arm was another illustration of his perfection. That gorgeous musk erupted from his armpit and enshrouded Darrell in its pull.

He sucked in Ronny's stink and felt his cocks grow fat and heavy. He swallowed thickly and closed his eyes. He felt a hand on his face, against his cheek, warm and soft. "You okay, D?"

"Ronny, I...."

Something brushed against his mouth, lightly. Then more deeply. Lips pressed against his own. Warm, soft, moist. Something hot and wet pressed to his mouth and sought entry. It was insistent so he opened his lips and pulled it inside. Ronny's tongue was thick and hot inside his mouth. The kiss deepened further, still. He opened wide and welcomed Ronny inside. He kissed him back and his cocks gushed happily.

Ronny knew that it was Darrell and no one else who he could smell when his door opened. He was familiar with his best friend's scent, though he didn't realize it until his Transformed senses crystallized his ability to sense other men. He liked Darrell's smell, loved it, in fact. It reminded him of something pleasant, something that made him feel good. It was also erotic as hell, and drilled into his head and zeroed into his cocks.

He loved Darrell. It was easy, now, to say it, even if only to himself. The dude was funny, and shy, and cool. He had that military way about him that Ronny always liked, and why he joined up in the first place. Loyalty, service to others, selflessness, and respect. Darrell had all that, and more than that he believed in it, dearly.

Ronny was through his door in a second and down the hallway to his friend's room. His first – his only – inclination was that he wanted to kiss D on the mouth and keep kissing him all the way down his body. It was as weird as it wasn't weird at all, somehow. He knew he hadn't felt that way about D before, but he knew he should have. Or something like that. Anyway, it wasn't worth worrying about, because it felt so right.

But when he appeared in the doorway, there was D, more gorgeous and handsome than ever, and evidently petrified. Scared shitless. His face wasn't able to mask his feelings.

It sure looked like terror, but the dude's dicks were both fully engaged, so obviously something else was going on with him as well. His chest rose and fell with each breath he took, his abs swelling and receding, his shoulders rising and falling. His new body was as muscular and amazing as Ronny's own, maybe more so! He looked so beautiful. But there was a cloak of hesitation over him. Was he holding himself back? Was he angry? Did he not recognize his best friend?

Ronny decide to make the first move. He set aside his amusement and summoned up his libido. There was plenty of that. And seeing D again made it all rise up and explode from him. He could barely contain himself as he stood there trying to look so composed. All he wanted to do was attack his friend, suck on his cock, and bring him to an orgasmic state of bliss so complete that he'd never want to leave it.

But he followed his initial instinct. A kiss, the purest and simplest demonstration of a physical act of desire. Love and lust, mingling together. Affection and attraction, sex and sensuality. He kissed his friend's mouth, lightly at first, then with growing determination and passion.

Then he could feel his friend's cocks swell with sudden force and a wet, hot blast erupted between them with copious force, rocketing a gushing flood of Darrell's cream over their bodies.

There was nothing subtle about that.

Ronny joined Darrell's fountain of cum with his own, and they were both suddenly awash in a tide of sticky cream that erupted in a continuous blast from their four combined pricks, soaking their skin too quickly to absorb it all.

Sex as a Transformed man was several times more intensely pleasurable than sex as an ordinary man. Your senses were amped, your sensitivities were amped, your sexual appetite was unlimited and your body was capable of deeper, harder and more extended physical encounters. Your skin registered another man's touch as highly sensual, delivering the sensation of those caresses at ten times normal value. You had two cocks, delivering twenty times the normal amount of sexual excitement and power through every tingling nerve ending. Your balls were producing an unlimited supply of cum, and your head was filled with enough sex drive to power a hundred other men at their peak.

If sex as a Transformed man was a fucking overload, sex as a Transformed man with another Transformed man was a nuclear detonation.

Darrell came suddenly and without intending to. But he was so happy, so overjoyed and, suddenly, so overwhelmingly horny that his body acted for him, and the intensity of the orgasmic release shook him to his soul. It felt like his body was emptying itself, all his strength and power and the weight of his enormity, through his cocks. Then Ronny, sweet beautiful Ronny, came, too. He could feel his friend's gushing flood and the scent of him exploded with mighty force and he was his, body and soul.

He pulled Ronny into his arms and held him there, kissing his mouth and feeling his skin and absorbing his power while he delivered his own. They shared all that they were with each other in that pulsating moment.

A detonation of masculine sexuality expanded outward from them, soaked through with the power of their coupling. Like Robbie, and because they had been created by his power, each man had an amplified ability to broadcast a sexual charge directly into the pleasure centers of another man's brain, bringing him instantly to orgasmic explosion but otherwise not altering him physically. It was a capability that any Transform man had, but theirs had been augmented and enlarged to a new degree of potency.



In a sense, they could think a man to orgasm. Quite a nice talent, if you know you have it and can control it. When Robbie shot Wolf the arrow of his pleasure, the aim was specific and the target was narrow. It had been like shooting the force of a cannon inside a bullet. Or narrowing the stream of a firehose through a straw.

There was no such targeting or narrowing in the case of Ronny and Darrell's release. It was a bomb of sex, spreading up and out like a mushroom cloud. Unfiltered, raw, super-powered masculine sex.

The members of Main Office who were within 100 meters of the men felt the compulsion the strongest, and each of them, no matter what they were doing at the time, experienced one, long, extended, rather powerful orgasm, sending a full load of cream from their balls until they were emptied. Messy, sure, and certainly curious, but hardly dangerous.

Men outside the blast radius were gifted with orgasms of lesser intensity, but no shorter in duration. It was like suddenly thinking of a hot pornographic image that sent your body temperature rising and caused your dick to inflate with surprising speed. Some felt it stronger than others, experiencing sudden and unexpected streams of cum, with the outer periphery doing little more than soaking their underwear with a 1-inch spot of pre-cum at the tip of their hard-ons.

Outside that circle, the feeling was simply like a memory of sexual pleasure. A tease. A hint. It made those men feel very good, but the physical properties were much more subdued.

A sudden orgasmic experience wasn't enough to start the process of Operation Midnight, which would have brought the entire structure down around them, but the action left the entire base, and Mr. Peck's office in particular, in a state of panic.

## Chapter Thirty-Three

Bryan placed the phone back in its receiver and turned around. His two companions stood staring back at him, completely naked and completely unbelievably gorgeous. They were three well-muscled, over-sexed, super-potent giants, nearly as wide as they were tall, with bodies overwhelmed with bulging masses of incredibly dense and powerful muscle.

The store clerk, whose name he still didn't even know (though he was more than familiar with the young man's thick cock) was standing there with a goofy smile on his face, his dick still hard and throbbing with every beat of his heart. A thin string of honey drooled from its tip and ran down its red, shiny shaft, making it gleam invitingly. Bryan could smell the dude from 12 feet away. His hands were flexing open and closed, and the sinews and veins along each forearm bulged and flexed. He licked his bottom lip as his gaze drifted down Bryan's own incredibly beautiful frame, focusing at last on his own ample prick which suddenly felt hot and heavy.

The other man, Tony, whose most remarkable physical asset had previously been a jutting, perfect ass that sat on two of the largest pair of legs that Bryan had ever seen, now possessed a body that more than met his butt's challenge for size and perfection of form. His chest heaved as he breathed, a slim trickle of sweat glistening between the fat, heavy mounds of brawn mounted like twin mountains on his upper body. His 8-pack abs swelled and receded and his cock, huge and eager, was as hard and tall as the clerk's. It was clear that whatever had overcome them all was still working its magic, because they'd certainly had time to exhaust their libidos.

But if they felt even a tenth as anxious as Bryan did, they could keep fucking for hours.

Tony spoke. His voice was deep and powerful, almost ludicrously masculine as it emerged from between his full, moist, kissable lips. "Well?"

The single word entered Bryan's head and swam due south, filling him with erotic fantasies he knew they could all enjoy. He shrugged his mighty shoulders and a smirk crossed his mouth. "Said we should get back to the gym ASAP. Said there wasn't anything we could do about it, and it was likely to... uh, sorry, what's your name?"

The clerk looked up. "Garry."

"Nice to meet you Garry. Now, could you stop jerking off for a minute or two? It's kind of distracting and very inviting."

Garry smiled brightly and laughed. "Yeah, sorry dude. You are just so, y'know, fucking amazing looking and I just can't seem to control myself."

"Believe me, I understand. But just hang on a minute, okay?" Garry took his hand from his fat dick and wiped his palm across his broad and muscular chest, leaving a shimmering

path of pre-cum. "Thanks. Anyway, I spoke with Adam, who's kind of in charge of the whole place, and he apologized to me and asked me to please convey his apologies to you two gentlemen as well."

"Sounds like a polite sort of man," Tony observed.

"Adam is... kind of remarkable in many respects. But he said we need to get back there and then he'd explain a few things and help us out."

"Help us out?"

"He said that there were a few complications he needed to explain to us in person, and that what happened was accidental and unforeseen, and that we'd likely be feeling some 'rather startling and strange after-effects' of what happened – his words – and probably an understatement given... everything." Bryan's handsome face turned sheepish for a moment. "This is sort of my fault, though I promise you I had no idea this would happen."

Tony brought his hands up. The gesture made his shoulders mound up and swell with wedges of muscle, and the arch of his pectorals swelled and flexed. "Don't misunderstand me, I'm not angry or disappointed. I mean, this," he said, looking down at his naked body and moving his hands across its new, bigger contours, "is pretty much what I've been shooting for ever since I first stepped into a gym or lifted my first weight." He grabbed hold of his mammoth dick and squeezed out a thick gob of pre-cum. "Much more."

"What about you, Garry?"

"Dude, you hear me complaining? I just experienced the hottest sex I've ever had and feel like I could keep going for a few more sessions with you two, if you're up for it. I mean, it's not like I was expecting it – like, who could, y'know? But, dude... this is fucking sweet!"

Bryan and Tony both rumbled with deep laughter and then sighed almost at the same time. "Still, we're faced with a bit of a dilemma."

"Which is?"

Bryan looked at Tony and felt a chilling thrill of lust shock his system. Fuck, the man was sexy! "We've kind of outgrown our clothes. And we can't wander out of here and get back to the gym butt naked. Well, I guess technically we can – only legally, it's problematic. If you see my point."

"Indeed I do," he agreed. "It just seems like such a shame to cover even an inch of you up. But I do see your point."

"Dudes? Hello? This is a fucking athletic clothing store! We can just, like, take some stuff and, like, no worries, y'know?"

"I can pay for it," Tony said, automatically reaching for his wallet, and instead pressing his hand to the hard, warm, perfect mound of his right ass cheek. "I mean, if I can find my pants."

The three of them tried to fit their bulks into a variety of clothes until finding anything that would fit over their muscular enormities. When it came down to it, it wasn't their muscles that caused the most problem, since the store had a limited quantity of XXXXL shirts and pants designed to cover the largest bodybuilders.

It was their sexual equipment that was their biggest problem, literally.

Even men with large cocks seldom had to contend with anything over eight inches, and then their dicks were more likely to be thin as well as long. Packing them into pouches wasn't that difficult.

But these three were now gifted with rather more than the average length and thickness of cock. Indeed, they owned cocks of such ample abundance and considerable girth, not to mention the fact that they seemed to stay semi-rigid even when left alone and were constantly swelling into engorged erections what with all the handling.

They had, at first, decided to just allow them to swing freely inside their pants, but the constant jostling and rubbing and friction made them swell to sudden enormity. Garry's even managed to actually rip its way through a pair of the cotton pants, though it must be said that the young man rather enjoyed the idea of his cock being strong enough to tear through his pants, and he had done little to avoid the situation.

The best they could do was arrange themselves into three extra-large, stretching pouches of some athletic supporters that still hung forward with their cargo to an uncomfortable extent. After cupping their ample sets of balls into the pouches, there was almost no room for their dicks, and as it was the helmets still pushed toward freedom.

Even so, their clothing would turn out to be the least of their problems. For Transform had its own goals in mind, now that it had been unleashed.

Bryan rather liked to be stared at. It was a new experience, and he knew that some of the people saw him and Tony and Garry, as freaks. They were enormous men, easily over seven feet high each, and Bryan approached eight feet of massive masculinity. They had shoulders stretching out by the yard, and the muscle that was packed on their gigantic frames bulged almost absurdly, except that they looked altogether amazing. Every muscle so perfectly formed, so beautifully shaped, so completely perfect.

Or maybe they were staring at the meat they were packing in their shorts. Each of them owned a good foot of thick cock, and Bryan's was probably another four inches beyond that. On his 8-foot frame, maybe it didn't look so big. On the other hand, the way the damned

thing insisted on remaining semi-rigid no matter how much he and his companions managed to satiate its sexual hunger made the outline of its contour obscenely overt.

He kind of liked it. He felt in some ways that hiding such a beautiful tool was a crime. He wanted to haul his beauty out and show it off. It was gorgeous, and perfect, and everyone should see it!

Within the shopping mall, which was now less crowded but hardly abandoned, the three men paraded through the people they encountered like gods. They knew they looked good, it was hard to deny that fact, and they knew their sizes would make them stand out absurdly, but what they didn't know that they had each become like leaky balloons filled with Transform, and in their wake they were leaving a steady, though very thin, stream of the very engine that powered their own fantastic evolutions.

The women who encountered the transparent mist of Transform noticed nothing at all. They could certainly smell the testosterone pouring from the trio of muscled giants and felt a sexual pull toward them, but it was the men who came in contact with the fog of masculinity trailing behind them that realized sudden and almost magical changes.

Ordinarily, a Transformed man has full control over their ability to make other men over. These men knew nothing of that capability, and nothing at all of its need. They were simply walking through a shopping mall, swollen with power, hungry for sex, and trying to get back to the gym so they could figure this all out – while a faint but potent cloud of Transform billowed around their muscle-packed bodies.

Marvin Collins was a middle-aged man visiting the mall to pick up his suit at Sears. It had been altered accordingly to fit his aging body, with its pot belly and sagging shoulders and non-existent chest. He'd never been particularly athletic and had never been considered remotely sexy by anyone, including his wife of 16 years who was at home watching a rerun of Designing Women on Lifetime, probably unaware of his absence.

He saw the three men approaching and felt a tremble of fear swimming through his feelings of awe. They were huge. There were three of them. And the clothes they wore could barely contain them. They were moving slowly, but with an obvious aim, and coming straight for him.

For a moment, he froze in place. The urge to fight or flight was moving particularly quickly toward the latter. He'd never encountered anything like this in his life.

Then the one in the middle, the one who seemed more animated than the other two, looked directly at him and smiled. It was a smile of incandescent beauty and something else, something more lewd and... lustful. The word sprang into his head. Lustful.

They were very close now, looming ever larger, and his fear was still there, keeping him immobile, even as the man's smile increased in wattage and the he nudged against the other two men and nodded in his direction. Another of the men, the tallest of the three, seemed to nod toward Marvin and even waved toward him, slightly. The movement of his arm made the muscles swell against his sleeve. One of the seams on the underside split open. Marvin could see a dark pit filled with curls. A sudden strong scent hit him fully and he inhaled curiously.

Something in his crotch twitched. It was an unfamiliar feeling, one he hadn't felt in several years. He felt quite warm, too. The hairs at the back of his neck prickled and his balls tingled. He drew in a breath and felt his shirt grow tight, particularly across his shoulders and chest. He felt something unusual at the lower extremes of his normally sagging chest, where his nipples were. They felt good. Really good.

The feeling in his pants grew stronger, and he suddenly realized what it was. He was getting an erection. Very quickly. His first erection in years. One of the men, the smiling one, looked down at his pants and then winked at him. "Nice," he said. Something about his voice caused Marv's penis to throb and swell. His mouth went dry and his shirt grew tighter, still.

As they past him, the scent grew very strong, like sweat and something else, something more rank and deeply funky. Marv's shirt shrank against his skin and two buttons popped off. The sleeves were now uncomfortably tight and Marv's dick swelled suddenly to rock-hard fullness and he released a quick flood of warm wetness inside his pants.

Aaron and Julio were standing at the entry to GameStop, walking out with a used copy of Unreal Tournament III in a plastic bag. They had stopped dead when they saw what looked like three characters from the game walking toward them. Cartoonishly huge men with unbelievably huge muscles and overly masculine faces moving slowly through the mall, much larger than anyone else around.

Aaron said, "What the fuck?" and Julio nodded. "Shit, look at their fucking arms!" he said, pointing like a tourist at the zoo. Aaron shook his head as if trying to wake from a dream. "Who the fuck are they? Like, some fucking bodybuilder convention or some shit?"

"Dude, they are ripped! And fucking bigger than any bodybuilder I ever seen." Julio was proud of his own progress, and had even performed for three jerk-off vids he'd posted for the ladies at XTube, but he never told Aaron about them. He'd think he was a faggot, for sure. He had a nice, lean six-pack and some pretty nice arms, but nothing like what was walking towards them.

Aaron had seen Julio's videos. Shit, everyone knew about them. He'd jerked off to his friend's cum sessions more than once, alone in his room, watching Julio's uncut cock swell and spurt its load over his friend's rippled belly. He fantasized about licking the load off

him. But he never mentioned a word of it to his friend. He liked muscles, he liked dudes, but he sure as fuck wasn't gay.

Garry looked over and saw the two teens staring at the trio. "Watch this," he said quietly.

"What're you gonna do?" Bryan asked, equal parts curious and cautious.

"Just watch. That dude on the left? The black dude? He is so getting off on us. What happens if we just kind of... give him a little show?"

Aaron was sweating. Something sweet and funky hit his senses, he could smell and feel it, whatever it was. It smelled like cum and leather and earth. It smelled like power and muscle and sex. He gulped it inside. His long cock swelled thick and pushed out a stain of pre-cum.

Julio couldn't take his eyes off the three men. Then Garry lifted his arms and gave the teen muscle fans the double-bi of their lives. The biceps and triceps mounted on his arms grew suddenly too enormous for his XXXL shirt, and he ripped right through the sleeves like tissue paper. The sound of ripping material echoed like gunshots.

"Fuck." Julio suddenly felt puny. Aaron's cock went into overdrive and he pulled the bag with the video game over his swelling erection. "Did you see that, dude?"

Aaron's face was beet red when Julio looked at him. "What's wrong, dude?"

Aaron didn't answer. He was too busy watching what Tony was doing. The other man had lifted up his shirt and was rubbing his big paw across the most defined and beautiful set of abs that Aaron had ever seen. The man's skin was paper thin against the bulging masses of muscle, and his navel seemed to smile at Aaron. A dark forest of curls erupted across the lip of his pants, and something huge was coiled in his loins and trying now very hard to escape. He could see the shape of the man's cockhead pressed against the cotton material. It looked like it was growing.

Julio looked back to see what had grabbed Aaron's attention and he went silent. The same invisible fog of subtle Transform surrounded him and coated his arms and face with a mist of power. His body heated up and the wonderful pain of muscular development suddenly overwhelmed him as his body increased in mass across every inch, every muscle slowly and slightly swelling. The arm holes of the ribbed cotton athletic shirt stretched to accommodate the lats that swelled outward. His belly tightened and his six-pack formed more fully.

Aaron's cock was growing. He could feel it. He wished he'd worn underwear. Why hadn't he worn underwear? His prick pushed intently against his jeans. It was hot and heavy and hard. Another gush of pre-cum erupted. His balls were churning and his chest and shoulders and arms felt hot, for some reason. A slim inch of his dark flesh was exposed between his waistband and the hem of his shrinking shirt. His belly was growing

increasingly cobbled, like a crate of eggs, and the tip of his cock slowly pushed its way north.

Julio looked over at his friend and Aaron's eyes were closed. He was reaching down toward his crotch. Julio followed his hand and saw the dude's prick peeking over his jeans. Julio's eyes widened at the sight of Aaron's cock head, gleaming and plump, slowly emerging from his pants. Julio's hand was covering Aaron's dick before Aaron ever reached it. Then Julio began slowly rubbing his thumb over Aaron's uncut majesty. A stronger rush of Transform hit the pair as the three muscular men passed them. And Aaron shot a thick, hot load of cream all over Julio's hand.

Johnny "JJ" Johansen was considering leaving the mall to go outside for a smoke when movement drew his eye from the exit. Something big was coming toward him. He nudged his friends Carl and Manny and nodded at the big dudes walking up the mall toward where they were hanging out by the entrance. "Check it out."

Carl looked up and his breath caught. "Fuck," he said. And then, "What the fuck?"

"I know," JJ agreed. He had an unlit cigarette in his hand and he handed the pack to Carl, who took out his own cancer stick without thinking. Manny didn't smoke, but he hung out with these dudes and was more of a tag-along than anything else.

His eyes were glued to the approaching wall of giant muscles. "Dude, the middle guy."

He referred to Bryan, who was the largest of the three and clearly the Alpha Male. The one on the right, Garry, had burst through his sleeves and they hung in tatters from his gargantuan arm. Every highly-developed and intensely defined cable of raw brawn was exposed along his arms, flexing as he moved. Tony was still rubbing his belly with his hand, and his cock was approaching full mast, now, nearly 16 inches long and thicker than any beer can. The three men were smiling and laughing, now, amused at the effect they were having without realizing the extent of the real effects of their passage.

But Bryan was larger, still, than either of them. The two boys, barely 16 years old, drew his attention and he smiled at them, giving them a 'what's up?' jerk of his chiseled chin and gifting them with a gorgeous smile. He said something to the other two guys with him, both almost equally as huge, and they slowed and all three looked at JJ, Carl and Manny standing thunderstruck at the door.

"Think we should?" Tony asked, now smiling as well.

"Looks like they want a show," Bryan rumbled. "Why not give 'em one?"

Tony shrugged his wide mountain range of shoulders. "What could it hurt?"



Bryan reached down to the hem of his XXXL shirt and started to lift it from his body. Tony and Garry followed suit, slowly stripping their torsos naked and showing off what they had hidden beneath the voluminous material.

“Fuck,” Carl said again. He watched the trio exposing ungodly muscular bodies. Muscle on top of muscle. He watched it all moving like a symphony of raw power, every fiber and cable and wedge of brawn flexing and folding and bulging as the men pulled their shirts off their bodies.

It was unimaginably erotic to him. He’d never seen or felt anything like it. The three men were doing this for his benefit. He knew it. It was a show of power and domination that was both masculine and sexual at the same time. A sudden warm draft of air seemed to surround him as he watched, unblinking, as the fat inches of hard brawn were slowly exposed for his benefit.

The dude in the middle had an amazing upper body. He was having some difficulty managing the shirt off his arms, they were so big. When he lifted the shirt above his chest, Carl gasped audibly at the sheer size of his pecs. Inches deep, thick as fuck, with huge, round nipples mounted on them. As he lifted the shirt over his head, the bicep of his left arm balled into swollen power and looked like a huge baseball, round and fat.

Finally the dude was naked from the waist up, and Carl felt his cock twitch.

JJ had his eyes on the guy on the left, on Tony’s slowly revealed muscular form. The guy in the middle was huge, no doubt about it, but there was something more raw and feral and overwhelmingly powerful about the smaller guy on his right. Tony’s body was packed with muscle. It bulged almost to the point of breaking through his skin. Bryan had a wealth of perfectly formed brawn, but Tony’s was awesome because it looked uncontrollable. Every muscle was so large and so distinct that he seemed to swell outward with every movement.

Manny had remained silent throughout, but his body was doing plenty of talking as he watched Garry pull the shirt from his body. Bryan was beautiful, and Tony was mammoth, but what Garry had was raw, unbridled sexuality. It emanated from him like light and heat. He moved with a sexual swagger too raw to ignore. His body was dripping with sexual power, from his very large and luscious nipples to his full, pouting lips to his sexy dark gaze, everything about him seemed to wrap itself around Manny’s throbbing dick and suck. His body was a collection of supple, athletic power that seemed designed to draw the eye to every powerful contour, every bulging line of power, and focus it all into a beam of pure, hard, full masculine sexuality.

“Damn,” Bryan said softly. “I do believe that young man has a boner.”

“And an impressive one, at that,” agreed Tony. His own cock was throbbing hard, and wanted release.

“We need to get wherever it is we’re going,” Garry announced, “before I lose control and start to fuck someone’s fine ass right here.”

“Agreed,” Bryan said, and he tucked his shirt into the back pocket of his loose pants. The three laughed as they passed their audience, flexing and posing their collection of brawn and sending a cloud of Transform that showered muscular and sexual development over the trio of teen boys standing transfixed and in awe of their combined physical beauty.

Carl’s dick exploded as his shirt slowly ripped itself apart down the center of his chest, blooming with muscle. JJ felt his asshole tingle and his balls swell as his arms grew slightly larger with brawn and his shoes felt suddenly too tight. The seams of Manny’s Levis split along each swelling thigh and he rose two inches taller while his own cock, throbbing hot and hungry, fountained three fat spurts of cream inside his jeans.

The doors of the mall closed behind Bryan, Tony and Garry and they emerged into the evening air, feeling exceptionally good.

The three muscular giants caused a slight degree of pandemonium on their way back toward the T Gym. At least a dozen more men succumbed to the unintended cloud of faint Transforming power, small but still potent, as they slowly made their way along the three blocks in the downtown area. Men’s bodies would slowly start to change as they approached, and the changes would accelerate as they passed by and then suddenly dissipate as quickly as they had appeared.

Sometimes the changes were very subtle, adding centimeters to cock lengths or increasing the overall muscle mass of a man by a few pounds. Other times, depending on the wind and the level of arousal of the trio, the changes were more pronounced. Shirts ripped apart. Pant seams split. Zippers broke and crotches spilled their newly grown contents forward. Beards sprouted along jaw lines. Forests of curls erupted across chests and bellies. Balls swelled with seed, assholes tingled, nipples throbbed.

They left no man completely unchanged, and some were so overwhelmed that they followed along behind the trio like bees to honey, feeling themselves growing increasingly powerful and overwhelmingly horny.

The three of them weren’t completely unaware of their effect, but they assumed it to be a natural reaction to their mere presence and part of what Adam had called those ‘rather startling and strange after-effects.’ After all, hadn’t the three of them erupted with dozens of pounds of new muscle each, and sprung gigantic cocks that spewed gallons of hot cum? Weren’t they the fucking hottest things on two legs? Why wouldn’t everyone else notice them, and want them, and feel their impact as they strode the streets, muscular gods among men?

Adam's eyebrows rose over his clear blue eyes as he looked at the three men standing before him. One was well-known to him, the other two were newcomers, though certainly no less welcome as brothers in his extended family. The circumstances of their appearance in his office at the Transformation Gym, however, were worrying.

The plan had been simple and seemed to be working, but now reports were surfacing with alarming regularity that the perfect plan was perfectly flawed, and that the mastery he assumed they possessed over their unique modification was proving to be anything but.

"Should I not have...?" Bryan didn't finish his sentence. Tony looked slightly guilty and the third man, a teenaged athletics store clerk named Garry, was still goggle-eyed and staring with open lust at Adam's towering naked body.

Adam smiled. "Not have fucked them?"

"Technically," Tony said, his baritone rumbling like an earthquake, "I fucked him."

"It wasn't exactly an unforeseen likelihood, Bryan," Adam explained. "Now that you know the whole truth, you can no doubt see that sexuality is as powerful a part of us as this is." He bent his arm and the muscles swelled into enormous perfection. The room seemed to grow slightly warmer, and Adam seemed to grow slightly more beautiful, if such a thing were possible.

"But we have control."

Adam nodded. "If we choose to have control, we have control. However, losing control isn't necessarily a bad thing."

"Fuck, no!" Garry's vote in favor of Adam's observation was anything but subtle.

All three of the men who had inadvertently discovered a hint of the power that Transform delivered were now fully Transformed members of the brotherhood. They were attending a kind of summit meeting regarding the current state of affairs within the loose confederation of super-powered super-sexual supermen that included the Big Names within the family.

Todd, the original Transformed man and his paramour Stan, Chucker the Fucker and his dark-skinned lover Frazz, Dr. Carlos Martinez and Michael, Dr. Jerry Lassiter and his assistant and partner Kevin, youthful and exuberant Bobby and Joseph, Adam of course, and a half-dozen other men who had become important to the group for one reason or another, including the tattooed giant called Paul who had proven himself to have an adept mind and an incredibly sexual attitude, and a new recruit named Ahmed, a dark-eyed muscular beauty from Iran gifted a gag-inducing extra-fat cock with a wealth of foreskin and a very attractive scent that lingered about him perpetually. Paul always had an interesting and unusual way of looking at problems, and Ahmed had a keen intellect that often managed to find solutions to the stickiest problems.

Missing in action were the trio who had come to represent the military faction of the group, so far as that went. Scott Maddox, Sherman Tipton and the gorgeous Russian named Wolf were in absentia, undercover within the Main Office trying to discern their next move as well as emancipate a growing number of Brothers who had been captured and were being held “for their own good” by that agency’s new Head of Operations, an asshole known only as Mr. Peck.

What was being discussed now was where the Brotherhood should go next, and what to do – if anything – about the still-expanding powers of the extraordinary agent that had changed them all into the collection of hyper-masculine muscle monsters with seemingly unstoppable libidos that they were now.

It was becoming clear that Transform seemed to be controlling them, rather than the other way around. Or so it seemed to some of them.

Carlos pulled a thin breath through his nostrils. “I want to believe we retain control, but...”

“I still think it’s just a case of providing all the information necessary, and not holding anything back,” Chuck said, testily. There was no fucking way he was going to take a step backwards from where he was now.

Adam turned to Bryan. “Could you have contained yourself?”

He shrugged his massive shoulders. “Hindsight is 20-20.” He gestured toward the muscular monster with the beautiful bubble-butt and tree trunk legs next to him. “Could you have held back, if you saw this rounding the corner? I mean, just look at him!”

They all gazed on Tony’s awesome collection of muscles and had to agree. It would have been very hard for any of them to resist him. Tony smiled awkwardly and slapped Bryan’s ass playfully. “Aw, shucks,” he said.

Tony’s slap may have been playful, but for Bryan it drove home exactly why they were having this discussion. The slap on his naked ass flesh propelled a sudden hard flash of sexual bliss through his whole body. Nothing felt bad, everything felt good. And everyone looked good. Better than good. Better than great. Approaching unbelievable, actually. If he thought he felt horny before, it was nothing to the constant hum of sexual desire that ran through him like life’s blood, the room was practically flooded with it. His cocks continuously tingled and throbbed. His skin felt warm and sensual. The merest touch of another man’s hand on his body made him hard as a rock.

“Is it always like this?” he said aloud, almost as an afterthought.

Chuck looked at him with his lop-sided grin and answered, “If you’re lucky.” He then gave his dark-skinned giant of a lover a deep, passionate kiss on his thick, soft lips.

"It just seems like it would drive a guy nuts, always feeling so... sexually charged."

"There are compensations," Carlos clarified. "You have total control of your physical properties. Your mind is in control, but your mind is the one also receiving a near total and constant stream of sensory stimulus. Visual, tactile, aural..."

"Did he say, 'oral'?"

Carlos smiled at Chuck. "That, too. It has always had to deal with that, but Transform adds a new layer of stimulation on top of that. Sexually, a Transformed man is over-stimulated. It's a by-product of the process, it's how we handle the overwhelming amounts of testosterone coursing through us all the time. Violence curtailed into libido. We just could not have foreseen the..."

"The degree of libido that Transform would ultimately provide." Jerry finished his science partner's summation. "It's controllable, to some extent. Unfortunately, there's very little desire to control it. The brain feeds on stimulation. Any stimulation. In our cases, it just tends to detour into a carnal state."

"There's nothing unfortunate about it," Chuck concluded. "As long as we have each other, there's no problem."

"Fuckin' A!" Gerry agreed.

"The problem," Bryan said softly, "is when we don't."

"An error in judgment," Adam agreed, placing his heavily muscled arm across Bryan's shoulders. He looked at the group as a whole. "The question remains, what, if anything, should we do about it?"

"Pairing off sounds like a first step," Todd suggested. "As long as you have another Brother along for the ride, the chances that we'd feel obliged to, y'know, play with someone else's genes..."

"Did he say 'jeans'?"

"Chuck, please? For one minute? Be serious?"

"That's Frazz's job. It's why we're such a good match."

"Todd has a point. There are many advantages to sticking together," Paul said. He moved toward the center of the circle, and the figures of naked men on his painted skin seemed to dance across his muscles. He was like a living, moving painting, alive with color. "Not least of which is the threat presented by these assholes at Main Office."

They'd been out of touch with the trio of infiltrators and didn't know that Robbie, Jason and several others were now imprisoned at the Alaskan HQ. But they were aware of the dangers, and also of the need to keep track of who was being Transformed, and what happens to them afterwards.

"Alone, we're a threat to others solely because of our need for sensuality and passion."

"He means fucking," Chuck said, clearing that up for anyone confused.

"And maybe 'threat' is overstating it, but I think we need to view it like that so we can refrain from any more... accidents."

"Not that I'm complaining," Tony said cheerfully.

"Fuckin' A!" Gerry agreed.

"Hey, you won't hear any complaints from us," Bobby volunteered.

Joseph nodded his shaggy blonde head. "We're never separate, anyway. Like we always say, 'double your pleasure...'"

"Double your fun," Bobby finished, grinning.

"But it's not only for the protection of the general public of hot men out there, it also protects us should something in the nature of SelfSuckSam's sudden disappearance occur." Ahmed stood up, his clear, beautiful voice carrying easily. "We have certain talents to protect us, but I would suggest there is also the fatal flaw to consider. Our only defense is the very power we are attempting here to curtail. If we agree that the Brotherhood may no longer Transform men without thought of the consequences, we must also agree that our best defense is to escape our aggressors before capture. And if that's the case, then having someone there as a distraction or an aid in our escape becomes vital."

"No more spreading the seed without full disclosure? How's that going to work?"

"What do you mean, Chuck?"

"What I mean is, do we get to wander around in all our glory acting like fucking Pied Pipers, so those men who choose to join us have the opportunity? No more hiding behind annoying clothes? No more tucking up the extra dingly dangle?"

"Hide in plain site," Frazz said, summing it all up.

"In a manner of speaking. I think Adam has already provided one solution. The Transformation Gyms – three already, correct?"

Adam nodded to Michael's question. "With your generosity, of course. This one here in St. Louis, one in Palm Springs and another in Annapolis. We're avoiding huge metropolitan areas like New York and Chicago for now, and concentrating on cities nearby. It's also easier to come by the warehouses and large buildings and enormous real estate we tend to require to more easily contain our..." He raised an eyebrow and cast a glance downward at his cocks. "Our bulk." He smiled. He was, indeed, a very bulky man. "We already have plans for two more, one in Florida and another in Texas. Probably Austin."

"Annapolis?" Bobby inquired.

"Navy boys," Chuck growled, happily. "How I do love me some Fleet Week."

"So we continue to save ourselves for the gym floor, but show ourselves off on the street. Parade the goods as an appetizer for the main meaty entrée later." Todd emphasized 'meaty,' though he didn't need to. There was a collective throaty chuckle among the men.

"Exactly. I know it's not an optimal solution, but it also may tend to keep Main Office off our collective backsides, too."

"How do you figure," Chuck asked.

Michael said, "It will be harder for them to simply attack or restrain us when we're so publicly visible. We all know how the rumor mill works. Once word starts to spread that the men at a certain gym are all exhibiting the various physical attributes that we all enjoy in such abundance, those who appreciate and desire those same attributes will make a pilgrimage to attain them, or at least view them on display."

"And then it's just a finger-wiggle and a wink away from some nice, fresh Transforming action!" Chuck slapped his hands together hungrily. "Excellent plan!"

"There's a problem," Ahmed observed. "If we are so actively advertising our presence and a location, wouldn't it also be simpler for Main Office to simply round us all up at one of the gyms and subdue us? Or is there an exception to the rule of no Transforming without warning?"

Adam had the answer. "As we've observed, once a concentration of us exists in a single enclosed space, the environment becomes saturated with Transform. Any man entering a T Gym would become a member of the Brotherhood whether they wanted to or not."

Jerry nodded. "These muscle centers, if you will, would act as focal points. No one could be immediately Transformed fully, but I would think that the level of Transform they absorbed merely by entering the area would be enough to... influence their natural violent tendencies to one more acclimated to our own state of mind."

"Much more civilized," Carlos said.

“And infinitely hotter,” Chuck added.



## Chapter Thirty-Four

“When I was younger, and inclined to think about odd things, I used to wonder about the Lord’s wisdom when he set to designing a man’s equipment.” Clancy’s voice was clear and deep, strong and commanding. He spoke softly, but his words carried easily in the quiet evening. “A man’s rod, now, that kind of makes sense. Having it out there like that, easier to get to, easier to take a piss when one feels a need. And with the animals, easier to mark territory, show who’s boss. But a man’s balls, now why did God see fit to have them all dangling out there like berries on a vine? What good, I used to think, was that?”

The old man, who looked nothing of the sort, cast his blue-eyed gaze down and smiled. “But just now, with your mouth suckling so sweetly on ‘em, I’m thinkin’ that the Lord knew what he was doin’. If nothing else, the fact that a man’s balls are so readily available to a little attention proves that God is indeed a man. No woman would’ve designed them like that, even so.”

Caleb chuckled. Clancy felt the other man’s laugh reverberate through him, like a pleasant echo. Caleb moved the other of Clancy’s massive eggs in his warm, wet mouth and suckled on it deeply, holding the other man in that slim threshold of ultimate pleasure bordering on pain. His balls, like Caleb’s, were too large to fit both inside his mouth, as it was he could barely fit the one. But he hungered for the taste of him. He tasted good. Caleb had never considered another person’s taste before. Scent, surely, though even that was deeper and more satisfying with Clancy than for anyone else’s scent.

The man had a hairy sack. Everything about the man was hairy, from the long, flowing locks on his head to the full mustache and beard winding across his strong chin to the deep, dark, fearsome forest that surmounted the man’s enormous chest. The cobblestones of his abs rose up through the carpet on his belly like rocks in a stream, and the dark fur spread wide and thick like a crown above Clancy’s fat, beautiful cocks.

Caleb had been trying to think who the other man now reminded him of. The only thing that was left of the withered old crow he used to be were those intense and amused eyes. They were like blue sparks in utter darkness. His fur was jet black, his skin still ruddy and copper-colored by the sun. Otherwise the man had been altered considerably, much more so than Caleb had been when he had come to be changed.

Now, Clancy was a bear of a man, all bulging muscle and dark furry curls. Huge, certainly, but also evidencing a sort of elegance to him. His actions were measured, slow but steady. Nothing about him was hurried, including their love-making.

Clancy may have been out of practice due to his age and singular living arrangements, but his attentions to Caleb’s every desire was overwhelming. His kisses were deep and passionate, lasting for minutes. His hands moved with utter attention to every curve, bulge and dip of his frame. When suckling his nipple, Caleb felt Clancy’s mouth – lips, teeth and tongue – with an intensity bordering on devastating. And being fucked by the man was

nothing short of historic in its proportions. He just didn't stop. Wouldn't stop. Caleb would scream from the intensity of his pleasure, and the man would only drive him higher up that mountain of erotic bliss.

Even now, at rest, allowing himself to be pleased by Caleb's mouth as it explored his cocks, balls, taint and hole, he was an overwhelming force, like a volcano slowly smoking. When would he go off, again?

Clancy rubbed the back of Caleb's head with his paw and rumbled out a pleasurable moan of satisfaction. A slow gush of pre-cum flowed from the mouths of his dicks, drenching them in his sweet, salty taste. Caleb lapped it all up eagerly, moving his hand up the broad contour of one cock so that a flow of honey coated his grip.

"That feels amazing, Caleb," Clancy growled. His hand tightened on the back of Caleb's head, pulling his hair. Caleb felt the other man's cock swell with sudden size and grow noticeably warmer. He knew what was coming next, so he pulled his mouth from the man's fat ball and licked a trail up that swollen dick and closed his lips over the serpent's helmeted head, feeling it swell inside his mouth in the seconds before a thick, hot rush of cream filled it, spilling from the edges before he could swallow it all.

Another fat flood gushed from Clancy's hard cock and forced itself down Caleb's throat. A welcoming warmth and surging feeling of power and strength filled the other man as his friend's Transform-enriched seed flowed into him. He stroked the hard prick with his hand. It grew fatter, again. Hotter. Longer. And shoved a third fountain down Caleb's throat. He gulped it down like ambrosia, the funky scent of the other man filling his head and making his own cocks grow painfully firm.

Caleb reached up with his free hand and wove it through Clancy's thick pelt. His fur was soft and warm, and amazingly full – so thick in places that his skin was all but invisible beneath it. He could feel the man's muscle under the carpet of curls, amazed all over again at his size and hardness. His fingertips moved over the bulging mounds of his abdominals and crept toward the overhanging might of his pecs, huge and full. He found the object of his desire, one of Clancy's huge, fat nipples, and he plucked and pinched and rolled the bud in his touch, torturing and teasing it with equal facility.

"Awwwww, fuck, that feels sooooo goood." The words came from Clancy's mouth with slow ferocity. His hands clenched the rocks at his sides and he squeezed them to shards and dust as the cords and cables of raw power on his arms bulged. He clenched his teeth and bucked his hips to deliver another thick gush of warm cream into his lover's mouth. Caleb guzzled greedily and sucked harder, stroking the mammoth sex organ for more powerful sustenance, aching to drown in this feeling of total pleasure and fulfilling renewal that only another Transformed man's essence could provide.

It had only been three days since he had last seen Robbie and Mitch, but he had already forgotten what this felt like. He had spent countless hours in almost unending sexual

congress with the other two men, and since their departure he had been running or hiding or fearing for his life.

Now, again in the welcoming embrace of another muscular superman, enjoying the total irresistible satisfaction that only another man of his size, strength and sexual prowess could provide, he found that he missed his companions more than ever.

A flash of Robbie's smiling face erupted in his mind. The feeling of the man's skin, the warmth and softness covering so much hard muscle. Those penetrating eyes, seemingly always mirthful. And shit, could that man fuck! Caleb's ass throbbed from the absence of the man's pistoning cocks, almost as if he could feel them inside himself now.

Then there was Mitch, the dark-skinned native with the ready wit and the amazing hands. His eyes were like warm pools of caramel, and Caleb had never seen such long eyelashes, even on a woman. Mitch's talent lay strongest in his mouth, particularly his full, ripe lips and that long, wet tongue. The man could kiss like nobody's business, and could probably suck the chrome off a trailer hitch. He certainly loved to suck Caleb's cocks, and Caleb's cocks loved to get sucked by Mitch's capable mouth. He remembered the feeling of Mitch's long, flowing hair, so straight it appeared to have been ironed flat, but so cool and soft as it brushed your skin.

Where were they, now? What had happened to them? Were they even alive?

A thread of guilt and shame crept into his brain, settling itself inside the fabric of erotic bliss that he had been enjoying with such abandon, and he found his mind starting to wander away from the sexual adventure he was involved in.

Caleb and Clancy, alone together in the Canadian wilderness, were cut off from civilization for all intents and purposes. In time, after a few fruitful hours the two spent exploring each other, Clancy sat with Caleb at the edge of the cold lake and listened to the real tale of his new friend's powerful alterations and what had happened at another lake, many miles away. He watched Caleb struggle to hold back tears as he explained about his friends, and how he missed them, and worried about them, and wondered what to do, now.

Clancy comforted him, holding him against his warm, furry hardness, and their closeness became a sexual release. Caleb found Clancy's nipple and sucked against it. They moved effortlessly into another lengthy round of lovemaking, one that was both passionate and furious. They fucked each other hard, and kissed each other just as deeply. Now they were sprawled on the rocky shore of the lake, lingering in the soft evening light, and Clancy was pumping another thick load of cum into Caleb's body.

Caleb felt his loneliness drain away in the arms of the other man's embrace. It was like being with Robbie and Mitch, but different as well. There was a connection he could establish, something deep and true, with these men. Was it part of the thing that made him

look the way he did, now? Part of the change? He didn't know, and he didn't much care. It felt good, and that was enough.

He pulled his lips off Clancy's prick and licked the tip clean. The other man chuckled and said, "You ain't never satisfied, are you?" He scrubbed his hand into Caleb's locks and brushed them back from his handsome face.

Caleb looked up into those gleaming blue eyes and smiled before kissing Clancy's mouth. "Ever hear of too much of a good thing?" Clancy nodded. "Well, I haven't." He squeezed the man's cock lovingly and moved to lie against him, nestling his head into Clancy's warm, broad chest. It was like sleeping with two hard pillows, but he smelled so good it didn't matter. "I could stay here forever."

"And your friends?" Caleb sighed but said nothing. "Boy, you know as well as I do that we're going back there." His voice was low and sweet. Caleb felt it moving through his body like an earth tremor.

"We?"

"Of course, we. I want to know what I am, now. I want to know how this happened. Maybe they don't have the answers, but someone does."

"I'm not sure I want to know."

"Was I askin'? I'm sayin' I want to know. And you know damn well you're not the type to strand a friend where..."

Caleb sat up and turned on him, sharply. "Is that what you think I did? Abandon them?"

"I'm sayin' that we're goin' back there, to that lake. Wherever the hell it is. And we're goin' to find your friends and those that took them and find some answers." His voice remained soft and evenly tempered through the answer. Then he smiled. "And maybe you and me will get to fuck a little along the way." Caleb visibly relaxed. "There, I knew that would calm you down, some." He rumbled out a chuckle. "I can't say as I understand how men like us could be dangerous. So I figure there's something we don't know, that someone else does. And I can't see how men like us could be captured. Considering..."

Caleb knew what Clancy meant. After their initial round of surprising but satisfying fucking, which had occurred when Clancy recovered his faculties after Caleb's sleep-induced wet dream – check that, it was more like a flood dream – had made him over into the monster of muscle he was now, the two men found themselves here, at the lake edge, tossing stones into the water.

It started out as something Clancy was doing, idly skipping rocks across the lake's mirrored surface. Then, slowly, the rocks started to get bigger. And bigger still. From one-handers to two-handers. Then bigger still. From small rocks to large stones. Then small boulders, big

as dogs. Then big as pigs. Soon, they were throwing boulders as large as cows. As large as horses. Their bodies did not seem to know any limitation of strength. Clancy, on a whim, punched his balled fist against a garden shed-sized rock and cleaved it in two pieces. The detonation was like a rifle shot as the huge rock shattered.

Pulling back his hand, giddy and shocked in equal measure, he half-expected broken bones or, at the very least, a sheen of bright red blood splashed across his knuckles.

But there was nothing. His skin was indented from the impact against the rock's surface, a few tiny pebbles and rock shards clung to his flesh, but that soon righted itself. There was no pain, either. If anything, he felt stronger than ever, as if his body had grown more powerful just to allow him this asinine objective.

He awkwardly worked each half of the broken boulder into his arms and lifted them over his head, triumphant and mighty, before bending his knees and launching the several-ton chunks of solid granite towards the lake.

His naked body covered in dust, his muscles bulging hard and fat, he slapped his hands together and shook his huge mane of hair to relieve it of some of the detritus of the broken boulder, laughing and amazed. He looked at Caleb, whose face reflected his own excited and astonished emotions.

He was also, coincidentally, rock hard himself.

Their strength, as far as either could tell, was unlimited. Their stamina, too. Even after spending hours testing their physical prowess and emptying the shore of any rock larger than a German Shepherd, they felt more energized than ever. Certainly they had possessed the energy to go another few rounds of extremely satisfying and somewhat staggering sex.

And now, on an empty shore, Caleb lay against Clancy's massive chest, feeling him breath, surrounded by his comforting warmth and intoxicating scent. "When do we leave?"

Clancy looked up at the darkening sky. "In the morning. I'm not scared of the dark, but no sense getting lost in that forest. I know my way around, don't worry about that, but..."

Caleb sat forward and turned to place his fingers against Clancy's lips, to shut him up. "I'm not complaining. The morning is fine." He leaned in and replaced his fingers with his lips, turning his body to face his friend, then they moved together and lay on the shore, one atop the other, and made love to each other all over again.

When Caleb awoke, he was alone. Sounds of someone rummaging were floating across the mist-covered beach from Clancy's small cabin. He could smell coffee and bacon mixed with the scent of pine on the wind. The smell of Clancy was all over his own body. His cocks throbbed eagerly with the scent.

Caleb rose to his feet and stretched his huge body, feeling fully rested and wide awake. It was funny how his body never seemed tired, but his brain certainly enjoyed a respite now and then. His dreams had been filled with the three men most in his mind, and they had been erotic and charged with sexual power. He wondered if he'd accidentally delivered another blast from his cannons while he slept – and wondered what he could do about that.

He turned and wandered toward the cabin, the smell of breakfast growing stronger, and stood in the open doorway watching the most perfect ass in 100 miles as it stood at the wood-fired stove and turned the bacon over in its pan. "Morning, Caleb," the man said, and his voice reverberated through Caleb's naked form like thunder.

"Morning," he answered brightly. "We're having breakfast?"

The other man shrugged. Watching the network of muscles on his back as he performed this simple gesture was an erotic experience all its own. "Not one to waste nothing. I figure we won't be back here for some time – if at all – so I'm fixing up the rest of the bacon and a big pot of java for the road." He turned and smiled. "After yesterday's exercise, I guess we could both use the nourishment."

"I'm only hungry for one thing," Caleb said. He was looking pointedly at Clancy's twin pricks, arching fat and proudly over his huge, hairy ballsack.

Clancy laughed and shook his head. "You ain't never satisfied, are you?"

Caleb had to admit that breakfast was great. He hadn't actually eaten food in days, and the taste was something he missed, though it failed to satisfy him the same way that a good few swallows of Clancy's cream could do. The other man was happy to oblige him, with the promise that he could also feast on Caleb's ample supply in return. They moved back outside, into the filtered morning light, and 69'd each other to multiple orgasm until the sun was arching above the treeline.

Caleb marveled at the other man's presence again. He was so calm, usually, but could become a beast in the sack, so to speak. It was as if Clancy was two men, both sexy as hell; one that was like the calm lake he had chosen to live beside, deep and cool and perfectly still, moving only when the need was there. The other was a firestorm of passion, something that was unleashed once the gloves came off and they were entering territory that only the naked and the brave would enter. Sex was intense and.. true. There was no other word as appropriate for it. Sex with Robbie was fun, it was adventurous, it was hot. Mitch was spiritual, whether he meant to be or not, as if every kiss and caress held a secret deeper meaning, and they were all important.

Clancy treated sex like life. He attacked it, he respected it, he gave himself over to it without limit or expectation. He gave as good as he got, and when he went off his orgasms were

volcanic in nature, hot and wild. Caleb wondered how Clancy saw him, but then he thought maybe Clancy wasn't the sort to have to pull everything apart to examine it. He merely accepted. He was curious, that was certain, but if his curiosity wasn't satisfied, that was okay too.

Clancy growled a satisfying deep roar as he came again, the sound rumbling through Caleb's entire body, and he returned the favor, shooting a thick flood of cream down his lover's throat. Caleb pulled his mouth from Clancy's fount and licked a slick line along his taint before plunging his tongue into Clancy's tight asshole, feasting on the man's heady taste and aroma.

He ate Clancy's ass out with abandon, shoving his long, hot tongue deep inside, practically fucking him with it. He could feel Clancy's grip on his cock tighten, and then Clancy's lips and tongue were slurping along his fat pole before the other man joined him in his butt feast. The thick wetness surrounded his hole before he felt the man's tongue pushing inside, where he opened himself to Clancy's explorations. God, it felt so good. He squirted a fresh load of cream and sank into the awesome sensation of eating out an ass while having his ass eaten out by the man whose ass he was eating.

He never stopped to think about it at all.

The two naked men stood at the point where Caleb had first emerged from the forest. They were looking into the thick wall of trees and preparing for the journey. "You ready?"

Caleb nodded his head. "As I'll ever be."

Caleb took off at a run. The feeling of his body moving through the shadows of the forest brought back memories of his previous flight, but now he had a new goal in mind and it made the running seem effortless and free. His body obeyed his commands without exertion, and he moved with preternatural grace and speed, dodging limbs and brambles, leaping fallen trees and performing a ballet of utter beauty, his naked form passing in silence through the sun-spattered trees.

He didn't even hear Clancy's approach when the man was suddenly at his side, but a great whoop of joy and his familiar rumble of laughter announced his presence more loudly than any movement could have done. "Damn, son! What did you do to me?" The smile on his face gave perfect evidence to his overwhelming joy, and in a moment he was moving faster even than Caleb, darting and tilting and bouncing along as quickly as his muscular legs could propel him.

From behind, Caleb watched the man's muscles working in utterly beautiful harmony. They bunched and flexed and bulged and stretched, every glorious wedge and cable on his naked form working to perfection. It was uncanny and surreal. His long legs stretching to pull him over, the muscles of his butt and thighs bulging fat just before launching him forward. His

arms pumped and swung, balancing his weight perfectly as he ran. It was a thing of sheer physical perfection to see.

"Tuck 'em up!"

Clancy looked back, not slowing an inch, and shouted, "What?"

Caleb moved his hand to his now sexless loins, having retreated his twin pythons and dangling balls to help him run without being constantly reminded of them. "Your dick! Your balls!"

Clancy's face registered shock and he slowed to a halt suddenly, staring back at Caleb's approaching form. When they stood alongside each other again, neither one was even breathing hard. "What the hell?"

Caleb laughed and put his hand on the other man's firm shoulder. "It's a thing we can do." He held up his other hand. "Don't ask me how, I don't know. We just can. Kind of handy, though, don't you think?"

"As long as they come back again, sure."

Caleb allowed his twins and his heavy nutsack to swell into perfection again, watching as they bloomed forth from their hiding place and drooped forward in ample and profound glory, arching out and down over a foot long each. "Kind of like having a convertible," he observed, before pulling them back inside so that he looked, once more, like an over-developed Ken doll. "I don't suppose anything bad could happen to them, given how everything else seems so.. indestructible. But I found that running around with them slapping me was too distracting. Made 'em kind of... eager, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, I think I do," Clancy agreed. And, indeed, his were both sticking out like fishing poles. "How do I...?"

Caleb shrugged. "You just do."

"Oh." The older man looked down and said, "Okay boys. Into your hole... or something." And then they both watched Clancy's cocks and balls shrink back inside his body, leaving only a thick shag carpet of tight dark curls behind. "Weird. I can still feel them."

"What made you think you wouldn't?"

"When do the surprises stop?"

Caleb slapped the man's firm butt and winked. "I'll let you know as soon as they do." Then he took off running again. Clancy huffed out a quick laugh and launched himself after him.



It was a giddy experience, and made Caleb feel like a kid again. He found it remarkable how adept his brain was at recognizing patterns so he could find his way back over hundreds of miles of forest. Not only that, but he realized he was experiencing them in reverse, so that the relationship between trees and brush, the hills and mountains, all seemed to form a kind of map in his head.

He had no idea that this was another of Transform's many gifts, an augmented memory designed so that super soldiers in the field could act as human cameras, remembering details and plans and landscapes as if they had taken a picture of them and memorized the results. A Transformed soldier was expected to perform their duties without aid of equipment, weapon or clothing. A perfect machine capable of infiltration and camouflage, silent travel and stealth. A spy who could memorize the secrets they uncovered on screen or document and escape without leaving a trace. Augmented memory cells with infinite capacity. His brain was a computer with the largest hard drive in the world.

He had those gifts, and he was using them without realization. Everything simply seemed to fall into place. So he ran on and on, for hours, as the sun rose and fell, and the shadows lengthened into night.

"Caleb!" Clancy was there, as usual. They had run in silence, though neither had instructed the other to do so. It was as if they shared a single mind, and were thinking the same subconscious thoughts. "Hold up, boy!"

He looked over, asking, "Tired?"

Clancy laughed. "No, but in case you hadn't noticed, there's something worth stopping for over there." He pointed to the right and ahead of them, and Caleb gasped and slowed to a walk.

The moon was high in the sky, full and bright among a sea of stars. The arch of the milky way was visible like a splash of glittering dust, and countless dots of light twinkled and shone everywhere in the broad, dark sky. But what had caused Caleb's breath to hitch in his throat was a range of mountains that shot up like jagged glass, and the glowing mist that poured between them like milk. At the top of the highest peak, wind was blowing snow in long whispers, like a cloak of white, and the world was cast in the baleful light of the moon, lending it all an otherworldly beauty. "Where are we?"

"I thought you knew."

"I.. do and I don't." His brow wrinkled.

"Meaning?"

He looked at Clancy. The man's bright blue eyes were shining like jewels. The moonlight cast shadows across his rugged features, making him even more handsome than usual. The

angles and bulges of his naked muscular body were thrown into stark relief, as if the cuts and wedges of brawn had been carved by a chisel. His fur was shiny like gossamer threads and a sheen of sweat made him glow in the pale blue-white light. Looking down, he noticed that Clancy's fat cocks were both present and accounted for, hanging lush and plump between his heavily muscled thighs. "Jesus," Caleb whispered. "You look... good."

Clancy smiled. It made him look even better. "Thanks. You're not so bad yourself, though I must confess that I've been missing seeing those two beautiful pricks of yours. Think you could...?"

Caleb's twins blossomed forth and inflated to thick glory. Just looking at Clancy in the moonlight made them drool with pre-cum.

"Nice." The older man reached forth and gave them a welcoming stroke. "Now, what did you mean about knowing and not knowing?"

"I... oh, fuck, that feels good."

"Should I stop?"

"Fuck no."

"Should we fuck?"

"Fuck yes."

Caleb attacked Clancy, shoving his mouth over the other man's and pushing his tongue inside. Clancy's arms surrounded Caleb's body and together they fell to the soft earth with a resounding thud. Caleb straddled Clancy's body and Clancy guided his cocks toward Caleb's gaping hole, pushing his hardness against the moist heat of Caleb's ass and shoving himself inside.

Caleb welcomed the man's rough entry and sucked against his poles, pulling them inside his ass. God, it felt good, complete, whole. He arched his back and Clancy leaned up and planted his mouth on Caleb's right nipple, catching the heavy nub between tongue and teeth and teasing it to hardness. Caleb moaned and shot his first load, coating Clancy's huge hairy chest in a wealth of thick cream that gathered on his curls before his body drank it all up. Caleb's second snake spit another thick fountain that struck just as Clancy pulled his head back to succumb to his partner's gift of power, and it splattered against his neck and lips. He licked it off his mouth and felt it warm his insides, then leaned up to attack Caleb's other nipple.

Caleb felt his guts grow suddenly hot and a sensation of pure masculine power filled him up as both of Clancy's cannons release a volley of cum. It exploded from his hungry cocks and bathed his insides. A feeling of exploding sexual bliss accompanied the release and

triggered another fountain from his own pricks. He rode Clancy's cocks and the man thrust himself in deeper and deeper, offering thick gushes of cream in reverence to Caleb's ass.

Clancy started to grow, releasing the self-inflicted bonds that had kept him at this size for too long. His arms stretched longer and his cocks swelled enormously and his muscles doubled in size as he swelled in the moonlight. Caleb opened his eyes when he realized what was happening and he joined his friend's amazing muscular and physical development, and now both men swelled larger and larger as they fucked, their passion and intensity growing in league with their physical size.

The earth shifted under them and they pushed the trees and rocks aside as they continued to grow. The two actions together, the sexual release of physical eroticism and the physical release of the bounds that kept them from attaining their true forms now joined as one and their orgasmic bliss grew incandescent and overwhelming.

Caleb sat up, Clancy's twins buried in his ass, thrusting and throbbing and growing, and his head rose toward the tree tops. Clancy put his hands on his partners hips and was physically fucking himself with the man's body, lifting and shoving his ass up and down his twin pricks. Fat gushing fountains of cream erupted from him, so full and fierce that Caleb's body couldn't absorb it quickly enough, and it splashed and splattered between them with audible force.

The two colossal men approached their mutual ultimate size, each overwhelmed with the sensation of muscular growth and masculine power, pumping thick steams of hot cream from their massive cocks. The earth shook and the trees shivered as their massive forms bucked and shifted in the glade, naked men fucking with wild abandon in the moonlight.

Caleb leaned down over Clancy's form and pressed his mouth to his lover's. He moved his mouth to Clancy's ear, whispering, "Oh, fuck, you feel so good."

Clancy's lips brushed his ear as he whispered, sending a warm breath against Caleb's face. "Cum again."

Caleb's cocks jerked. The shafts throbbed. The heads swelled. He could feel the hot rush of his cream as it shot up both barrels, filling his body to overflowing with orgasmic bliss. He came again. It filled the space between their muscled forms and was quickly absorbed by both men.

"Cum again."

Caleb moaned. His balls ached, he had so much cum to give. His cocks felt hard as diamond, thick as tree limbs, hot as the sun. Another flooding rush of his hot, sticky cum swelled inside his pricks, plumping them massively. The helmets of his cocks throbbed and swelled with sudden force. He came again, biting down on his lover's shoulder from the sheer force of his orgasm.

“Cum again.”

Caleb pumped load after load after thick, flooding load. He was uncontained, a torrent of blissful, sustaining cream gushed from his twin dicks over and over while Clancy's two cocks stayed deeply enthroned inside his wet, warm hole. His ass sucked against Clancy's fat cocks and the other man was pumping his own endless supply of warm cream into his guts, now moving his pricks at a slow, deliberate tempo, in and out, their fat inches and flaring helmets rubbing against the insides of Caleb's ass, building his sexual pleasure higher and higher.

They stayed locked in that mutual embrace of endless orgasms for a long time, Clancy whispering his entreaty into Caleb's ear, Caleb fulfilling that wish over and over. “Cum again. Cum again. Cum again.”

Afterwards, long afterwards, Caleb rested against his lover's enormity. They had stopped their flooding torrent of cum but remained at their ultimate size, two 18-foot-long giants lying amidst the wreckage of their passion. Trees had been broken like twigs, and a large deep shallow surrounded them. The smell of raw earth and sap hung in the air and the early light of the dawn crept into the night's dark curtain.

Caleb moved his mouth toward Clancy's and kissed him gently. He moved his hands to either side of the other man's head and pushed himself up, allowing a cool breeze to pass between their overheated bodies. “Well, that was nice.”

Clancy's body shook with laughter. His furry face lit with a bright smile and when he opened his eyes, the orbs were shockingly blue. “I should say so. A remarkable performance on your part.”

“You were no slouch yourself. My ass is going to be feeling you for months!”

Clancy licked his lips and looked up. “Shit. Made kind of a mess, didn't we?”

Caleb lifted himself off his friend and offered a hand to help him to his feet. They towered tall among the trees, but were still dwarfed by the old forest growth. They stood in the pit of their fucking, feeling the cool soft earth under their bare feet. Clancy started to brush himself off as he moved from the depression in the ground, and Caleb followed after him, helping to dislodge the dark, moist mulch from the other man's broad, muscular back. Damn if he still didn't want to fuck him. His hairy crack was like an invitation all over again. He could already smell his deep, masculine funk wafting on the morning breeze.

Clancy stood on the edge of the pit and asked, “Is there a lake nearby?”

“How should I know?”

"If I recall, before we were so pleasantly distracted, you said you knew and you didn't know where we were. I was hoping you were back in the 'I know' column." He grinned, and squeezed his friend's shoulder gently.

"Oh, that. Yeah, it's weird. I know where we're going. I know the trail I used to get here."

"You said it was hundreds of miles."

Caleb nodded, then tapped his head with his finger. "It's all up here. Somehow. But I couldn't tell you what's around here, if it's not on my internal map. I can tell you where every tree is, and every rock. But the nearest body of water is about three hours in that direction, at our usual pace. What's right around us, right around here, I don't know."

"Well, I'm a perfect mess. What say you and me, we go on a little exploration. Seems to me that I hear something over there, towards the mountain range. Could be wind in the trees, but could be flowing water." He brushed more detritus off his shoulders. "I'm up for a nice swim, how about you?"

"I wouldn't say no."

They agreed to resume their former smaller sizes to reduce the damage already done to the deep forest. Caleb felt a twinge of regret watching the other man reduce in size from his glorious massiveness, but there was some consolation in the fact that he was still naked and still incredibly hot. Shrinking also helped to clear Clancy's skin of the filth caked on it, since the surface area of skin shrunk by 60%.

There was something very satisfying and sensual for Caleb about remaining naked, gloriously so, and living in the wild like he was. He had always been something of a wilderness man, and preferred the time he spent camping or hiking through the forests and mountains. His old life, one spent mostly behind a desk and often among people too urban for his tastes, looking forward more to their next three-dollar latte than a weekend spent next to a campfire or swimming through the chilly waters of a lake with no one else around for miles.

Now that he no longer needed any protection from the elements, now that his own body provided more than ample armor against the elements, being naturally naked and feeling the wind on his skin, or being surrounded by the smell of the earth and the sky, the rain on his flesh when it came, the sun on his body, it all held such intense pleasure, and he found himself in a nearly constant state of arousal, not just from his own amped-up sexuality, but from the very nature of living in this manner.

Nudity, it seemed to him, was the most natural and most comfortable state of being. If he never wore a stitch of clothing again, he would be only too happy.

Of course, it didn't hurt when one was in the company of a man who possessed the awesome physical beauty and overwhelming raw sexuality that Clancy did. Following behind him as they made their way slowly through the overgrown forest, Caleb was struck again and again by the man's innate sensuality and sense of strength and power.

It wasn't just the man's physical appearance, though that surely broadcast an aura of ultimate masculinity so strongly that at times it was almost comical. Every movement of that furry form, every bulge of his muscle, every gesture of those broad, capable hands, the way he smiles and the intensity of his eyes – it all added up to an expression of male dominance and beauty that was certainly more pronounced than on any other man Caleb could think of, even Robbie or Mitch.

But there was more to Clancy than simply the way he looked. It was also in his voice and mannerisms, the way he moved with confidence and an understated grace. There were no wasted moves. His words were sometimes effusive, but never so many that he fell into self-conscious explanations or dialogs that labored the point. Always friendly, always sociable, the man was both completely open and enigmatic at the same time. It was devilishly attractive. Caleb wanted to know more about him, but at the same time this sense of mystery and the man's forthright demeanor without all the superfluous explanations was erotic and powerful.

"This way," Clancy said in the darkness. He was headed toward the sunrise, moving in silence through the undergrowth. His form would appear and disappear ahead of Caleb, offering him only glimpses of his perfect ass or a well-muscled limb.

Suddenly, the sound of water grew loud and distinct, and the forest opened before him. The sky overhead was purple and pink, and there was a wide, quickly-moving stream in front of them. Clancy was already ankle-deep into it, moving with an uncommonly unsteady gait over slick stones. "It's bloody cold," the other man said, but his smile was lit up on his sun-tanned face like headlights on a road. "It's fast, but not too deep."

Clancy kneeled to his haunches and began to splash his body with the clean, cold water, his pricks and balls dangling into the stream. Caleb watched him with growing erotic interest as Clancy's muscles moved under his skin. Again, Caleb was reminded of a bear watching the older man bathe. Clancy's large paws, his forearms coated with dark swirls of fur, dipped into the stream to gather silver sprays of frigid water that he splashed against himself. It clung in slivery droplets to his dark hair and the fur on his chest and arms. He turned and threw a broad shower of the stream at Caleb's naked body and it struck him like needles, cold and hot at the same time. "You just gonna stand there and look handsome, or are you gonna get in here?"

Caleb smiled and moved toward the stream's edge, dipping his toe into the frigid water. "Fuck, it's cold!"

"You're unlikely to find a steaming thermal pool in these parts, boy." Clancy stood to his full height, water running off his naked skin in rivulets, making him gleam in the dim light. It

drained off his cocks like piss, and made the thick pubic hair covering his nutsack turn to an inverted Mohawk. He set his lags apart to balance himself as he stretched his thickly muscled arms wide, his expansive chest bulging outward and the teardrop lobes of brawn on his shoulders piling upon themselves. "This is fine! It'll wake up every part of that body, and you'll feel refreshed and alive."

"I think I'll just feel cold," Caleb said, then he ran forward into the stream's center and fell forward into its embrace, spluttering and shaking his lion's mane of reddish-blond curls. His body was like sunshine to Clancy's darkness. Not half as hairy as the older man, Caleb nonetheless had a swath of the same honeyed curls coating his chest, arms and legs. His face only hinted at the fully bearded bearishness of his friend, but his features were more refined, almost beautiful to Clancy's chiseled sculpture of a countenance. His dark blue eyes looked almost black in the pale morning light, while Clancy's bright turquoise orbs seemed constantly shining.

Together, the two men were night and day, one fleshed in porcelain skin with a light dusting of blonde curls mounted on a body of refined muscular perfection, his naked form bringing to mind images of Michelangelo's David, albeit a marble statue gifted this time with two huge uncut pricks and a pair of fat balls bulging with cream.

The other a brutish bear, bulging with fat brawn along his limbs and torso, with a broad, furry chest and huge shoulders wide enough to support a house. Rather than looking like a sculpted fantasy of perfect masculine beauty, this man was raw, unbridled brawn. A jutting jaw and brow were shadowed with more of his dark fur, and even his back gave birth to a subtle shading of curls that thinned to an arrow on his lower back, as if pointing the way to the bubble butt of muscle that sat above his huge legs. The crack of his ass was a dark, furry cave, and the rounded glory of each ass cheek was stubbled with more of that soft, black hair.

Caleb was standing knee-deep in the center of the stream when Clancy surprised him with a sneak attack, and they both fell back into the water, wrestling each other with equal parts playfulness and a struggle for dominance. It felt good to get physical again, and the water surrounded and bathed them as they twisted and fell and rose again, throwing each other around with abandon, heedless of the noise their rough play was causing, and unaware that they were drawing the attention of another soul in the dark woods, drawing toward them with a rifle in his hands.

## Chapter Thirty-Five

Corp. Zachary Marshall Braddock, Jr. knew it was his last chance. He was lying naked on a cold metal table, strapped to it with leather bands across his forehead, chest, belly and thighs, and metal cuffs secured his wrists and ankles. His body was already a fairly amazing collection of brawn and beauty, because he had been covertly – or not so covertly, as it had turned out – observing a certain young man held in captivity by the Main Office. The young man had been infected with a virus or a bacteria or something that caused massive muscular development and increased libido and an overall growth to his physical development that left him at nearly twice the size of an average man, but with some extras thrown in.

Now Marshall was a “volunteer” for the next phase of a series of experiments that, so far, had yielded “disappointing results” – including but not limited to the expiration of all of the previous “volunteers.”

He knew he wasn’t supposed to be watching the young man, because the method by which the young man had been changed was the method by which he himself had been slowly, inexorably changing.

He felt the changes, at first, and then witnessed them as his muscles grew larger at an alarming rate, followed by the development of his penis and testes, also growing in size well past puberty’s end. His arms swelled with biceps and triceps of increasing mass and definition. His belly went from semi-soft to firm to rock hard. The muscles along his legs separated into defined lobes, rippled and bulging, his shoulders spread too wide to be easily accommodated by his shirts, and his pectoral shelf grew fat and deep and thick. Veins were popping up across his skin as the fat turned into brawn, and finally his face had begun to change in slight but noticeable ways, intensifying his masculine attributes -- broadening his brow, sharpening his cheeks, jutting his jaw and bringing an increase to the amount of shaving he had to perform.

At the same time, other changes had occurred that effected how he felt in the presence of other men, feelings that he suspected had been there all along, but which were growing too pronounced to easily ignore or hide – particularly given the fact that he was experiencing erections of considerable power and increasing size with alarming frequency when with them, and then when thinking about them, and finally when fantasizing what it would be like to be with them, naked, and seriously aroused. Feelings that manifested watching the naked form of the giant teen on the monitor screen that finally lead to Marshall lying on this cold metal table now. The beautiful, innocent young man with the piercing eyes and the friendly smile and the huge, massive, perfect cock.

He realized he was growing seriously aroused right now. Blood pumped into his prick. He could feel it throb and shift as it swelled to erection. It was so common anymore that he might otherwise not have noticed it, except that his cock, like several other points on his



well-developed form, had monitoring probes attached. The small circular attachment clung to his stretching skin as his prick inflated, and the feeling only made him get harder.

He was on the lowest level on Main Office, on the same floor where the prisoners and the “infected” were being held because it had the highest level of security and the thickest walls. The air, here, was filtered. Access was tightly controlled. Every room, every corridor, even the rest rooms were under constant surveillance. As he was now. As were the other two men in the room, both wearing hazardous materials suits, because Marshall was now deemed a hazardous material.

A lab technician stood in another room, monitoring the situation. Somewhere nearby, or perhaps hundreds of yards away, the young man who Marshall had been observing as he slowly changed to the man he was now, a 12-foot tall teenager named Jason, sat in solitary confinement. The others who had been infected were here, too, somewhere.

But all Marshall felt at the moment was exposed, vulnerable, and scared.

His body tensed involuntarily, causing all his muscles to swell and tighten. “You need to relax,” he heard a voice say. Moving his head was difficult. He shifted his eyes and tried to look at one of the other’s men’s faces behind their protective headgear, but couldn’t see anything. He swallowed into a dry throat and closed his eyes.

Immediately, the face of the young man popped into his mind. He was smiling, lying back against a wall, his fat, long prick held in his hand. He was looking into Marshall’s eyes and he slowly, lovingly stroked himself. His cock was huge, the skin so tight against the hard shaft that it was glassy and red. A flow of thick, clear honey drooled from the tip and poured down its entire length as he moved his hand up and down, up and down, pumping the lube with evident ease. The young man’s face was eerily beautiful, angelic in its perfection. His body was a collection of muscular mounds that belied his age, evidencing an extent of development that would take many years of constant work at a gym. His body was so clean and beautiful, nearly hairless, and Marshall could see the young man’s balls physically bulging and moving as if they were being massaged by invisible hands.

The boy leaned forward, causing his abdominals to pop and swell against each other. His eyes stayed locked on Marshall as he slowly opened his mouth and leaned toward the towering expression of male sexuality, placing his lips against the flowing fount of his own copious flow before sucking the bulbous helmet inside and...

“Jason...”

“Corporal Braddock!”

The voice called him back from reverie. The dream was too beautiful to let it slip away. His eyes snapped open. He realized he was rock hard. He could feel a throbbing flow of cream in the shaft of his dick. He was at the edge of orgasm but he tamed it, pulled it back, resumed control over his sexual power.

“Relax your arm. The needle won’t penetrate the muscle like this.”

Marshall was eight feet tall. His physical metamorphosis was accelerating. His exposure was greater than he intended. He was changing, slowly but surely, into something they would seal away as they had done to Jason.

He couldn’t stand that. He would do anything to prevent it.

Whatever they asked of him.

They’d prepped him to understand what was likely to happen to him. They couldn’t reverse the process that was already taking place, but they could alter it. They were certain of it.

He knew they weren’t certain of anything. But he was left with little choice. He agreed to be the next “volunteer.” It occurred to him, as the needle pierced his flesh, that volunteer and victim both started with the same letter.

Elsewhere, two men who had been fully Transformed during a procedure to capture the man whose electronic broadcast had enabled Jason to change, and whose transformation had then altered Marshall’s genetic chemistry, in effect making them all related to the same strain of the infection, had met in a room and begun to make love to each other, unable or unwilling to contain their physical and emotional needs, and unschooled in the full nature of their newly Transformed bodies.

And with that release, came another one. Because the man who had changed them all was gifted with a new, stronger, deeper capability that manifested as a transference of Transform as a manifestation of sex, even if the other man wasn’t in the same room.

Even if he was several yards away. But breathing the same air.

A sexual blast of pheromones released invisibly, unable to dissipate, and spread by the same oxygen filtration system meant to keep it out.

Main Office had been developing an alternative to Transform, hoping to erase its initial mistakes and improve on its capabilities at the same time. It wanted control back in its own arms, and resented the fact that the Brotherhood existed at all, let alone that it roamed so freely and with such cavalier disregard for propriety and all that is right. They were monstrous freaks, sexual oddities, and they threatened the very nature of “The American Way of Life.”

Failure after failure had resulted. Men had literally exploded from muscular growth. Others grew too violent to contain. Still others were fuck pistons, interested only in sticking their big dicks into any available hole, their minds overwhelmed by the flood of testosterone that always accompanied the alterations.

What Mr. Peck wanted were perfect soldiers, perfectly restrained. Take the good parts of the Brotherhood – the strength, the size, the flight, the stealth, the memory, the self-sustaining always-on super-powered superman – and erase everything that made them flawed. Their predilection for homosexual sex, or for any kind of sex for that matter. Strip them of that unfortunate streak of individual personality. They didn't want humans, they wanted something better than humanity, something that could be used as a weapon, something whose moral code was programmable, not innate.

They wanted the body, but not the brain. They wanted the power, but not the self-control. They wanted the aggression back, but rechanneled into action rather than a quest for the next piece of ass.

Failure after failure.

A fire entered Marshall's body as the serum took hold. Moments later, Transform entered the room like a ghost, slipping inside on silent feet, a slim invisible fog. It touched Marshall's naked body and sank into his flesh, entering him through pores and follicles and nerve endings as the other serum, code-named Augment, swam through his blood.

The changes began immediately.

And a conflict took over inside Zachary Marshall Braddock's body.

Transform was designed as a trigger, using the body's own internal facilities to alter itself. Muscle cells multiplied naturally, the body broke down its former construction in favor of the new one, with a pliable skeleton and super-elastic skin and a self-repairing mechanism so thorough and powerful that damage was repaired almost before it occurred.

Augment worked in an opposite manner. It didn't feed on the host's body, it required external input. Main Office had failed so often trying to use Transform against itself, it had resorted to a new platform. Augment would feed on the external sustenance of whomever it encountered and extract growth and development directly from another host.

It was a parasite. But with Transform's help, it grew much faster than intended, and overwhelmed the other, stronger strain within this body.

Marshall's body was swelling with muscle and size, breaking free of the restraints that held it in place. He shot his arm out and grabbed onto the wrist of the man holding the needle. He tore the man's suit open and grabbed his arm, hard, a natural hunger driving his rage.

The man felt the effects instantly. Augment launched itself into the connection and extended tendrils into the other man's body, sucking his power, his energy, his muscles directly into Marshall's body.

He was physically shrinking as Marshall's body began to swell. The veins across Marshall's naked form thickened and throbbed. His muscles bulged beneath his skin as his body consumed the other man's. His chest ballooned out, his thighs thickened, his arms were swollen to the point of bursting.

The other man collapsed to the floor, moaning softly, an empty shell, barely alive. Marshall turned and charged at the third man, grabbing his helmet and ripping it free. The man struggled to escape, falling to the floor, kicking his feet. Marshall reached down and placed his palm against the other man's face, resting his hand against his cheek.

The other man screamed, a feral howl of fear and pain. His face was already shrinking as if melting. Marshall was again swelling larger. The veins across his body became engorged, the network of vascular threads swelling and multiplying as he absorbed the other man's strength. The biceps on the arm attached to the man inflated grossly, as large as his head, before Marshall's body absorbed the power more fully into itself.

The man no longer struggled as Marshall feasted on his muscle. He devoured as much as he could get until his body looked like it might burst through his skin.

The other man had nothing left inside him, and collapsed. Marshall stood up, his body an obscene mass of bulging muscle now so large that it threatened to overwhelm him. He felt powerful, angry, and hungry for one thing and one thing only.

He opened his mouth and released a howl from his broad chest.

"Jaaaaaaasooooooooon!"

A young man, 12 feet tall, angelically beautiful and muscled beyond belief, lifted his head. Someone was calling to him. He had no choice.

He had to answer.



## Chapter Thirty-Six

If there was one thing that Mr. Peck practiced with whole-hearted belief, it was to learn from one's mistakes and never to repeat them. Sending a team in to capture Transformed men, no matter how well prepared, introduced too many unknown quotients. Too many opportunities to ruin the operation. Too many personalities that would not perform according to expectations when confronted with the kind of unusual circumstances they would be likely to encounter.

Like men who could fly and deflect bullets with their bare flesh. Whose mere touch would infect them with horrifying changes from which they would never recover.

Scott Maddox had been Main Office's first line of defense, but he was no longer viable. Talented, certainly, and efficient, but also egocentric and too volatile. In retrospect, his membership in the so-called Brotherhood was a foregone conclusion. Maj. Tipton had been a fool not to recognize that. But then, he had proven himself a fool in more ways than one, and had paid for his foolishness.

With Maddox gone – in fact, a liability to Main Office – and Tipton's Transformation only adding to the damage, Mr. Peck turned to someone he knew he could trust, and placed him in charge of capturing the escaped member of Robbie's small but effective team. That man's code name was Vital.

If Maddox fancied himself a suave, sexual viper, sneaking into situations and masquerading as nothing more than another pretty face, this agent was a sharp, hard diamond. The mixed-blood, only son of a Texan Marine Corps flying ace and his Japanese wife, born in Okinawa and raised in Dallas, he had joined the armed services as a matter of preconditioned rote rather than choice, the fifth generation of his family to do so. Built from sinew and lean muscle, he was a Martial Arts champion and electronics genius. As fond of the weight rack as the track, he was a trained gymnast and medal-winning weight-lifter. In his spare time, he learned ballet and the piano. The term "overachiever" hardly applied, he was beyond any normal measure of experience.

He was 29 years old.

As a member of Special Forces, he had shown himself to be self-sufficient, quick-thinking and ruthlessly goal-oriented. He simply did not stop until the job was completed. He let nothing stand in the way of his mission, and he performed his duties without question or qualm.

He knew what he was up against. He had seen the mission vids from the botched capture, the choppers torn apart, the men changing in a matter of seconds, the flying man. He watched dispassionately, looking for chinks in the armor. Clearly, these were not soldiers. They were sloppy, inefficient, they allowed their emotions to rule their actions. They made dumb mistakes, and spared the lives of those who threatened them.

Finding the escaped man had not been easy. It had taken over three days of satellite surveillance covering a territory of 5,000 square kilometers. Vital found them. He knew where to look. A military-trained man would have altered course, hidden from view, he would have been aware of the equipment, technology and manpower being thrust in his way.

This man, a civilian, in over his head, a threat to national security, would run in a straight line, and as quickly as he could. That narrowed the target area considerably, and as luck would have it, the man elected to place his hot, over-large body signature in the middle of an unpopulated forest where thermal targeting could pick him out.

And so it had, finding Caleb and Clancy's combined 18-foot-high forms engaged in hours-long sexual coupling that only raised their combined body temperature and made them stick out like the proverbial sore thumb.

Vital drop-landed two kilometers away.

He elected to travel light. He knew that he could not come in direct contact with the target because the danger of infection was 100%. He therefore brought no bladed weapons. The usual hazardous material suits had proven ineffective, so he wore a skin-tight, rubber-coated, ceramic-armored safe suit and toxic environment mask, a completely black, exceedingly flexible sheath that covered every inch of his 6-foot 2-inch frame. He looked like a shadow, and moved like one as well, slipping through the forest toward his target with stealth and power.

On one wrist, his comm-unit looked like a slightly thick wristwatch. It enabled him to "talk" with his back-up team using a gesture interface so he could remain silent in any situation. On the other, the radar/sat interface gave him a geocentric view of the landscape, showing his position and that of the target – make that targets – east of his position.

He was a self-contained recon and acquisition machine. And in his hands, as he ran, he held an air rifle equipped with soft bullets that would erupt on contact and splatter the high-intensity narcotic anesthetic that had been the only thing to actually work during the previous capture attempt.

He would fire one bullet at each target. The bullet would strike the body and splatter, covering a 2-inch area of skin with enough of the drug to enter the bloodstream via sweat pores and put the target down within four minutes. Normally, this particular drug was effective in less than one minute, but given the bulk and density of the targets, a four-minute estimate was the best the lab techs could provide.

What happened between the time he shot the targets and the time they went down was the window of unknown.

But he was used to that.

They were not hard to find. The two muscular men were making enough noise to attract anyone within a hundred yards. Vital didn't need audio cues with the wrist-comm, but it still made things nice when he could verify what technology told him with his own highly-honed senses. He crouched down in a copse of broken limbs and watched the two, his brow wrinkling in curiosity at what he was observing.

He had been told that these were, perhaps, the most dangerous men on the planet. A threat not just to the United States, but to humanity itself. He imagined that they were ruthless, cold-hearted villains with wicked eyes and an armory of weapons at their disposal.

At the moment, what they looked like was two 12-year-old boys playing at being professional wrestlers, throwing each other around and laughing with open mirth and complete innocence. Certainly they were large. Overlarge, in fact, wouldn't have been a misnomer. They were also, quite obviously, naked, and unashamed as well. Vital tried to compare the scene before him – two grown men playing in a cool stream of water, splashing and wrestling and slapping each other's butts – with the image Main Office had provided.

These were supermen, who fancied themselves better than human, like some sort of gods striding amongst mere mortals. They were dangerous. They were powerful. They were a real and immediate threat to the very survival not merely of the American Way of Life, but of humanity itself.

He'd seen the vids of the attack at that lake. The man had literally torn the chopper apart. With his bare hands. Bullets, armor-piercing rounds, had bounced off his naked chest. He smiled as he sat between the pilot and the gunner and said something to them before placing his hands against their faces and throwing them from the flaming wreckage. The camera followed their descent through the sky as their bodies swelled with power, splitting through their uniforms like paper, their arms bulging with massive muscle, their chests exploding, their legs extending, all as if by magic.

It was as awesome as it was terrible. But who had provoked whom? And what had they done to inspire all this violence and invective?

He wasn't supposed to be thinking like that. He was supposed to perform his job. Logic rarely played a part in warfare. It was always about power. A grab for valuable land. Control over some substance. The enslavement of one people to another.

He watched the two men at play for some time from his hiding place among the trees, in the darkness of the shadows, hunkered down in his protective gear. One touch would be all it would take. More than that, they could effect him with his other senses. The scent of them on the wind, if they chose to. Their bodies were saturated with the virus. They were living, breathing... wrestling containers of the end of humanity.

He pursed his lips and waited for the right moment.



Caleb tossed Clancy toward the bank of the stream. His body impacted hard, digging out a wide divot in the soft ground. The trees shook loose some needles that rained down on them like ice. "Fucker," Clancy said, grinning. "You're gonna pay for that!"

"Bring it on, old man," the shining muscular man said. His naked form was dappled with sunlight through the treetops as he pounded his broad chest and prepared for the coming battle. "Let's see what you've got!"

Clancy wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and laughed deeply. "Don't let your mouth write checks your body can't cash, boy."

Caleb stood up straight and hit a most-muscular pose, swelling his impressive and perfect collection of brawn into awesome bulging power. Along every inch of his frame, muscle popped. It was as if his body was suddenly overwhelmed with brawn, appearing beneath his flawless skin in overwhelming abundance.

He bent over and brought his fists together, sending his shoulders and arms into paroxysms of ultimate masculine glory. The two globes of his massive chest pushed against each other and made his skin stretch thin and shiny under the swelling mass of his power. Veins popped along his skin and the muscles bunched and tightened into rock-hard balls and cables. The muscles of his thighs separated into fat wedges that flared outward like wings.

Grinning triumphantly, he rose erect and brought his arms back up, bending them at the elbow and punishing his biceps into mountains. His lats expanded by the foot and his 8-pack abs swelled like a cobblestone street. Then he grabbed his huge, fat cock and wagged it toward Clancy. "Suck on this, brother." His ball sack swung heavy and ponderous, filled with his powerful warm cream.

Clancy said, "First things first, boy," and then he charged.

Vital blew out an impressed breath at the display of raw muscular power. The blonde man was dripping wet and coated with mud, but even so he looked awesome and made Vital feel frankly jealous of the body on display. If anything, the other man was even larger, though perhaps it was the thick coat of fur that covered his dark frame that made him appear that way.

Certain doubts were creeping into Vital's thoughts, however. These men were nothing at all like he had imagined them, or he had been told. He expected super soldiers of the highest caliber, straight-arrow military men who behaved in a disciplined manner, no-nonsense types literally designed to be cogs in a machine, obeying orders and acting without restraint. What he was looking at was more like two naked men, admittedly better developed and more highly physically trained than anyone he'd ever encountered, but with nothing at all of the same set of rules he himself set his course by. He saw nothing of the

type of man he had been told to expect: ruthless, cunning and hard to pin down. Here were two guys just fucking around in a stream in the middle of the Canadian Rockies! What the fuck?

Whatever the case, the lake video certainly didn't do justice to these men. There was something beautiful and perfect about them, the effortless ease of their communion, the evident joy they took in their condition, the way their bodies moved with such grace and power. It was like witnessing the original Greek Olympics, two naked men in the prime of their physical perfection, testing each others' limits with unabashed fierceness and might.

The two men at play also cemented the fact that if Vital was going to be successful, he would have to be very quick. They moved with inhuman speed and power. As the darker man attacked, the other had stepped to his left and grabbed the man's arm and shoulder and forced him off balance. The move was so quick and looked so elegant that Vital wondered if he had actually witnessed it. If he only took one of them out, chances were that the other would be on him faster than he could aim to get off a second shot. Plus, he wasn't certain how fast the drug would take effect. Even if he managed to nail them both, how long did he have before they succumbed, and what would they do to him in the meantime?

Caleb looked down at Clancy and folded his arms across the expanse of his chest. The muscle bunched and bulged. He was still smiling. "Give up?"

Clancy sat on his naked ass in the cold stream, looking up at the other man. Caleb looked triumphant and godlike and fucking sexy. Water sparkled like jewels in the thick golden curls of pubic hair crowning Caleb's huge cock. It streamed off his body, forming shining threads that wound between the folds of muscle like liquid silver. When he offered Clancy his hand, the other man noted how a heavy drop of water or sweat clung to the fat, fine, silver dollar-sized nipple mounted on his left pec. It was huge and dark and wanted licking in the worst way.

"Get bigger," Clancy said.

Caleb's arm swelled with more meat. His chest expanded outward, creating a valley deep enough to lose a hand inside. His shoulders rose higher and split into massive lobes. His neck grew thicker as cables of brawn appeared and multiplied. His lats spread out from his upper torso and grew fat with muscle. "Bigger?"

Clancy nodded, mute and gawking.

Caleb smiled as his chest continued to develop. The muscle expanded and separated into thick bands, upper and lower shelves of meat shoving his fat nipples under the twin globes. His biceps and triceps contested for room on his arms. His thighs pushed against each other as the brawn blossomed in ever-increasing wedges of power.

Vital watched the amazing display with growing concern and, he had to admit, growing passion. His cock was also responding to the display of male power. Something about the

two men was effecting him emotionally and physically. A warm sexual wave passed through him. There could be no mistake, now. These were the men he was looking for. No one else on the planet could do what he was witnessing with his own eyes.

The man looked to be growing beyond limitations, his body adjusting to the muscle he was packing on it with no more thought than another man would breathe or eat. He was growing larger by the inch, everywhere. His frame expanded to more easily contain the huge muscular growth occurring across his body. He simply stood there in the middle of the water and grew steadily larger. Muscle on top of muscle. Vital watched the wedges and cables of new brawn bloom across the man's body. His chest seemed to unfold with muscle, growing broader and thicker and larger in every direction. The muscles along his arms swelled like balloons and grew dense and vascular. He kept smiling through the entire process, growing effortlessly bigger and more powerful with each passing second.

The other man was growing visibly aroused – absurdly so, in fact. The fat length of prick between his own well-muscled legs was plumping with alarming speed. It seemed to inflate and expand, rolling across his thigh before swelling hugely and growing bright red and shiny. The helmet bloomed and flared wider and thicker. Something gleaming appeared at the tip and began quickly to drool from the man's piss slit and he started to slowly stroke himself, drizzling a silver pool of glistening pre-cum across his belly and chest. He groaned audibly, a deeply satisfied sound, as his cock grew so large now that the head was nearly reaching toward his chin, shoving itself between the muscled hemispheres of his gargantuan chest.

The furry man opened his mouth and extended a long, pink tongue toward the red, shiny helmet of his slowly lengthening prick. He licked the tip as it pushed itself toward his mouth. He closed his eyes and leaned forward and took his own cock between his lips. His cheeks sank inward as the man effortlessly began to suck on his own massive, arching dick.

Vital, despite his training, whispered, "Fuck."

Caleb, now nine and a half feet tall and packed with brawn, looked directly at him. Muscle was blooming across his growing body with menacing speed, but his face registered nothing but shock and fear. "Clancy!" he shouted, pointing toward where the Main Office agent was crouching.

Vital raised his rifle and fired toward the massive figure.

## Chapter Thirty-Seven

Caleb dove to his left, easily avoiding the projectile, rolling as he struck the ground and regaining his feet in a smooth, fluid movement. Clancy was on his feet and zeroed in on Vital's position. His face did not show fear at all. It showed determination and resolve. "No," is all he said, softly and distinctly, and suddenly three things happened very quickly.

The prodigious and impressive erection that Clancy had been slowly stroking and sucking seemed to disappear. It did not go limp and wag between the man's legs, it simply was no longer there. Secondly, Clancy moved with inhuman speed directly toward Vital, his body moving almost too quickly to see, even though, thirdly, it was suddenly gaining muscle and size as it simultaneously gained momentum.

Vital knew he had no chance. He was outmaneuvered, outclassed and overpowered. His only hope was to escape and regroup. He bolted from his hiding place, leaving the rifle behind, and tried to run.

Clancy was on him in seconds. He moved through the trees and shadows with a stealth and speed that was frightening and awesome. Vital realized that what he had been told was true. These were very dangerous men, indeed.

Clancy was suddenly in front of him, standing in his path as if he had been there the entire time. He was huge, and he was fearfully calm. He wasn't even breathing hard. Vital very nearly ran into the mountain of a man but fell to the ground and slid toward him, hoping to make it in the space between the huge man's muscled legs, but Clancy's enhanced senses saw the move almost before Vital made it, and he merely bent and grabbed the small man around the waist like a cantankerous child.

Carrying Vital under his arm, Clancy walked easily back toward the stream and Caleb, planting the much smaller figure on the mossy ground with his back pinned to a broad tree trunk. "Don't hurt him," Caleb's deep, musical voice called.

"I'm not gonna hurt him," Clancy answered. His dark eyes were fixed on the space where Vital's eyes would have been, if he weren't completely covered in protective gear. "I only want to talk to him."

Caleb's massive form appeared over Clancy's furry shoulder. His face looked concerned and calm, now. He was still swollen with power, easily towering over Vital's small frame and even larger than Clancy's impressive collection of raw brawn. Caleb sighed through his nostrils and looked into the undergrowth for others. "Do you think there are more of them out there?"

Vital's voice sounded oddly electronic through the helmet. "I am alone."

Clancy asked him, "Who are you?"

"I am called Vital."

Clancy's mouth twisted into an unsatisfied grimace. "Vital, huh? What are you doing here? Why did you shoot at my friend? I want some answers, son."

Vital sucked in a calming breath. "You can do nothing to me."

"I wouldn't be so sure." Clancy knelt down to be eye-to-eye with the other man. "How long were you watching?" Vital said nothing. "Well, I'll assume you saw what we're capable of. And you ain't even seen me at full strength, my friend. If I was you, I'd rethink the whole silent routine."

"You can do nothing to me," he repeated. He hoped that part of his instruction was true. The other man's reactions had borne it out, that these men, though dangerous, were unable to perform violent acts. But with provocation, who knew what might happen?

"He seems awfully sure of himself."

Caleb rubbed his hand under his chiseled jaw. "Maybe he knows more about us than we do." He knelt down as well. "Is that true? Do you know what we are? What happened to us?"

Vital was dumbfounded. How could that possibly be true? He remained silent as he tried to work it out logically, but his silence was taken as refusal. Clancy grunted. He sounded like a dissatisfied bear. "He ain't talkin'."

"Why's he all geared up like that?" Caleb moved his huge hand along the lines of Vital's gear with a gentle touch, his fingers almost caressing the other man's armored body. "It's not like we're gonna shoot him. We don't even have clothes, for crying out loud."

"We've got something else," Clancy answered. "Or have you forgotten what happened back at my cabin when you were having those pleasant dreams?"

Caleb rolled his eyes. "I said I was sorry! Jeeze, are you gonna hold that against me forever?"

Clancy grinned. "I got something else I'd rather hold against you." He reached down and grabbed onto Caleb's cock, squeezing gently. "Anyway, I'm betting what he's really scared of is you doing to him what happened to me. And to you."

Caleb's brow furrowed. "So... maybe this is bad? What we are? Maybe... maybe it's deadly or something?"

Clancy shrugged. "Don't feel bad." A rush of the unusually potent sexual desire filled him up.

Vital spoke. "You are a threat."

They both looked at him as if suddenly remembering he was there. "To who?"

"Whom," Caleb corrected his friend.

"Humanity," Vital answered.

Clancy laughed. "Who says so? What kind of threat are we, anyway? According to you, we can't do anything, anyway."

Vital nodded toward Clancy. "You were correct. You can make other men into what you are. What you have become. Your affliction is highly contagious and dangerous."

"How's that?"

"You are a threat. You can no longer procreate by normal means. You can only make more. Only more men like you. Only men."

"I'm not following," Caleb admitted. "You're saying that someone wants us dead because they're afraid that we'll..."

"We'll turn every man into what we are," Clancy finished. "Then... no more babies. No more people. No more anything."

"Why the fuck would we do that?"

Vital considered his answer. "It is your goal."

"Says the fuck who?" Caleb asked.

"The Brotherhood."

"Oh, man, this is some seriously fucked up sci fi shit we got here, my friend," Clancy stated. "Who's the brotherhood? What do they want to do that for? And, for the last time, who are you?"

Vital adjusted himself against the tree to sit up more. The two looming giants were somewhat threatening, no matter what their words were conveying. He wanted suddenly to appear larger himself. "You are The Brotherhood. You are Transformed. You've become something other than human. A mistake. An escaped viral plague."

"This guy talks like a robot. Maybe he is a robot! Nothing would surprise me anymore." Clancy's fur-rimmed mouth twisted into a frown.

"I'm a man. This uniform protects me from you. From your disease."

“How can it be a disease? I don’t feel bad, I feel great! Look at me, I’m nearly 80 years old! Do I look like I have a disease to you?”

“You were designed to be something else. You are soldiers, but you’re flawed.”

“Take that helmet off, you sound like a god damned android.”

“It protects me.”

“From us, I know. Look, I promise not to do anything. Caleb promises, too, right, Caleb?” The golden man nodded. His body was altering again, shrinking now, growing more ‘normal,’ or as normal as a naked horse-hung bodybuilder could look. Clancy followed suit, allowing himself to assume a less threatening guise, until the two naked men stood barely taller than Vital himself, though most certainly bulkier.

“Can you control it?”

Clancy nodded. “Nothing happened to me until my friend here was fast asleep. It wasn’t intentional. Hell, we were having a nice friendly conversation right up until the moment his twin pythons started spitting.”

“Colorful metaphor,” Caleb remarked dryly. “But he’s right. It was unintentional. Whatever this is that made us, it’s not a disease or a virus or something you can catch. It takes intent – even if that intent is subconscious. And since neither of us is asleep at the moment, let’s agree that you’re safe.”

Vital did not want to agree with them. It was obviously a trick. And he said so. “I won’t fall for your tricks.”

“Look, friend, we’re not going to...”

“No,” Caleb said, “he’s right. He’s got no reason to trust us, given what he thinks he knows – which is more than you or I know. Let’s just let him wear that until he feels okay about us. All I want to know is... well, I guess I want to know everything.”

“Everything?”

Caleb nodded to Clancy. “Everything he knows.”

Vital considered the request. “Tell me how this happened, how you came to be Transformed, and I will tell you what I know.”

So Caleb did. He told Vital about his encounter with Robbie and Mitch. About the sex at the lake edge. About changing, and how he felt now. He told about the attack, and his escape, and encountering Clancy. Then the other man took up the tale and explained more about what had happened in his cabin, as the sleeping young man’s body began to manifest its

power, and the accidental gift he had bestowed upon Clancy's frail body that created the two men standing naked before Vital now.

"And that's it. That's all I know. We were going back to the lake, to where your forces attacked me and my friends," Caleb explained, "when you showed up here and... and here we are."

It seemed implausible, but not impossible. "I believe you," Vital announced.

"Fine. Great. Now it's your turn." Clancy stood upright and gestured toward his own greatly improved body as he asked, "What is this stuff? Where did it come from? What happened to us?"

"And why does everyone seem so intent on killing us?"

Vital reached up and unfastened his helmet from his uniform, accompanied by a soft hiss as the seal was broken. He removed the shell and the clinging under seal and brushed a hand through his close-cut burr of thick, dark hair.

Caleb felt a chill of sexual excitement rush through him as he gazed on the third man's visage. He kept himself in check, as promised, though he wanted to do much more than simply look at the man's face. Vital had almond-shaped eyes, blue-green, and a dark complexion. His cheekbones were absurdly sharp, and his lips were absurdly thick. He had a small nose and a sharply angled jaw. He wasn't handsome so much as pretty. His features were smooth and almost feminine in their delicacy, but there was a hard edge to his gaze and his voice, when he spoke, was deep but soft.

"You are Transformed. Both of you. There is no antidote and no immunity. Any man can be Transformed, and once he has been altered he has the ability to Transform any other man. As you've both witnessed and experienced, the process is immediate and overwhelming, altering your bodies at a genetic level."

"What the fuck is it?"

Vital explained all he knew. Where it originated, what it had been designed for, its escape from the military and the development of The Brotherhood. He spoke in general terms, because he wasn't given specifics. He told them what he had been told of their new capabilities, some of which neither man had experienced yet. He told them why they had been attacked earlier, and what his mission was now. He told them everything.

"So, how did I get it then? Or, I guess I mean, how did Robbie get it? He said he had no idea how it happened to him, and he didn't encounter any giant muscle dudes along the way. He just changed, all at once."

"We do not know. He is in custody now. You were to be taken in as well. There was no order to eliminate you."



"Yeah, sounds like there would be if you knew how to do it." Vital remained silent. "And what's this flaw you mentioned? Why can't we do anything to you?"

"Your aggression has been rechanneled. You can act when threatened, but you can not feel angry or violent. It has been mitigated to such an extent that your physical prowess will not aid you in a fight, simply because your brain will not obey those commands. Your aggression is purely sexual, now. In a phrase, you'd rather fuck than fight."

"I don't know about that, I'm feeling pretty miffed about now."

"You have not taken any violent act against me. I am not even restrained. Doesn't that strike you as unusual?"

"So that's why you're not afraid."

"I have nothing to fear."

"So," Clancy said, "what now?"

"I am your prisoner."

"Uh, no. You're not," Caleb announced. "If you leave us alone, we'll leave you alone."

"He can't do that," Clancy said. "Either he's our prisoner or we're his."

"Says who?"

Clancy sighed. "It's just the way it is. He has his orders. And he and I both know how this works." Caleb looked at Clancy and furrowed his handsome brow. "I had a long life before we ever met, son. There was a reason I ended up in a cabin in the middle of nowhere. I'm not exactly ignorant of the workings of undercover agencies."

"Say what, now?"

Clancy shook his head. "I'll tell you later, but right now we need to..."

"You're The Bear." Vital said it as a statement, not a question. Clancy's mouth quirked into a grimace and he looked at the other man sharply before closing his eyes and slowly nodding. Vital moved to stand up and offered his gloved hand to the furry, naked muscleman. "I am extremely honored," he said.

"The fuck?" Caleb asked.

"Like I said," Clancy answered, "later." He let go of Vital's hand and looked at the device on his wrist, his eyes narrowing. Then he said, "Fuck. They've been monitoring."

"Of course," Vital answered.

"Well, shit. I really must be getting old." Clancy looked at Caleb and said, "The reason our friend here has been so forthcoming is that he's been stalling for time."

"Time for what?"

"For his friends to arrive. While we've been flapping our lips and posturing about who's doing what to whom, his little collection of electronics... fuck! We need to move." He looked up into the sky. "Or not." He looked at Vital again. "Satellite?" Vital nodded. "Thermal?" Another nod. "Well, shit."

"What?" Caleb was well and truly confused.

"We're kind of fucked." He looked across the stream and into the forest beyond. "Let me think a minute." He took a couple of steps toward the water and tramped into the stream up to his ankles. Then he quickly turned and looked at Vital again. "You said this was developed by the military. Special Ops. Main Office, I assume?"

Vital nodded. His lips quirked into a slim smile.

"Okay. Okay. Stealth. Camo. Speed." He snapped his fingers and looked at Caleb. "We need to go cold."

"Um, so, it probably goes without saying but you lost me about five minutes ago. What the hell are you taking about?"

"You and me, we've been altered at the genetic level. These alterations were intended to create a kind of super soldier, one who could basically get in and out unnoticed on his own, and take care of himself under any circumstances."

"Okaaay..."

"We need to go cold."

"Still not following."

"It's like your changing your physical appearance to look like any other man. It's like moving through the forest at speed, but in silence. I've been so stupid! Okay, just... go cold."

"Like, cold cold?"

Clancy nodded. "We need to disappear. They're tracking us. From space."

"No fucking way."

“So go cold. Lower your ambient body temperature. I think we can do that.”

“How do you know?”

“If I was creating the perfect soldier, that’s what I’d do. He,” Clancy said, pointing at Vital, “is already invisible by virtue of his suit. We have an advantage. We don’t need suits.”

“So... how does one ‘go cold?’”

“Just do it.”

Caleb frowned, then shrugged, then closed his eyes and tried to summon the same kind of feeling he had when he learned how to alter his appearance. It was a form of ‘believing.’ If he believed he was someone else, he would become them. If he believed he was cold, then...

“I believe I’m cold.”

Clancy’s huge paw grabbed onto Caleb’s thickly muscled arm. His eyes widened and a wide, bright smile broke through the dark fur surrounding his lips. “Fuck if you ain’t, son! How’d you...?”

“Believe it,” he answered. “You just have to believe it.”

Clancy closed his eyes and believed it.

Vital’s wrist-mounted monitor started to glow with a soft red ring of light. He looked down at it and couldn’t help smiling himself. When he looked up, Clancy met his gaze directly and they both knew what it meant. “Put your helmet back on, Vital,” the older man ordered. “You need to disappear, too.”

“Now,” Clancy announced softly, “we move.”

## Chapter Thirty-Eight

::Ready?: Maddox had his finger poised over a blinking red button. Klaxons were shouting their electronic alarms throughout the facility. He was sitting in Security, manning his usual post, with a bank of monitors arrayed before him displaying scenes of orderly mayhem erupting in every corridor.

::Not yet. Hold on.: Wolf's Russian-inflected voice sang through his head. He could feel the other man's sense of excitement mingled with trepidation. There was no fear in the man's head at all. He seemed unnaturally calm, given what was going on all around them. Maddox felt a sense of pride in his comrade.

::I'm out of time! Get your pretty ass in gear, you fucking Commie bastard!: Sherman Tipton's voice brought back memories to Maddox of the man he used to be, the military asshole who had been his superior and in charge of the old Main Office before it had been destroyed. Sherman had become an unwilling member of the Brotherhood on that day, but to his credit, he had never looked back. Maddox had to smile at the sound of the old General once again in his mind.

::Hold on, please. Just a minute longer.:

Maddox looked up at the monitors again, looking for his friends in the building confusion. Wolf was in Recon, a form of military police, but more like C.I.A. operatives than cops. He was as close to the action as they could get. Sherman was in the labs, a relatively minor functionary but in a position to monitor Main Office's progress in creating their own version of Transform – or a way to bring an end to the Brotherhood for good. And Maddox was in Comm-Sec, communications and security, able to watch everything and everywhere with the aid of the Office's myriad spy cameras and monitoring equipment.

They had assumed the identities of three members of Main Office who were now also members of the Transformed Brotherhood. That was two weeks ago. Their infiltration had gone unnoticed, almost miraculously, but given the circumstances that had been occurring over that period, maybe it wasn't so hard to believe.

First there was the capture of a young man named Jason, who had been inadvertently given a slim, slow-acting form of Transform that had gradually turned him from an introverted, closeted high school teen with a fast Internet connection into a seething cauldron of sexual and muscular power, able himself to gift anyone else he came in contact with the same slowly metamorphosing version of Transform. How he had contracted it and what happened since had hardly been mysterious, because both Main Office and the Brotherhood had been searching for another man, the instigator of Jason's sudden evolution, known only as SelfSuckSam.

Main Office found him first.

His name, as it turned out, wasn't Sam. It was Robbie. And Robbie had been busy. Another Transformed man had been brought in with him, a man named Mitch, though that was short for his actual given Cree name. During those men's capture, Robbie had somehow managed to Transform four more men, members of Main Office, all of whom had been brought back to the Alaskan headquarters building buried deep under the permafrost.

And that was their big mistake.

They had made many others, due to short-sightedness or simple stupidity. Maddox wasn't surprised by that, he'd been dealing with bureaucracies and government red tape in many forms over the years. It was almost impossible to actually get anything done. Why occupy the entire facility with men, when men were the only ones susceptible to Transformation? Why keep everything in a single facility, when the danger was obvious? And why put a man like Peck in charge of Main Office, when the man was clearly insane?

Well, maybe not insane. But certainly the biggest asshole that Maddox had ever encountered.

And that was saying something.

The final stupidity, though the humanity behind it surprised Maddox, was allowing any of the captured men to come together. Perhaps it had escaped their attention that a Transformed man on his own was a threat, but putting two of them together amounted to lighting the fuse and throwing the bomb into a fireworks factory.

Something was just bound to explode.

Surprisingly – or perhaps, in hindsight, not – it was the exposed Main Office soldiers who had caused the fireworks to go off. Unable to contain their new capabilities, and unaware that they even had them, the four Transformed soldiers had inadvertently released a maelstrom of sexual power that took the officers and administration of Main Office by surprise, and started the wheels of a train that now threatened to destroy the very men it was intended to save.

The red button kept blinking. Maddox stared at the broadcast vision of his comrade's massive form bent over a small metal box. ::Wolf?::

::Almost. Almost.::

Wolf strained at the mechanism. It was a devilishly clever way of disarming a man like him, who was capable of feats of physical strength that made almost anything put in his way turn into crushed debris and useless rubble. But there was no way for him to physically overwhelm this lock, it required finesse of a sort that sheer muscular power, no matter how beefy, couldn't provide.

::Fuck! Fuck!:: Sherman's voice came through the sirens and alarms with clarity, like a church bell ringing on a quiet Sunday morning. ::Jesus fucking Christ, what is taking so long?!?:

Maddox watched the scene unfolding on his console. :oesn't he realize what will happen?: Maddox thought of Marshall. He suddenly wanted to switch places with Sherman. Not that he didn't trust him, but he probably lacked a certain level of understanding that would be important.

Sherman answered Maddox as if a child had asked the question. The sarcasm was thick. ::I guess not! I guess being physically altered by some unproven, experimental serum that strips out the containments on aggression and anger has him slightly pissed off! I guess it hasn't occurred to him that if he keeps this up, the whole world is gonna collapse in on us all and....:

Maddox shut him down. He'd go on like that. But it was understandable. He was in the middle of the shitstorm.

Sherman stood staring at the security door that lead into the containment room. Another heavy boom sounded from behind it. Another fat dent appeared. Overhead, embedded in the very concrete of Main Office, sensors were monitoring the entire complex for tremors and shaking of a type not consistent with the area's unstable tectonics. They were programmed to ignore the movements of the earth's faults, and to look for more centralized shaking that originated not from the outside of the building, but from the inside.

The kind that might result from the sudden, explicable swelling growth of average men into over-muscled giants, grown so large, so quickly, that their very bodies were shoving the walls and ceilings aside like paper. The kind that had overwhelmed the original Main Office some months before.

The kind that was happening now.

According to Wolf, Operation Midnight would not be triggered until structural failure actually occurred. The extent of that failure was uncertain. But so was Wolf.

It was the perfect storm of circumstances. And Sherman Tipton just happened to find himself in the middle of it.

Something unforeseen, something uncontrollable was growing in the lab. Transform had been unleashed. Inadvertently, unknowingly, but nonetheless it was loose in the facility. The four young men who had been allowed together had seen to that. A stupid mistake, and a human one, but the results were now pounding at the thick metal door that separated Sherman Tipton from their lair.

Sherman knew him, though he knew Sherman as someone else. They had shared meals together. Maddox, that fucking oversexed bastard, had a thing for him. Marshall Motherfucking Braddock. An idiot who didn't even have the sense to keep his dick in his trousers in the heart of Main Office!

He was howling like an animal. He was swollen with the absorbed strength of three men, and had been partially Transformed. He was growing, slowly, as the two formulas at war within him came to equilibrium. Who knew what he'd turn into?

He could practically smell him. And he was swelling with more power and raining blows on the 6-inch thick solid stainless steel security door that held him away from where Sherman Tipton, alone, stood to hold him back.

Sherman knew it would be easy to stop him. All he had to do was fully Transform him. Overwhelm whatever they had done to him with the ultimate power that flowed through every cell in Sherman's tightly compacted body.

Or so he hoped. The other man's body and mind had been toyed with.

And yet he couldn't even do that until fucking Wolf managed to fucking override the fucking security system so fucking Maddox could fucking activate it and shut it down. It was a sound theory, but who knew what the fuck was going to happen? Would overriding it start the chain-reaction? If activated and nothing happens, what would the back-up systems do?

What if it was all just bullshit and he was standing here with his dick in his hands like some first-year private? Fuck!

Marshall, or whatever Marshall was now, shoved himself against the door again. He was howling something that Sherman couldn't understand. Maybe he was just howling. He wished to God he'd just shut the fuck up, it was starting to get on his nerves.

Another heavy thud shook the room, but it didn't come from the door. It came from behind him. Sherman's brow wrinkled and he started to turn around when the wall at the back of the room exploded inward and a silhouette stood in the pulverized collection of rebar, concrete and, yes, that certainly did look like something resembling a monitoring device. "The fuck?"

The silhouette said, "I'm here."

Sherman sent out a distress signal. The walls were coming down. It was now or never. ::Wolf?::

Maddox looked from the monitor showing him Sherman in the room next to Marshall's muscle-bloated body to the one showing Wolf kneeling next to a wall in a white room. There was a man standing behind him.

The Russian had a gun to his head. "Stop right now!"

He could feel the cold barrel pressing against his scalp. "No."

"Stop or I'll fire."

The gun shifted slightly when the trigger was cocked. "I cannot stop."

"This is your final warning!"

Wolf dug his fingers into the tangle of wires erupting from the final metal box on the wall, the twelfth one he'd had to explore, and extracted the blue wire with white stripes. He tightened his pinch and pulled, squeezing his eyes shut.

He realized that a gun going off behind your head is exceptionally loud.

There was a bright flash in the monitor where Maddox watched Wolf disengage the final security mechanism. The red button under his fore finger stopped flashing and turned solid red.

He pressed it.

"Who are you?" Sherman's body was already swelling with muscle. He was splitting the seams of his uniform, shredding it as he grew.

The figure stepped into the room with him. He was beautiful, and naked, and had clearly been Transformed to some extent. "I'm Jason."

The door behind them collapsed as a final hard boom struck it from behind. It flew outward and hit Sherman's swelling mass of muscle with enough force to stagger him. Jason said, "Whoa!" and ducked involuntarily as a huge mass of naked, vein-covered muscle charged forward.



Sherman called, "Look out!" as he tried to reach forward to deliver a massive dose of Transform from himself, hoping to overwhelm the transgressor.

"You can't help," Jason said softly, and stepped into Sherman's touch, receiving the full impact of the other man's Transformation. He began quickly to swell with power.

The third man's eyes searched the room and he smelled the air like an animal, until he located which of the two suddenly inflating figures in the room was his. They had a bond, joined through electronic means, made stronger over time, and now coming to fruition together.

"Jason," Marshall said, his voice a torn resonance of pain. Tears filled his maddened eyes as he looked for the first time at this most beautiful man.

"Don't touch him!" Sherman warned.

"Hello," Jason answered simply, and he opened his arms to gather Marshall's grotesquely muscle-bound body into his embrace.

The swollen, throbbing mass shrunk back from him. "No," he murmured, "Can't!"

"Help them," Jason told Sherman. There were two seemingly lifeless forms beyond the shattered doorway. Jason continued to grow larger and larger. His chest inflated with power, cables of brawn reaching across each hemisphere and met in the middle, shoving more and more power into his pecs. His shoulders split and bulged and split again. His arms were swollen masses of beautiful, perfect muscle. His dicks spilled forward by the inch, firm and thick and perfect. "Come here," he instructed the bloated form before him.

"Can't!" it blubbered. Its eyes were swollen with tears. They rolled down Marshall's shiny, vein-covered face.

"Yes," Jason said, "you can."

He reached forward and hugged the other man into his swelling arms.

"Shit." Maddox watched the two figures embrace when the wall of monitors before him went dead. The sound of boots running in the hallway echoed around him in the darkened room and there were sounds at the door, sounds he was familiar with. They involved the setting of charges to gain entrance via detonation of plastic explosives.

He sucked in a long breath and began to disrobe.

It was going to be a long night.

Wolf reached behind his head and grabbed the hot barrel of the gun in his grip, squeezing it into a tight, mangled tube of steel. The bicep of his arm swelled with massive brawn, splitting through his sleeve. The spot on his head where the bullet struck him point-blank stung a bit. It might even be bleeding.

There was a sound like a whimper behind him.

Wolf shook his head and smiled. "Are you scared?" There was no answer, so he pivoted and rose to his feet, his body swelling as it turned. The buttons of his shirt shot across the room and ricocheted off the clean, white walls. The seams on the outside of his pants split, then ripped open. His shoulders burst through his shirt and his shoes creaked and split.

The soldier was a Private. A young man, probably on duty at this late hour because of his inexperience. He was wearing something like riot gear. Dark, padded, probably armored. He wore a helmet on his head and there was a wet stain spreading at his crotch as he witnessed the man before him, whom he had just attempted to shoot through the skull, growing bigger by the second. "Don't..." he murmured.

"Don't what?" Wolf's natural inflection made the question sound almost comical. He smiled as his face altered, changing in a matter of seconds from that of Terrance "Tank" Clay, a black-skinned African American with a broad, flat nose and dark, dark eyes into a pale-skinned, blond-haired giant of a man with piercing blue-gray eyes and a devilish smile. His naked form was quickly swelling out of his uniform, and the sound of ripping material was suddenly loud in the otherwise silent room. Folds of raw muscle, fat and firm with restrained force, bloomed from the expanding man's body as his face coalesced into one of absolute masculine beauty.

The other man's mouth fell open as he witnessed the transformation. All the training in the world couldn't prepare him for what he was now witnessing first-hand. "Please..." he whimpered.

"If we're going to get anywhere at all," Wolf said, his voice a calm, low rumble, "you're going to need to communicate more clearly."

Wolf stretched to nine feet tall. Naked now, and gloriously so. His body was overwhelmed with raw, powerful muscle. Broad plates of it sat on his chest. Fat cables lined his limbs. Round, hard bulges popped across his belly. One of his twin cock spilled forth in abundant magnificence, arching out proudly over two fat, low-hanging balls. He was altogether hairless, his smooth, milky skin shining with evident health. He stood upright in the room and his growth and development slowed before he reached the ceiling overhead. He would need to move with speed and be as unencumbered as possible for what came next. Regaining his ultimate size just wouldn't work out for this job.

Still, he was an imposing figure, towering over the smaller man like a colossus, covered in more raw brawn than any man the other had ever seen. "I would stay and chat," he said, smiling, "but you don't seem like much for conversation."

"You're not... you didn't..."

"No, I'm not. No, I didn't." He tilted his head. "See, we're the good guys. We don't do things like that." He winked. "Well, not anymore." An eyebrow arched over one of his sparkling cloud-colored eyes. "Unless you want me to?"

The man held up his arms and backed away.

"I thought not." He sighed, and made a show of placing his hand on his massive meat, rubbing the helmet with his thumb. "But if you change your mind, you'll know where to find me. Just follow the sounds of destruction."

Then Wolf fell to one knee, looked down at the floor, brought his right fist up and hammered it through the concrete.

The plastic explosives were very loud. The door was pulverized, exploded inward and torn open like aluminum foil. A phalanx of armored soldiers in bullet-proof gear pushed into the breach, weapons drawn and pointed into the room.

All they found was a small collection of torn and shredded clothing piled in one corner, and a very large hole in the middle of the floor that looked like someone had taken a very powerful, very accurate jackhammer to it. A single soldier, his smoking gun in one hand, its barrel compacted into a mangled mess, stood gawking at the hole in the floor as the urine stain spread across his groin.

There was no one else in the room at all.

## Chapter Thirty-Nine

Sherman Tipton had witnessed many, many odd things in his long life. He'd been directly responsible for many of them, and indirectly responsible for more he'd never know about. He'd ordered men into deadly situations he knew they probably would not be returning from. He'd seen men change physically before his eyes, until experiencing the effects of the same transformations first-hand.

Since then, when his life was as changed as his body had been, he'd experienced increasingly weird and wonderful incidents, mostly due to his completely altered physical body and capabilities. He told himself early on that he'd also been changed mentally and emotionally, that he couldn't possibly be the same person inside as he had been, because there was no sane way that the old Major Sherman Tipton would ever allow, let alone do, the things he was doing.

But just as surely, he knew that was a lie. He was still the same man. Altered, certainly, and dramatically so, but he had lost none of his memories, or his feelings, or the intrinsic emotional core that defined who he was and had always been. Transform, he decided, changed several things about a man, but it didn't change the man himself.

Sherman was still Sherman.

None of that, as important as it was, dawned on him as he stood naked in a small room deep in the bowels of Main Office watching as two men he knew only dimly began to do something completely beyond his comprehension. Maybe if Carlos was there, he could have explained it, or made sense of it, or even understood it. But as Sherman watched what transpired between Jason and Marshall, his brain could do nothing to make it fit into his world.

Because as Marshall's muscle-bloated body fell into Jason's youthful and loving embrace, the two men began to melt.

That was the closest word that described what he watched. He was frozen in place. He was mesmerized by shock. As the dust settled and the sounds of explosions began to rock the complex, Sherman watched two men combining into one.

And he could feel something in the room with them, something new and powerful, something the two men were pumping out like light and heat.

Scott Maddox sucked in a calming breath and turned around to face the armored door leading into the room where he stood, now naked and swelling larger with power and growing increasingly beautiful, morphing back into his natural state as a Transformed man.

The shit hadn't merely hit the fan. It had overwhelmed it and transformed it. Shit was showering down upon them all, the shitstorm was hitting hard and full.

A powerful detonation shook the room. Maddox was unsure if the sensation was localized or wider. In spite of himself, he was grinning. Adrenalin pumped through his huge body, veins pumped hot blood into his muscles, and he had to calm his cocks from growing steel hard. He was excited and anxious, and he was severely turned on.

A deep, stark divot appeared in the metal door and he shrunk toward the floor, his muscular naked form poised for whatever was coming through. He'd pushed the button that would set off Operation Midnight, after Wolf had successfully bypassed the main conduits of the explosive network.

But he couldn't get them all. And now Main Office was trying its damndest to rip itself apart. And its inhabitants were doing their part to help it along.

Maddox couldn't blame them. He'd been there. He drank the Kool-Ade, too, but had found a drink far more suited to his tastes. It only took a sip, really.

He was about to deliver a drowning gulp of it.

His body surged with Transform. He was swollen with its power. It tingled in his fingertips and throbbed in his muscles and pumped through his blood. It was growing uncontainable, and in moments he would unleash its furious power.

God, he felt good.

There was another sudden, deep concussion and the door exploded inward, bouncing off his indestructible body.

With a grin on his lips and a sudden rush of bliss, he released the beast.

Wolf emerged into a large room, dropping through the ceiling after pounding his way through six feet of concrete. His muscles sang with power. His body felt energized and overwhelmed with strength. His enormous body pulsed with restrained sexual energy, rechanneled from anger and violence into passion, desire and sexual need.

He felt, he realized, really fucking good.

His 8-foot, muscle-packed naked form fell into the room amidst a shower of broken fragments of concrete, dust and bent rebar. He sensed immediately that he was not alone. Straightening through the rubble, emerging like a god from the destruction of his birth, the ivory-skinned man scanned the room with ice blue eyes and a bright smile on his mouth. He

folded his thickly muscled arms across his broad, heavy chest and tilted his head slightly, looking with amusement at the array of weapons pointed in his direction.

"Gentlemen," he said calmly, in a voice both deep and beautiful. He nodded his head once in greeting. The ceiling was open above his head, and there were a dozen armed and armored soldiers arrayed around him.

Someone shouted "Fire at will!" and the dust-filled room suddenly lit up like the Fourth of July, the very air ablaze with the light of every gun in the vicinity shooting its armament toward the giant naked man standing so calmly at the center. There was noise and light and shouting and more destruction as the bullets careened around the space, ricocheting off the floor and walls and the man himself, as impervious to them as a wall of steel. Wolf arched an eyebrow and remained motionless as the barrage continued. It felt, to him, like being struck with pellets kicked up by a passing car. He was acutely aware of the strike of each bullet, but the sensation lasted only a moment and then it was gone. They struck him everywhere; his chest, his belly, his dick, his legs, his face, his arms, his hands and feet. Insect bites stinging his flesh, but leaving not even a mark of their passage behind.

The armored men slowly realized they were having little, if any, effect on the target. "Cease fire! Cease fire!" another shout rang out, and the din of gunfire and ricochets and destroyed concrete fell quiet again.

Wolf waved his hand about to clear the air. "Well," he said, "that was fun. My turn, now?"

"Don't..." someone said.

"Silence!"

"Please.."

"Silence, soldiers!"

Wolf shook his head slowly. "You really don't comprehend at all, do you? What I am. What I can do." His words were again tinged with his unique and sexy Russian accent. "But that's understandable. I hardly believe it myself."

He scanned the faces around him, or what he could see of them through their gasmasks and armor. The fear in the room was palpable. They had placed so much of their strength and bravery in their guns, and now they saw how futile and worthless the weapons were. They had nothing left to fight with. "You don't need to fight me," he said softly. "I am not the enemy."

Dusting off his gleaming alabaster skin, he strode toward the room's exit as the soldiers cleared away from his approach. "I won't hurt you," he said, smiling. "I can't." He paused at the doorway and caressed his own ass with a slow pass of his hand. "But come and find me if you're still interested in attacking this. I think you'll find that licking ass is better than

kicking ass any day of the week.” He winked and suddenly was gone, dashing along the hallway as quickly as his powerful legs could carry him.

If there was one man in the complex that could really fuck shit up, that man was Robbie Nelson. Robbie’s body was the first one to manifest the ability to physically interact with electronic signals and equipment, sending the throbbing sexual power of Transform in bits and bytes through copper and fiber optic cable in the same manner that speech and sound and images could be so easily digitized and transmitted. He had no idea how he was able to do it, or how it worked, or why – only that it was something he could do as easily as breathing, or sleeping, or touching another man and sending his body into convulsions of muscular and sexual development that would change him utterly and irreversibly.

The walls of Main Office started to shake. The floor rumbled. Cracks appeared in the plaster of the ceiling and floor revealing the shining stainless steel beneath it. They had carefully shielded his room. They knew his potential, and they fought to contain it. Maybe he wouldn’t become suddenly violent, but who knew how much damage the man could cause with access to just one thin unshielded copper wire? Networks connected to networks. Unimaginable miles of tangled cables leading everywhere.

In his small, empty room, so meticulously scrubbed of any technology that he might take advantage of, his eyes could discern the now-familiar glow of electrical power through the wounds in his walls. Main Office was nothing if not fully wired. Cables ran everywhere, delivering power and network connections and access to the entire system of computers, hard drives, mainframes, terminals and monitors that littered the place like flowers in a meadow.

Robbie tilted his head slightly and narrowed his eyes. The thing about right angles and metal is that there has to be a stress point. No matter how thick the steel, it was connected to another piece. When tons of pressure began to shove against it from all sides, something had to give.

Robbie approached the creaking walls. The glow was faint but discernable. Creases appeared in the metal. Dust and debris were raining down on his glorious and powerful naked body. Muscle bulged hugely along every inch. Muscle that contained enough constrained power to lift whole Mack trucks and throw them, to crush them into balls of wrinkled metal, to toss them like basketballs. Muscle that was thick and hard enough to deflect bullets. Muscle that could allow Robbie to do almost anything he wanted to do.

But not one bit of that muscle was as powerful now as the raging beast of Transformation that came willingly to his fingertip as he pressed his hands against the walls and shoved the full, unadulterated might of the massive build-up of power inside him toward the soft electronic glow that his enhanced senses could perceive.

Mr. Peck was alone as the world around him started to disintegrate. He could feel as well as hear the complex dying. Its reinforced steel skeleton would halt some of the collapse, but not all of it. Steel would bend given enough force, and he knew that more than enough force existed in the few diseased and demented men he'd allowed into his sanctum sanctorum.

The corners of his office stayed in place. Dust settled on his desk, leaving a fine, white coating on his calendar and phone and the keyboard on which he began to type. His eyes watched the screen fill in with instructions and requests for data and passwords. Everything had been compromised. These wretched creatures were far more devious and, he admitted silently to himself, intelligent than he had given them credit for. Maybe all that ass fucking didn't cloud their minds as much as he thought. The very idea disgusted him.

The sound of his typing was hidden under the concussive pounding and sharp, hard jolts that the edifice was experiencing as it tore itself apart. He locked down the exits. He closed off the exhaust ports. He shut down air intake and filtering. One by one, every escape route was closed off.

Just one more order to execute and his job, such as it was now, would be done. There was nothing more he could do. He shifted his eyes toward the dark, shiny metal of the barrel of the gun resting alongside his keyboard. The darkness was marred by the white dust falling so gently from above.

He looked at the screen and entered in the final code. He did not hit the Return key. Not yet.

The solution was secure. The solution was safe. Even if that atrocity in the holding cells several levels below him managed to infect the network with his disease and all that horror started pouring forth from monitors all around Main Office, turning good men into monsters, he was safe. The solution was secure.

Now all that was left was the waiting.

Sherman stood dumbfounded as he watched the continuing metamorphosis of two men into one. Jason embraced Marshall's grotesquely bloated body in his own beautiful and perfect embrace, and Sherman could see the young man's muscled arms sinking into Marshall's body. He was being enveloped by the other man, melding with him. Their skin melted and coalesced, their muscles reached out like snakes and entwined with each other, it was happening at an accelerating pace and it was difficult, now, to tell where one man began and the other ended.

As they joined, or whatever it was they were doing, Sherman sensed massive amounts of Transform being released into the small room. He felt it in his flesh and muscle and bone, a palpable tingling combination of sex and muscle and masculine energy suffusing him like liquor in his bloodstream. Jason had to be exploding with Transform, or maybe it was the



combination of the two men becoming one. It was impossible to say, because Sherman had no idea what was happening.

:: i love you ::

:: stop ::

:: i love you ::

:: stop please stop ::

:: no ::

:: please ::

:: i love you ::

Marshall didn't want this to happen. He was consuming the man he loved. The man who was telling him that he loved him back. But it felt so good. It was amazing. The most intimate and powerful sharing that any human had ever experienced. More than sex, deeper than love, stronger than lust, he was becoming Jason, and Jason was becoming Marshall.

:: i love you ::

:: i love you too ::

:: open to me ::

:: i'm afraid ::

:: don't be afraid ::

:: i love you ::

Love bathed him. Love surrounded him. Love swallowed him whole. He surrendered.

Something changed. The two men were no longer two men. Sherman watched the odd multi-limbed creature collapsed into a hard, bulging mass of flesh-colored something. Then the mass developed arms and legs and slowly, its body formed, the globes of a massive chest swelling outward, two dark nipples growing like ink stains, a darkness at its core coalescing into stiff curls of pubic fur that birthed two slim but quickly swelling pricks. A seam formed and split into two separate legs that grew wedges of power, distinct and massive.

Sherman watched the birth of a new being, made from two. Jason had saved Marshall by combining with him, cleansing him of what he had become through the power of Transform, and combining whatever he had inside him with Jason's own overwhelming capacity for love and acceptance.

The head atop the body formed a face. Sherman watched blue eyes open and a nose poke through and a slit of a mouth form full, luscious lips covering rows of gorgeous white teeth. Hair sprouted from the scalp, a shadow at first that quickly developed into cascades of shining gold. The arms pulled themselves from the torso and were quickly overwhelmed with brawn, fat, hard biceps and huge horseshoe triceps. The new man flexed his hands as fingernails floated to the surface of his fingertips and suddenly, there he was, fully formed, gorgeous and perfect.

"Jason?" Sherman asked. "Marshall?"

"Yes," he answered. "We are here."

"Both of you?"

:: Yes :: The answer echoed inside Sherman's brain, and he heard two distinct voices speaking the word. Yes, it said, we are both here.

"What happened?"

"He saved me," the man said. "I love him."

The new being was an amazing specimen to behold. The body was huge, perhaps because the mass of two men was now compacted into one. Muscles upon muscles. Muscles so massive they looked as if they were going to burst through his skin. His chest was huge and thick, like two chests mounted on one body. The size and mass of his legs echoed the size and mass of his torso and arms. Two fat balls, as big as oranges, hung in a tight sack between his legs, large enough that the two heavy, thick pricks arching over them, each crowned with a massive mushroom cap held in a tight cowl of foreskin, couldn't entirely hide them.

He was tall, as well. Maybe nine feet high, maybe ten. Sherman couldn't guess how big this dude would be when he really unleashed himself. "Are you all right?"

The man smiled broadly. His cocks throbbed and his muscles bulged. "I'm perfect." His answer was saturated with The Voice, a sexual pulse of sound that would drive any ordinary man to his knees as his cock started shooting thick ropes of cream. The effect it had on Sherman was less intense, but certainly palpable. This was a new kind of Transformed man standing before him.

"Wow," he answered, recovering from his swoon. "Do that again!"

The smile on the hulking man's face increased. "Did you like that?" he asked. There was even more power this time. "Do you want more?"

Sherman's twin beasts instantly swelled to erection and he shot fat floods of hot cum, overwhelmed by the other man's powerful voice.

"I think we have twice the power of you," he said. He bent his arm and watched the bicep swell larger and larger, rising high on his upper arm until it bumped up against his knuckles overhead. "Bigger, too," he added.

"Holy fuck," Sherman said quietly.

Robbie's electronic infiltration passed into the wires and circuitry of the Main Office network and slid with light speed through its connections, finding every outlet it could and came forth in silent power, radiating out of every screen like heat.

Within his body, though his touch, Transform was translated into a code that could travel inside electric pulses, pulses that would be read and interpreted by the human brain, which would soak them in like a dream or a thought or a movement, the electric pulses that made the human machine run. It would re-code that machine, teach it new ways to survive and grow, manipulate its regulating powers and the everyday cellular construction, flood the human circuitry with new programming. Better programming. Vastly improved programming.

He didn't know how it worked. He didn't have to. Robbie merely shoved the enormous force within him, the muscular, sexual, powerful, unrelenting hunger that Transform had become into the soft glow of the electronic heart of Main Office and allowed it to push through the network until it found an outlet, any outlet, and flooded the rooms with its energy.

Anyone sitting before a computer screen felt the full effect like an immediate and overwhelming flash of blinding heat and light. Transform rushed forth from the screen like lightning, shoving its sparking tendrils of power into the skin and bones of its new recruits. They exploded with muscle, growing so quickly and so profoundly that their clothing ripped itself apart and they were thrown up and out of their chairs as their arms lengthened and bulged, their chests mounded up into vast globes of power, their legs shoved against each other as the muscle unfolded and their cocks plumped and hardened and shot thick ropes of hot cream that splattered across their naked bodies.

Everywhere their seed was thrown, more men grew. They never knew what hit them, and in seconds the rooms of Main Office were crowded with the bodies of huge, muscle-packed naked men, moaning and groping and kissing each other from sudden desire and lust. Muscle bulged everywhere, and their huge bodies shoved against the walls and doors to make more room for their gigantic powerful forms.

The complex groaned with objection, struggling to hold itself together.

Caleb, Clancy and Vital ran through the Canadian wilderness for hours without pause. The two Transformed men had enhanced bodies able to perform such impossible physical goals without complaint. Indeed, neither man, naked and thick with muscle, evidenced the slightest fatigue as they seemed to effortlessly traverse the wild undergrowth and towering trees, moving and shifting like wild animals born to the environment.

Vital, a young man at his physical peak, nonetheless struggled to keep up, much as he was loathe to admit it. His breath was labored, his muscles screamed for mercy, and his lungs burned from inside. Then suddenly, he stopped in a small copse of shrubs and saplings before collapsing to the mulch-covered earth, sucking the cold northern air inside his aching body.

Clancy, more attuned to their free captive, whistled a high, keening note to call Caleb back and the two muscular giants, each standing at least a half foot beyond Vital's six feet, stood over his prone body. Neither man was even breathing hard. "Sorry," Clancy said to Vital's helmeted face, his deep tone soft in the calm surroundings. "Should have tapered back – but I gotta admit it's pretty damn hard not to push this body for all it can do." He looked over at Caleb with a grin on his whiskered face, and his companion nodded energetically.

"Fuckin' A! I feel even better than before, if that's possible. Like... like all this energy just keeps my engines running, instead of tiring me out."

"I expect it's adrenaline. They probably pumped that into overdrive like everything else." Clancy looked at Vital's body. He looked inert. It was hard to tell how he was feeling with his features shrouded in that helmet. "You still with us?"

There was no answer from the smaller man, but he started to writhe and show definite signs of discomfort. Clancy placed his hand on the man's chest and drew it back as if burned, looking quickly up at Caleb's face. "Get his helmet off!"

"What's wrong?" Caleb asked, concern evident in his voice. But he didn't need a voiced answer, because with a suddenness that shocked him, Vital's body began to swell everywhere.

"His helmet!" Clancy struggled to find a latch, but Caleb, acting out of shock or concern or both, stuck his hands under the chin plate of the shiny capsule covering Vital's head and literally broke it apart, thrusting the two halves away into the darkness of the forest.

Vital's revealed face had a look of amazement on its smooth Asian features, and something very like lust shone in his eyes. His face was altering before their eyes, growing distinctly more masculine and powerful. His brow strengthened and his jaw jutted. A sudden growth

of whiskers appears around his full, dark lips and spread to his high cheeks and along the still developing jawline.

"He's got it!" Caleb exclaimed. "What did you do?"

Clancy shook his head vehemently. "It wasn't me! Jesus, look at his chest!"

Vital was growing quickly now. His uniform split itself wide down the axis of his body, the strong material tearing as his swelling muscles bloomed forth. His chest was enormous, and something equally huge was pushing very insistently at the crotch of his jumpsuit. Robbie's signal had reached out much farther than he could have guessed, through the satellites linking Vital's suit with Main Office's network.

"Help me get this off him," Clancy said.

"With pleasure!"

The two Transformed men watched the sudden and surprising progress of the third man as the signal from Main Office that Robbie originated continued to grow another new Transformed man into muscular maturity.

Scott Maddox ran with the enormous speed and innate agility his Transformation allowed him. He dodged huge chunks of falling concrete and the swelling muscular bodies of other men pouring out of every room in the complex as he raced toward Mr. Peck's office.

He had an expectation of what he would find when he got there. He'd had enough time to study Main Office schematics and the computer network and its security protocols to recognize that a vital piece was missing, and he had strong suspicions why that was.

The sounds of destruction all around him were enormous, as were the naked and muscular and gloriously beautiful men literally bulging out of every room and hallway. He had to take some detours and pound his way through walls and floors to work around some of the makeshift orgies and fuck sessions taking place everywhere as the men struggled to compensate for what their new bodies demanded of them.

Transform was unleashed now its purest and most powerful form. It was contained inside this facility with nowhere to escape or diffuse, so it saturated these new bodies in its power and pumped up their muscular and sexual and masculine drives beyond any man's ability for control. They found each other and gloried in the flesh and muscle and sweat and sex that took possession of them with such hunger and passion. Walls meant nothing. The destruction that surrounded them meant nothing. There was only muscle, and cock, and

ass, and mouth, and tongue, and lips, and hands, and sweat, and cum, and hair, and more where that came from.

His own body sang out to him for its own desires. Hands groped his ass, and he ached to surrender to them. Mouths on his cock. On his balls. On his asshole. Hands caressing his flesh, wanting him, needing him, but he had a job that needed doing, and he was far more in control of himself than any of these men. He let them explore each other, and he headed deeper and deeper into Main Office, to find its black heart.

“Hello, handsome.”

“I was wondering when you’d turn up.”

“I had some things to take care of.”

“I understand.”

Robbie looked at Wolf and felt his heart racing. The other man had literally torn his way through the steel walls to get to him.

His cocks plumped into erection and they tangled with his, writhing like snakes. Great drooling pools of pre-cum poured from their four combined pricks and the scent of the men, and their sex and power, saturated the room. They were both continuously releasing great, thick, powerful but invisible clouds of Transform, and its nature of pure masculine sexual power drove both their volume meters up to 12.

Robbie allowed his eyes to follow every bulging mass of muscle, every curve of power, every massive cable of brawn and every naked, glorious, perfect facet of the other man’s body. They stood only inches apart. Wolf gave off heat from his exertions and he smelled like raw sex. “Fuck, you look good.”

“I taste even better,” Wolf answered, wiggling his eyebrows. His voice was low and powerful, but its tone and meaning were crystal clear. The room shook around them, but it was hard for either man to notice what the rest of the world was doing.

“I don’t suppose we have time to... y’know...”

Wolf pursed his lips and tilted his head. “I’m tempted.” He looked down Robbie’s collection of perfect masculine beauty and sighed. “I’m deeply tempted. But we should probably see about getting that fine ass of yours out of this place – along with a couple hundred other guys you’ve managed to introduce to our little club.”

Robbie looked up as a particularly loud thumping shook the ceiling concrete loose. "Did I do that?"

Wolf stepped forward and surrounded Robbie in his muscled arms, drawing him close and kissing his mouth with rough passion. Their tongues wrestled agreeably and they became momentarily lost in their mutual lust when the entire room seemed to shift as if struck by a fairly strong earthquake, bringing them both back to reality.

Robbie licked the taste of Wolf from his lips and smiled. "You're right. You do taste even better."

"Thanks."

"After you," Robbie said, motioning to the open doorway.

Wolf shook his head. "Onward and upward," he responded, pointing at a hole in the ceiling, and they both launched themselves through it towards escape.

Sherman could feel a change in himself as he coupled with Jason/Marshall and welcomed them into the Brotherhood. Something about his whole body seemed slightly different. Not necessarily better or worse, just different. He was making love to two men in one body, and what they/he had said was true. They were bigger and better than a Transformed man. The combination of a Transformed man and whatever Marshall had become, or was becoming, created someone even more deeply sexual and powerful than anyone Sherman had encountered within the brotherhood. Being with him was a nearly overwhelming sexual experience. It felt, at times, that the usual mental connection that all Transformed men experienced had become physical as well, as if they shared not only the same mind but the same body, and their sexual coupling was more intense and more passionate as a result.

"Jesus," he whispered.

Jason/Marshall smiled. "We should leave now."

"But things are just getting good!" Sherman protested.

"They'll get better," Jason/Marshall hinted, and he kissed Sherman again. It was glorious and perfect. "But I will be needed."

"You bet your fine ass you're needed!" Sherman groped to pull them back into an embrace, but his partner gently pushed him away, a shining smile of absolute beauty on his chiseled features.

"No, something is going to happen."

“What? When?”

Jason/Marshall closed his eyes. “Very soon.” He opened his eyes and said. “We must be ready.”

“Ready for what? Are you always going to be all enigmatic or will you eventually just answer questions?”

The dual-man smiled. “Probably both.” He took Sherman’s hand in his own and said, “Let’s go.”

“Go where?”

“To the heart.”

Vital stood up. He had been Transformed. He had been perfected. He was an enormous collection of muscular bulges, with dark skin and thick, fat pricks. He had a cascade of blue-black hair, straight and shining, hanging to his high, round ass. His lats spread out like wings, full and heavy and massive with brawn. His chest was round and thick, two impressive hemispheres of cabled muscle stretching forward like a shelf. A small, very dark nipple sat upon the lower edge of each heavy globe. What he lacked in vascularity he more than made up for in bulk, each muscle grown fat with rounded bellies of power. His sleek, muscular body was entirely hairless, save for a dark patch above his twin cocks that stretched up in a thin finger across his tight, muscled stomach to kiss his navel. His chin and cheeks carried a shadow of a beard, and his almond-shaped dark eyes glittered in the moonlight.

His change had taken only a few minutes. He had grown so quickly that his body had cleared a new glade for itself in the forest, and the rich smell of loam and pine mingled with the heady scent of his musk, thick and powerful on the calm winds.

He stood now examining his new body, luxuriating in the intensity of sensuous pleasure it delivered as he moved his warm, soft palms across its massive contours, and thrilling to the throbbing sensation of untapped muscular power he felt in his limbs and chest and shoulders. His asshole tingled with a hot sexual need, as if it sensed the men around him and hungered to be filled with their massive meat. His cocks were swollen and hot. His balls drooped heavily with a wealth of creamy cum. He gently rubbed his thumb across the nub of his right nipple and his cocks jumped like frisky puppies, eager for play. Thick silvery strings of pre-cum drooled from each piss slit and coated his legs in shining veins.

“Damn, son,” Clancy said, “You look good enough to eat!”



Caleb nodded his agreement. The three men stood in the space of Vital's transformation as tall as the trees around them. They all felt the strong and unyielding pull of sexual satisfaction toward each other.

Vital looked at the other two men and smiled, grabbing one of his enormous cocks in each hand and stroking them to hardness. "Let's fuck."

"Good evening, Mr. Maddox."

"Good evening, Mr. Peck."

"Prepared as always," Maddox observed, looking at the man seated behind the desk. Peck's office was much less damaged than anywhere Scott had visited on his journey here. It was what he expected. In fact, almost everything he was looking at now was what he had expected.

Peck wore a kind of stasis suit that protected him from the outside elements, as if he were prepared to emerge from the security of a capsule into the vacuum of space. He was utterly protected from the effects of Transform, which by now had entirely saturated the entire subterranean structure. Anyone capable of being Transformed had been.

The sounds of the men enjoying each other echoed through the hallways and gaping holes of Main Office. Shouts and groans and whispers of bliss and sexual entreaties were like white noise. Main Office settled and collapsed in equal measure, fighting to retain its structure as the gigantic and powerful bodies of its all-male corps shoved against it for space. Legs pushed through walls. Shoulders shoved aside ceilings. Arms broke down doors and broke through floors. The thrusting bodies of super-powered men engaged in multiple and un-ending manner of sexual positions and actions tested the building's capacity to remain intact.

"Not quite, it would seem," Mr. Peck responded. "One can foresee most things in a project such as this, but not everything."

"Nice suit," Maddox said. He folded his arms across his massive chest and added, "I can tear you out of that, you know."

"I know," Peck answered simply. "But you won't."

"And why won't I?"

"Because you're not dumb, Mr. Maddox. You have never been dumb. And you will have suspected by this point that I have more than one trick up my sleeve."

"Sounds reasonable."

"And you'd be correct, Mr. Maddox. Though I only have one trick left to me, thanks to you."

"This is more your fault than mine, Peck. This is entirely your fault, actually."

"Mine? You're being absurd."

"All you had to do was leave us alone. We're no threat to you or anyone. We..."

"No threat? You're an unbelievable threat to the very survival of human kind. Your disease prevents you from seeing that. You can't understand the threat you pose to this planet's survival."

"Propaganda."

"You still don't realize what you are. Is that possible? I suppose it must be. You think that Dr. Martinez or Dr. Lassiter – or even Major Sherman Tipton – you think having their knowledge on your side means you know everything. You... understand yourselves. And the nature of what you've become. What you're becoming."

"I suppose you're not going to enlighten us, either."

"It would be too cruel, even for me."

"Your definition of cruelty is a bit too skewed, Peck, to make anything you say believable. You sit there in your sad little plastic suit, protecting yourself from something you don't even begin to understand, though you pretend you do. Or you think you do. But being Transformed... it's not what you think it is."

"Is it your turn to enlighten me, Mr. Maddox?"

"No, I won't even attempt it. You've already shown what you are in your actions here. You're not above anything to reach your goals, and there's nothing I could say that would change that."

"I agree that it's highly unlikely."

"But there is something I could do."

"Transform me, no doubt? Touch me with your magic fingers? Breathe your filth into my lungs? Pass your abhorrent disease to me, and make me another victim of this plague?"

"Well, I'd put it into different words, but..."

"No, Mr. Maddox. I cannot allow that. It may be too late for me or my men, you've seen to that. But this contagion will not spread further, and I will not subject the officers under my

command to further indignities. I may not be able to kill all of you and end the spread of your disease, but I can do this.”

Peck moved first. His right hand had been resting on his keyboard, and it was a simple small action to execute the final order in the system. With his left hand, he lifted the revolver to his temple and fired a single bullet into his brain.

He was dead before Maddox reached the desk. A flashing red light from the computer monitor was lending the scene a lurid glow, even as Peck’s dark blood flowed out of the hole in his skull and filled the plastic cylinder over his head until his sunken features and staring eyes were blotted out.

Sherman and Jason/Marshall stopped as the edifice suddenly experienced a single, hard, shaking jolt. Sherman was sure an explosion had occurred, or several all at once. The sound was deafening and the two had difficulty maintaining their balance.

“We’re out of time,” his companion said. Their eyes met, and Sherman felt a chill pass through him. “You have to help me.”

“Help you what?”

“Release yourself. Release us. Release it all.” A sudden and intense heat pressed itself against Sherman’s naked flesh. His body responded in kind, yielding to the other man’s unvoiced expression of power and capability, growing hotter and hotter. He felt the other man’s body against his own. He felt the heat and power of it.

He felt it melting into his own.

He heard three words in his head before blackness hit him.

::I love you::

## Chapter Forty

The secondary protocol took effect immediately. Explosive bolts in the Main Office skeleton of steel beams fired. Structural integrity was compromised.

The subterranean edifice was collapsing in on itself. Its surfaces were compacting down under their own weight, thousands of tons of material were doing their best to pancake into the smallest possible pile of rubble.

With hundreds of Transformed men trapped inside.

Strong, they were, and undoubtedly so. But without leverage, and pushed into small pockets of air that would soon run out, they became trapped. Pushing against anything only collapsed the entire structure more fully.

There was no way out.

The darkness was absolute. All light was gone. Each man found himself in an immobile position within the structure.

Maddox reached out with his mind to search for others, to call for help. No answers returned. Maybe the signals were maxed out. Maybe the mental network broke under the stress. Maybe Peck had discovered some method to mask their unspoken neural connection at the end. None of the maybes mattered, the fact was there. He could not find any of his brothers.

He tried to move. His body answered his call and started building muscle. His arms swelled. His chest heaved. His legs grew stronger and stronger. He pushed against the pressure on all sides and it gave way, but he could not free himself.

Maddox didn't know if his eyes were opened or closed. Darkness was absolute. His body was being pressed down upon by tons upon tons of wreckage. He could survive the initial destruction, but how long would he survive otherwise? No way to gain sustenance even from his own source. No one to call to. No one to help. He was utterly alone for the first time in a very, very long time.

A Transformed man needs the touch of another more than almost anything else. Not only sexually, but spiritually. Now his connection had been severed. He could smell blood and foulness, and realized that Peck's body had been crushed. "Perfect," he muttered, licking his lips and tasting metal and chalk.

Loneliness set in much faster than he anticipated. It was disconcerting and frustrating, and the more he tried to ignore it the more powerful it became. He was alone, now. Completely and utterly. And likely to die this way.

Wolf was next to Robbie, somewhere several floors above where Scott Maddox struggled in silence. "I cannot move," he said in his Slavic accent. "Are you all right?"

"I don't feel anything," Robbie answered. "I'm not sure."

"You are injured?"

"No, not..." Robbie started coughing harshly.

"Robbie?"

There was no answer. Wolf reached out for the touch of his friend's mind, to find its familiar humor and warmth, to feel them inside each other. But nothing came back.

Sherman was not Sherman. Jason was not Jason. Marshall was not Marshall. They were together, they were separate, they were released.

::go::

::what?::

::go::

::what happened::

::no time. go::

::where?::

::everywhere::

He was stretching. He was moving. He was going up. He was going down. He was going out. He was going in. He was visible. He was invisible. He moved through the tight spaces without moving. He was liquid. He had no mass. He was light. He was energy. He was released.

Marshall's change had altered the basic chemistry of his body in some miraculous and drastic ways. He could absorb other men's power, drinking the actual physical properties of their muscles into his own, multiplying his own strength and size commensurate with the muscle his body devoured.

Jason's body had grown using the Transform fed to him through Robbie's accidental video transference, a method that did not involve actual physical contact and altered the structure of Transform itself into a type of energy the body could absorb. Jason developed very slowly, over a period of days, and his body's metabolism and basic cellular structure evolved as it grew, changing in more subtle but no less drastic ways than Marshall's had been forced to endure.

Together, they had become something else entirely.

Marshall could absorb, yes, but a factor of that process was the ability to physically bond with someone else at a cellular level, and then to process the necessary portions of the other body and absorb what it wanted, leaving the rest behind after extracting itself again. A muscle parasite.

Marshall was designed to become someone else, for only a short period of time, and then extract the new, larger, more powerful entity from the coupling. Two becoming one, then becoming two again, but in different measure to each other.

Part of Jason, the new part, the more powerful part, the part that had in its basic design the ability to alter whatever it contacted into a purer, more powerful and self-sustaining version of its host, bonded with the part of Marshall designed to meld with what it met, though for Jason that melding expanded beyond mere anatomical structures because it was made of energy. Pulses passed through a wire into a man's body, absorbed, perfected, stimulated and expanded.

Jason/Marshall touch now metamorphosed Sherman into something else, something new. Sherman became part of the larger. Physical property broken down into original energy. Life itself. The spark. Still Sherman. Not Sherman.

They passed through the rubble and touched each man they encountered. Changing them. Breaking them down. Releasing them.

The basic atomic level of everything is the same thing. Like grains of sand, they can shift and sift and combine and separate. Within the new human that Jason/Marshall had become, they retained cell memory of the thing they essentially were. Muscle, bone, blood, flesh, hair, eyes, teeth, lips, tongue. The collection of things that made up the being called Jason/Marshall. Solid but insubstantial. Muscular ghosts that could pass through their surroundings and appear on the other side, unscathed and perfect.

Now they combined with their brothers and released them, passing through the rubble and destruction, broken down and separated, joined and not joined. Two became three. Hand to hand, body to body, soul to soul. Three became five. Five became twelve. More and more as they moved through what had been Main Office, touching and releasing, sparks of ecstatic blissful perfection, sifting like sand through the spaces between the atoms of the building and the planet and rising to the surface again, to find the same star-studded sky above and the safe, comforting earth below.

Disconnect. Re-establishment. Naked perfect bodies of massive masculine beauty and unstoppable muscular strength.

Maddox was merely existing. Just part of the destruction. An immobile object packed in with the walls and the floors.

Something touched him, touched his skin, touched his bone, touched his muscle. The sensation of meeting the insubstantial collective as it grew in mass and number felt like a static charge, like the approach of a storm, or the sensation of fear. Maddox felt his body seem to tense involuntarily, then the voices were there, again, comforting and familiar. His brothers had come to him, all of them, together and separate.

His powerful form slipped into the space between solid and liquid and gas. Molecules realizing their singularity and slipping now through solid matter. Lifting up with slow, inexorable progress. Sifting through the spaces between, feeling the building collapsing through him, around him, inside him.

Darkness still prevailed, but now he was moving, and he was with his brothers, and within the pure embrace of unbound love.

Wolf was crying, he could feel the hot tears on his face. Was Robbie dead? Could that happen? Could these bodies die so easily, after all? Bullets could be withstood, missiles and helicopters and entire armies could not even dent his powerful, perfect body, but being buried alive...

Below him, and around him, sound began to build. The destroyed complex was settling further, empty spaces collapsing, tons of material pressing down. Then he felt it, too, and he was melting. Voice spoke like whispers, just beyond hearing, dozens of them, coming closer, growing louder, but not from above him. They were not digging him out.

Someone was climbing up through the rubble toward them.

"Robbie," he said softly. "They're coming."

Still no answer in the pitch blackness, no he felt the floor he lay against suddenly sway and sink. Then his skin was tingling. A feeling wholly alien that reminded him of other sensations but was like none of them. He felt like he was drifting, then. Or floating. Released from gravity's pull, from the unholy pressure of Main Office resting against his chest, things went silent and he felt that he was moving. Somehow, he was moving, and all his bothers were there.

:: Robbie ::

:: Dude. What the fuck? ::

Wolf's collection of disconnected atoms smiled.

Sifting, shifting, rising and collecting, the men trapped within Main Office moved with gathering swiftness toward the top of the complex and emerged through the solid matter as if rising from a pool of cold water.

They were solid as ever, nothing had changed. But everything had changed. Men were climbing out of the wreckage by the dozens. Well-muscled arms pushed up like sunflowers and pulled the rest of their bodies through the collapsed destruction. Heads emerged, unscratched and unmarked, with eyes wide with wonder and joy. Men reached down and pulled their friends and colleagues up to freedom. Towering, naked, perfect, massively muscled men standing in the Alaskan night air, their new bodies shining like liquid metal in the moonlight.

"What the fuck happened?" Robbie was checking to make sure everything was in its right place again, grateful to find that it all seemed to be, and as gorgeous and gigantic as he remembered.

Wolf shook his head. His silver-blue eyes scanned the collection of men standing now above what had been Main Office. It looked, on the surface, untouched. The damage was all below ground. "Are we all here?"

"We are all here," said a deeply powerful voice. It was Jason/Marshall, looking as impressive as ever, larger and stronger and more powerful than any other man, Transformed or otherwise, on the face of the Earth. Because he was more than a man.

He was two of them.

Sherman stepped up and said, "This is... should I keep calling you Jason or Marshall?"

"I am both"



“How about Mason, then? It’s just simpler. The other way sounds like a law firm.”

“Then call me Mason.”

The other men, at least a couple hundred of them, slowly gathered around the imposing form of Mason, standing taller and wider than any of them, a towering muscular giant of perfect masculine beauty and power. Maddox found his friends and they greeted each other again with passionate embraces and deep kisses, exhilarated and energized from everything that had happened.

Scott looked at the pairing of Robbie and Wolf and realized they were probably not going to be separate from this point forward. Wolf looked slightly dazed and had a loopy grin on his normally taciturn features, and Robbie’s hand held his so tightly that he doubted that anything could pull them apart. He felt a twinge of jealousy but it soon passed from him and was replaced with happiness.

He turned his attention to Sherman and the unavoidable presence of Mason and said, “You look like you’re the man with the answers around here.”

Sherman nodded. “Where’s our Mr. Peck?”

“Dead. Planted a bullet in his own brain rather than subject himself to this,” he answered, gesturing down to the thickly muscled perfection of his Transformed body. “Looks like we picked up a few new brothers.”

“Indeed. Plus these gentlemen, here. Scott Maddox, may I introduce you to our savior, Jason Marshall, otherwise known as Mason.”

Scott looked up at the giant. He was so large that it was hard to take all of him in. He offered his hand and said, “I’m very pleased to meet you.”

“Likewise,” Mason answered, “But we’ve met before.”

“I think I would’ve remembered that. I assume there’s a story behind you.”

“Two or three,” he answered, grinning. “I must say you’re looking exceptionally well Scott. I’m glad you’re not hiding behind that other face anymore, this one suits you so much better.”

“Marshall? As in... Marshall?”

His grin became a smile. He spread his heavily muscled arms wide, puffed out his massive chest and asked, “How you like me, now?”

“Well, there’s certainly more of you to like.”

“Part of those stories I mentioned.”

Sherman said, “This is also Jason. The boy wonder? You’ll recall that he was the reason we came here in the first place.”

“Jason? And Marshall?”

The huge man shrugged. “Just one of many accomplishments to add to my resume.”

Wolf cleared his throat and said, “I’m sure we would all love to hear about them, but there is a more pressing problem at hand. The destruction at our feet is surely going to be hard for whoever is in charge of these things to ignore.”

“Excellent observation,” Maddox said, scanning the dozens of naked, beautiful, twin-cocked men arrayed around them. “And a group of oversexed, newly Transformed men is going to find it hard to ignore each other.” He huffed out a laugh and said, “I know I feel like I could fuck the entire Soviet Army and have enough energy to take on the Navy Seals, too.”

“Yes, the sexual tension around here is thick enough to cut with a knife. This is a whole hell of a lot of testosterone to rechannel, don’t you think?” Sherman smiled as he said it.

“Suggestions?”

“What we need,” Sherman summarized, “is acres of empty space somewhere relatively close so all these gentlemen can work out their newly energized libidos on each other without making too much of a racket.”

“So, where can we find a lot of empty space near Alaska that’s not entirely covered in snow or permafrost where a couple hundred 18-foot tall musclebound sex machines can play with each other?”

Robbie was already smiling. “There’s this lake I know...”

## Chapter Forty-One

Vital was smiling. There was no reason on Earth why he shouldn't have been, feeling the way he did, having done what he had just done, and settled now into the most comfortable post-fuck embrace of his entire life, huddled against two of the fucking sexiest men on the planet, inhaling their individual sexy funky scents and feeling the warmth and strength and hardness of their naked bodies against his.

The light of dawn was filtering through the trees with silver-gray beams, and a cold night wind was giving way to a warmer morning breeze, smelling of pine and maple. His new body didn't feel cold, and as he breathed in deeply and let out a contented sigh, his companions stirring from their silent slumbers.

Vital looked first at Caleb, who was in his arms, sleeping against his mammoth chest. He leaned his nose into the other man's hair and pulled his scent into his lungs, making his cocks throb and swell with renewed desire. Caleb made small cooing noises and reached up to rub an itch from his nose and turned slightly in Vital's arms, pulling them tighter around him.

A low rumble from behind him told Vital that Clancy was awake, too. He was laughing slightly and he whispered, "If you're not careful, he'll never let you go."

That would be okay, Vital thought, and his smile grew brighter. "Is it always like this?"

"Like what?"

"Perfect."

Clancy rumbled a deep, warm laugh again, his furry chest shaking under Vital. "It's not bad," he admitted. "Though I confess that some of the new... talents defy logical explanation."

"Such as?" Vital reached his hand down and set it on one of Clancy's cocks, slowly stroking him as the other man spoke. It seemed like the most natural thing to do, given the circumstances, and his own libido was far from satisfied even after hours of their non-stop three-way action.

"That feels great. Thanks for that."

"No problem." Vital grinned and watched Clancy's dick react to his caresses, enthralled with the way it was both hard and pliable, wrappings its length shaft around his hand and stroking him back. "You were saying?"

"Well, just one example that springs to mind is the way your ass reacts to my cock."

“Just my ass?”

“Well, everything reacts in a very... agreeable way, of course, and I confess that my experience with plugging a buttock with my cock was relatively limited prior to the past few days, but I never expected it to... suck... like that.”

“It is rather fascinating. It’s not just my ass, you know. Yours does it too, and quite enthusiastically.”

“And the way my cock – our cocks – can do what it’s doing right now. It’s hard as steel, I can guarantee you that, but I can make it do this,” he paused as his cock wrapped itself around Vital’s hand, “and this,” he added, as the piss slit released a sudden gush of clear honey, strongly scented with his masculine perfume, lubing up Vital’s strong grip, “and this,” he said, and his cock was lengthening and swelling larger and larger, the shaft thickening by the inch as the helmet bulged and flared. “I mean, I appreciate all those talents and I am constantly amazed at this body’s abilities to continually heighten and extend the sexual act, but I fail to see how any government would consider those important upgrades, as it were, to a soldier’s body.”

Vital chuckled deeply, shaking Caleb from his slumbers before the man readjusted and seemed to fall back asleep. “I doubt that those were the goals, in fact I know that they weren’t.”

“How do you know?”

“Do you imagine they would send anyone to capture or detain you without proper preparation. I had a full dossier on you – well, not you in particular, finding The Bear out here was an altogether pleasant surprise – but they provided me access to the entire database they’ve amassed on Transform and the seemingly endless evolutionary effect it has on the men exposed to it. All these special talents are, I would surmise, merely happy side effects of the essential goals.”

“Which are?”

“Strength increases, obviously, but also a much stronger connection between the mind and the body. Your muscles are literally at your command. Plus you have more of them, everywhere. Your cock is essentially a muscle, with much more pliability and control than it used to have. Your ass is lined with muscle. It’s all able to swell and contract and flex. But your cock retains its essential... cockness. It’s highly sensitive and responds to stimulation.”

“I’ll say,” Clancy growled, as a sudden flood of warm cream erupted from the cock Vital was having so much fun with. It splattered across both Vital’s and Caleb’s naked form and flowed over Vital’s hand. He watched the bright, warm cum pool into the deep crevasses between all the augmented muscle arrayed before his eyes, and then disappear their bodies absorbed it like fuel. A warmth and heightening of his sense of power and masculinity

accompanied his body's eager absorption of Clancy's enhanced juice, and Caleb roused and sighed contentedly, opening his eyes and smiling with evident satisfaction.

"Thank you," he responded.

"Believe me, that was my pleasure!" Clancy answered. "You up?"

Caleb was looking down at his own twin pythons, swelling with growth and pumping thick streams of lubing pre-cum. "Evidently." He grinned and started stroking his twins, taking one in each hand and slowly, reverently worshiping each towering salute to masculine power. "So these are made of muscle?"

"Not entirely, but enough that they can do that," Vital answered, watching the other man's cocks writhe and flex in sexual bliss. "And as you've no doubt noticed, all that cum your body now produces acts as a kind of fuel, both for your muscles and vitality as your sex drive. So don't hold back."

"Vital, I'm not a great believer in holding anything back anymore." Two great ropey streams of white cream fountained up from each dick.

"I've noticed."

"How many of us are there?"

"Hard to gauge that accurately, since the numbers keep increasing. It's one of their main worries. Containment."

"I can't imagine why," Caleb said softly, as another thick stream pumped up and splattered across his chest and neck and face. He licked it from his lips hungrily and continued spewing fat torrents and squirming against Vital and Clancy in obvious sexual bliss. "Fuck, this is hot."

"Care to share?" Clancy asked, opening his mouth as Caleb attempted to aim one of his cocks at it, pushing out a lengthy, thick stream that splattered all over their three bodies until he managed to reach the target, as Clancy swallowed greedily.

Vital smiled and maneuvered his cocks toward Caleb's tight hole, pushing the helmets against it until Caleb realized that someone was knocking at his back down and obligingly allowed entry, swallowing Vital's uncut twins and pulling them inside using the curious sucking ability that Clancy had earlier discussed. Vital smiled and closed his eyes and began to piston his cocks inside Caleb's ass without otherwise moving his body, using the newly discovered talents to fuck his friend's ass without any outward evidence that it was happening.

Caleb closed his eyes and groaned in pleasure as Vital unleashed a sudden warm gush of his own cream at the height of his own orgasmic bliss, groaning deeply and resting his head

against Caleb's shoulder. Caleb's body absorbed it all, sending cascades of power and ecstasy through his giant muscled form.

"Are you... are you fucking him?" Clancy asked, dumbstruck that he hadn't even noticed that the man on top of him was fucking the man on top of him.

"I am," he said softly. "Oh, fuck, it feels so good."

Clancy chuckled at the two young men on top of his furry body having so much fun, and he decided to join them, moving his cocks to Vital's asshole and shoving them home with a sudden, intense thrust. The daisy chain of fucking with Caleb on top, stroking his huge cocks to fountain streams of cream across the three of them made them all attain a kind of sexual nirvana – a perfect three-way fuckfest huddled in the comfort of the Canadian forest.

Eyes closed, engaged in this intense sexual congregation, they hardly noticed when their thoughts and sensations began to comingle with the thoughts and sensations of hundreds of men just like them, who were beginning to gather for the third Gathering of every Transformed man on the planet. And they answered the call together.

As soon as Maddox and Wolf and the others of the Brotherhood sent out the call to the mental network linking them together, Transformed men began to launch themselves into the sky from everywhere, travelling as quickly as the winds would carry them to the broad, cold lake in the Canadian woods.

Only rarely did startled onlookers witness the site of a hugely muscled and completely naked man pushing himself skyward. Transformed men found it simply easier and more prudent, given the outlawed nature of their state and the suspicious eye cast on them by any governing body aware of their existence, to remain virtually invisible to the public eye. There are any number of places to hide in plain site, and though the appearance of a man who had been Transformed is certainly startling and often shocking (given their preference for nudity and the occasional extra penis) it is always easier to come up with logical excuses for seeing something startling and shocking than to believe that something supernatural is going on.

Safe houses in most major cities, owned either by an individual Transformed man or the entire group, and the T Gyms being built more and more often, provided ample places of seclusion and openness that allowed a Transformed man to be his truest self, without attempting to compact all that beauty and power into a more palatable presentation.

As every Transformed man received the summons and started to arrive around the lake, it became clear to Carlos, Michael, Adam and the other so-called Fathers of the Brotherhood that their current semi-anonymous and semi-transparent presence in the world could not be sustained.

“My God,” Carlos said, “look what I’ve done!”

“What we’ve done,” Michael amended. “You started it, but it’s by no means any one person’s burden to bear.”

“You call this a burden?” Chuck joined the group of about 20 Transformed men who were looking around them at the hundreds if not thousands of other perfect, naked, muscular behemoths all going at it in every way they could. Chuck’s enormous body and handsome face were coated with a shining sheen of sweat, and it was clear that he had been doing his share of making everyone feel welcome. “I call this fucking amazing!”

Todd laughed. “You never change, do you?”

Frazz, who had joined Chuck and laid his darkly muscled arm across his longtime lover’s wide shoulders, shook his head and smiled. Chuck just laughed. “Not since you changed me, Todd.”

Adam was, as usual, overwhelmed with love. “We should do this more often,” he observed. “Everyone always has so much fun!”

Wolf, Maddox and Sherman had already filled in the others with the newest capability, courtesy Mason and his magical changing cell structure. And they got to finally meet the man responsible for the whole mess in the first place, the electronically talented Self Suck Sam himself, Robbie, now reunited with Mitch and wondering where the hell Caleb had gotten his fine ass to. Carlos’s partner in scientific crime, Jerry, was there, too, and no meeting was complete without the ever-youthful twin titans of Transformation, Bobby and Joe, frisky as puppies and horny as rabbits.

The area around the lake was like a super-heated bowl of sexual power. There were more naked men everywhere, and more arriving by the minute. Shouts of sexual release and long, deep, extended moans and groans of pleasure intermixed with joyous reunions and eager introductions, as men who had been Transformed by others introduced their hosts to their own progeny as if they were fathers. Only the fathers insisted that their children fuck the living daylights out of each other.

Cum was literally fountaining around them, spraying in thick ropes and splattering across the naked skin, to be soaked inside immediately. Mouths swallowed cocks whole. Tongues met assholes and pushed inside hungrily. Balls slapped butts as powerful manly thrusts pushed fat, hard, massive erections into hot, tight, welcoming holes. It was a muscle orgy of immense proportion, growing more manic and powerful with every new Transformed man’s arrival.

Though the Fathers could feel the pull of sexual power, they decided mutually that it was an opportunity for them to discuss the nature of the accidental society and new race of men they had created, and what to do next.

"It's time," Michael said.

"Do you think the world is ready?" Carlos was still hesitant, feeling responsibility and trepidation about the decision.

"Ready for what?" Chuck was practically bouncing with joy. "Fuck them if they aren't ready for us. Frankly, I'd fuck them anyway."

"Or they could fuck you," Frazz added.

"I'm good either way," Chuck agreed.

"How do we do it?" Carlos was looking at Michael.

"I'm certainly open to suggestions. The usual way is with a splashy ad in the New York Times and some publicity." He paused for a moment, listening to the sounds of man-on-man sex happening all around him. "I doubt we'd have any trouble getting publicity. All we need to do is show up in Times Square. Instant publicity."

"Show up how? Like this?" Todd held his hands open, indicating the naked nature of their present circumstances.

"That would certainly do it. Even in New York."

"Going public, eh?" Chuck was grinning. "Man, I love that idea! I'm so sick of trying to cover up all this gorgeous perfection with clothes!"

"We'd still need to observe some basic necessities. Clothing, for one. Establishing our own environment where we can 'be ourselves,' as it were, can alleviate some of that. But I think if we wish to be accepted in some form, we still have to dress the part, so to speak."

"Well, I guess sometimes clothes can be sexy."

"I've seen you in a pair of tight jeans, lover," Frazz said, twisting one of Chuck's fat nipples. "You're definitely sexy."

"There are obvious benefits to existing in the open. Coming out of the closet, so to speak. But I would suggest that we keep a few things to ourselves."

"Such as?"

Michael drew in a slow breath. "Our gift from Mason for one. I would imagine that several governments would be extremely interested in us if it were revealed that we can travel through any solid substance. That there are literally no walls that exist for us, now."

"True," Carlos said. "What about flying?"



“Much harder to hide. And much harder to avoid in practice. Plus, it’s just too much fun to stop doing it.”

“Here, here!” Chuck agreed. “No fucking way I’m giving up a good in-flight fuckfest.”

“Eloquent as usual, Chuck.” But Michael laughed as he said it.

“Anything else?”

“We absolutely must establish some rules for joining the Brotherhood. Nothing instills fear in a public more than the possibility that they lose control. And Transform has become too powerful to simply let it loose in the wild.”

“Any more than it already is,” added Todd, hoisting a thumb at the sounds of horny muscular men fucking the bejeezus out of each other around the lake.

“Can it be contained?”

“I’m not talking containment. I’m talking choice. By going public, no man who meets one of us is going to be unaware of who we are, what we can do, and what might be in store for them. A simple question is all that’s needed. ‘Do you want to be Transformed?’ If the answer is yes, then...”

“It’s party time!” This time, Chuck really did bounce.

## Chapter Forty-Two: Leonard & Kirk

Leonard just could not stop looking at the guy. There was something literally magnetic about him. And it wasn't just the undeniable fact that the dude had a body built like a brick shit house. The dude was stacked and ripped. It was extremely evident. His clothing couldn't hide it, and it didn't look like he was all that interested in trying to hide it, anyway.

And why would he be? Leonard considered himself a kind of connoisseur of muscle. Though he had tried in vain to build himself the kind of body that the other dude possessed and displayed with such understated pride, he could appreciate and admire both the dedication and the determination – not to mention the time, energy and concentration – it took to mold one's body into the simulation of perfection he was looking at right now.

At the same time, no matter how strongly he was drawn to the dude and how much he wanted to admire his body, he felt, under the current circumstances, that it would be really weird to do it. Since, like, they were both standing in line at a Carl's Jr.

The dude was one line over, and two people ahead of where Leonard was standing. From this angle, Leonard could note the man's incredible wealth of ass. The man had ass out the ass! It was big, it was bold, it was beautiful. In those painted-on jeans, the deep indents on either side were pronounced and amazing. The muscle jutted out thick and massive, almost like a shelf. It was, he had to say, an awesome ass.

Then there were the dude's triceps. Again, just fucking awesome. Huge horseshoes with thick fingers of brawn crawling under the sleeve of his turquoise blue Polo shirt. And then there was, like, a wing of muscle spreading from his upper back. It was fucking heavy and Leonard could watch it spread and thicken with the slightest movement as he shifted his stance, scanning the menu.

He wasn't just wide and thick, either. The dude was tall! Like, a head taller than anyone else in line! Leonard wished he could see the dude's neck. He just fucking knew that it was wide and thick and cabled with muscle. It probably spread onto his traps like a pyramid. A pyramid of muscle.

The dude turned slightly to shift his gaze around the restaurant. Fuuuuuck, look at that chest! Even from this angle, behind and to the side, Leonard could see a massive bulging wealth of meat mounted on the dude's upper body. It wasn't even fair! Jesus, Leonard wondered, just how long did it take, how many hours in the gym, how many years of shoving iron around, did it take to build a body like that.

Leonard could worship at that temple. Leonard could... fuck, the dude was looking right at him! Eye to eye! Fuck!

Leonard looked away, but probably not quickly enough. Oh, fuck. Fuck! Leonard swallowed into a suddenly dry throat and the fear of discovery sent a shock of heat all over his skin

and deflated his growing hard-on. Leonard tried to look nonchalant. He pulled in a breath and made a bored face and looked away from the dude, finding himself, for some stupid reason, studying a garbage can's lid with great intent.

The line moved. He was one person closer to the dude. He was so fucking big! He seemed to swell and throb as Leonard grew closer to his bulk. Leonard looked down at his feet and tucked his hands into his jeans, grabbing his keys and a bunch of loose change in his sweaty paws.

He really, really wanted to look at the dude. He shifted his gaze slightly toward where the dude was standing and saw his feet. He was wearing flip-flops. Even the dudes fucking feet looked powerful! How was that even possible? How did a dude work out his fucking feet?

Leonard's line moved again. The dude was now standing right next to him. Huge didn't even begin to describe him. It was like standing next to a house or something. This big, looming, hulking shape. Just, like, fucking massive! Right there!

Still looking down, almost afraid now to lift his gaze again, he moved his eyes up the dude's leg. Fuuuuck, Leonard thought. Oh, fuuuuck, look at that fucking massive leg! He could see, literally see the fat lobes of brawn pushing against the dude's jeans! They were flexing and shifting, so alive and huge and hard! Leonard's dick woke up from its fearful slumber and started throbbing. He shifted his right hand off his keys and pushed his cock in his Jockeys. Fuuuuck, just look at that dude's fucking massive leg!

Leonard heard a sound. Something like a low roar, or a hum. Something deep and hard. It was the dude! The dude was laughing! Snickering at him! Fuck! Fucking fuck!

Move line! Fucking move! Fuuck, oh fucking fuck...

"Hey," said a voice to Leonard's left.

Leonard didn't answer. He couldn't be talking to him. No fucking way.

"Dude," the voice said, more clearly. The voice sounded amused. Then there was a touch on Leonard's arm. A hand on his bicep. "Dude," the voice said again. "Len."

Huh? What? The fuck?

Leonard looked up. And up. And up some more. There was a handsome smiling face looking back at him. It had blue eyes and a heavy five o'clock shadow on its chiseled jaw. The face's nose was angular and prominent, as was its brow. Two thick lines of hair arched over the blue, blue eyes and the mouth, stuffed with two lines of exceptionally white teeth and surrounded by full, smiling lips, was quirked into an amused grin. "You okay, dude?"

Leonard looked at the man's eyes, his smile, his all too familiar butt-chin. The fuck? "Kirk?"

“Dude,” the face said, and the grin broke into a wide, full smile. “What up?”

Leonard suddenly found his body surrounded by an awesome collection of exceptionally thick, exceptionally hard muscle. Kirk wrapped his heavily muscled arms around Leonard’s smaller frame and hugged him tight and close. Leonard felt a sudden heat building up inside him, and the scent of his friend Kirk, something he hardly ever noticed before, seemed to coat him in a fog of intense sensuality. Kirk smelled good. Like, really really good.

Leonard was feeling every day of his nearly 40 years on the planet. He knew he looked it, too, even though he was at the gym twice a week and had managed to put some decent meat on his bones. But age and gravity had a way of catching up to a person, and he did like his cheeseburgers.

But Kirk, even besides the fact that he was much, much larger than he had ever been and also, weirdly, seemed taller as well, his own face still managed to retain the look of youth and vigor they shared 20 years ago. Gravity and age were taking some sort of vacation where Kirk was concerned.

Leonard hugged him back and marveled at the feeling of his body. It was so hard, everywhere! Huge and hard and bulging. But it was all moving with fluid grace. All that muscle, so tightly contained, and so alive and vital. And there was also something thick and long and firm pressing against him from inside Kirk’s pants, something that felt decidedly larger than before as well. “What the fuck...?”

Kirk held up a finger. His forearm was a vast network of vascular beauty. “One sec.” He turned to the counter person and said, “Chocolate shake, large fries, and four Low Carb Six Dollar burgers, please.” He gave the counter girl a big smile that almost made the girl cream her panties right there, then he turned back to Leonard. “What’ll you have?”

“All that’s for you?”

He tilted his handsome head slightly and winked. “I’m a growing boy.”

“I’ll say!” Leonard’s answer was a bit too agreeable, but he just said, “I’ll have a Super Star with Cheese and a Diet Coke.”

“That’s all?”

“I’m growing too, just not the same way you are.” Leonard patted his little Buddha belly and laughed slightly. Then he turned his attention back to his friend’s amazing body, scanning along the lines and curves and bulging bellies of muscle that were popping all along his every inch. “Working out much?”

Kirk laughed again. It started somewhere inside his absurdly huge chest and emerged like a thunder peal. “A little.” He lifted his right arm and swelled the bicep into power. The muscle balled up and swelled out, shoving against the confines of his shirtsleeve until the peak rose

into a perfect, beautiful baseball of brawn. His shoulder joined the party, arching higher and higher as its muscular contents flexed and swelled. Even his chest, which should have flattened out and stretched as he raised his arm, it seemed to grow larger, too, reaching toward Leonard invitingly. "You like?"

Leonard felt breathless and amazed. He hadn't seen his old high school buddy in years. They'd managed to survive the post-teen years and even college together, and maintained contact after that. Then, his friend gradually stopped responding and finally disappeared. "I'm impressed. Are you pro?"

"Not exactly." He just kept smiling at Leonard. "You're looking good, bro."

"Yeah, well, I try." He fell silent, drinking in the endless vista of muscular beauty before him.

"Married?"

"Only to my job. You?"

Kirk's smile widened and he narrowed his gaze. "Nope. Never married. Fooled around a lot. Still am, truth be told." The man actually reached down and grabbed hold of his groin, his grip filled up with whatever sausage he was hiding down there – overflowing with it, in fact. "I have a lot of hungers." He winked. God, he looked 18 years old. Life just wasn't fair. "Look, let's get the grub and get caught up." Kirk's gaze fell down along the smaller man's frame, noting the insistent bulge in his crotch particularly. "I have a lot of interesting things to tell you."

Kirk grabbed the food tray and maneuvered his muscled bulk to a table away from the teenagers and families gathered for a cheap meal. He practically inhaled two whole burgers before sitting back and sighing contentedly. His chest seemed to swell outward and pull the placket of his Polo shirt open. Leonard couldn't help but see the forest of dark curls that erupted from the opening, as well as what looked like a deeply carved valley between the globes of muscle. Kirk's twin nipples, fat and hard, pushed against the bright blue material. All at once, Leonard realized that the shirt matched his old friend's azure gaze, particularly since Kirk was staring at him as he tried to surreptitiously observe his schoolmate.

Kirk smiled a knowing kind of smile and nodded his head. "You got it bad, bro."

"What?"

Kirk leaned forward and sat upright. It reminded Leonard just how tall he actually was. "What are you up to these days?" he asked, changing the subject he'd introduced.

"Work. A lot of work. Web stuff. Middle management. The whole nightmare. You?"

Kirk's smile was gorgeous. It didn't hurt that his eyes were so god damned blue and his whole face, with that gruff of beard winding along his angular jaw, was an exercise in

masculine beauty. "You like it?" Kirk reached for his third burger and sucked down some shake.

Leonard shrugged. "Pays the bills." Kirk was chewing and smiling, chewing and smiling. Leonard's eyes started to drift again, moving across the other man's broad shoulders, his thickly muscled neck, the mammoth chest. His body was amazing. Beyond amazing. "So, I guess you spend your life at the gym?"

Kirk swallowed and sucked some more chocolate shake before answering. "I do tend to spend a lot of time at the gym." He licked his lower lip and let his gaze dip along Len's body. "You really look good, Len. Really good."

"I try."

There was a silence. Kirk kept staring at Leonard's face. Leonard kept staring at Kirk's body. Kirk leaned back again and moved his hands under the table. Leonard watched his movements curiously, the way his arms bulged and flexed, the way his pecs moved under the shirt, the way his entire upper body was a symphony of muscular power and utter masculine perfection. Then, to his shock and wonder, Kirk was pulling the shirt's hem up his body, exposing the most distinctly defined six-pack that Leonard had ever seen.

His eyes bulged and his breath caught. Kirk held the shirt up with his right hand and moved the fingers of his left to the smooth, tanned skin covering his cobblestone belly. He pulled the skin across his well-developed muscular abdomen, and let it snap back into place. It was a sensuous and dick-hardening display.

The shirt moved back to cover his belly and he reached for the final burger.

Leonard was dumbfounded and mesmerized. His eyes came back up Kirk's body and their gaze met again. Kirk was still grinning. "Yep, my friend. You got it real bad."

"What do you mean?"

Kirk's smile never wavered. "I'm gonna hit the head. Will you be here when I come back?" Leonard smiled back and nodded. Kirk watched the other man's gaze linger worshipfully across his body as he stood up. It made him pump his muscles up a bit more beneath his clothing, and they tightened against him agreeably. He watched his old friend's eyes bulge when they found his insistent hard-on, fat and long, pressing insistently against their denim cage. Kirk had grown continually more horny as he had been sitting there, glorying both in the attention of his college roommate and the knowledge and anticipation of what was to come. It made his cock swell and lengthen, and he needed to do something about the load of hot cream bulging in his ball sack or he was going to blow his wad right then and there.

As Kirk wandered toward the men's room, he sighed with contentment. It was a little unfair, what he was doing. Finding Leonard again was ludicrously simple. His name was all over Google, what with his web work and the blog. Plugging his name into Linked In yielded a

history of his professional life, and where he had been, and where he was now. His MySpace page told Kirk everything he needed to know about the other man's desires, and of his powerful admiration for the male body.

Leonard was even active in gay political causes. He must have come out years ago. It made Kirk both proud and a little shamed that he had hidden his sexuality for so long, and also regretful that they'd never consummated their strong attraction when they were younger.

People could be so stupid, sometimes. And frightened. He knew that well enough.

Pushing through the door, he approached an empty stall and already had his monster in his hands. It swelled with eager pride in his grip, unfurling by the inch as it readied itself for another round of orgasmic pleasure, shoving Kirk's thick load of warm cum through its heavy inches, rewarding its owner with another overwhelming cascade of sexual bliss.

He thought about Leonard as he came. The stream erupted hard and fast, and he balled his hand into a tight fist to keep from shouting with joy. Every time he came, now, it seemed more intense than the last time. The pearlescent white fountain splashed and gushed into the bowl for a couple of minutes until he felt the tide of sexual power diminish. He knew he could keep coming forever, but he simply needed to release the pressure on the dam before it grew too powerful to stop.

He wished he could've swallowed his own load rather than waste all that power, but he'd been warned that too much of a good thing would make it harder - much harder - to contain himself in any form that could possibly pass in public. He sighed with regret.

Thinking of Len, now, Kirk felt a renewed sexual thrill heat his Transformed body. When they gifted him with the final change that made him into a sexual god, they asked him to find more men who would want to come to The Brotherhood. In that moment - that precise moment - he thought of only one man, the man he had loved in secret, the man he knew loved him back. Len, good old Len. Fuck, he was still so fucking cute. He couldn't wait to see him packed with brawn. He ached to have his perfect ass fucked by a huge dick owned by Len. He wanted to smell Len on his own body, and lie with Len in the afterglow of sex, and then turn that fucker over and plug into his ass and cum until dawn.

He bent his pliable body down and lifted his long prick to his lips, licking the helmet clean and sucking the final drops into his own mouth. The tingling quicksilver rush of heat and power suffused his body. Just those few drops... remarkable, he thought.

Then he tucked his mass back into his jeans, buttoned the fly and left the stall, feeling a bit relieved but no less horny than before he came.

Leonard was watching the door when Kirk stepped out. He wanted to watch the man walking back toward him, to see that body in motion from the front, how the muscles worked with and against each other, the heavy sway of his massive chest, the smile on his

face, and those beautiful eyes. The man's heavy prick still pushed against his jeans, causing folds of denim to gather around it. Fuck, he was hot.

Kirk sat back down, slowly, and looked across at his old friend. He looked flushed, his skin was ruddy and he was even sweating a little. Kirk pulled back the sex vibes and allowed his scent to diminish. No sense in overwhelming Len just yet. Besides, there was no need. All Leonard wanted, now, was Kirk. Nothing but Kirk. And Kirk smiled.

Kirk couldn't wait any longer.

"Yes, my friend, you got it real bad."

Leonard's brow wrinkled. "What?"

"Your dick is so hard right now, it's a wonder I can't hear your pants ripping apart." Leonard swallowed and felt a flash of embarrassment and shock suffuse his body. "You want to see my body so bad it hurts. You were checking out my ass in line, Len. You were staring at it. And let me tell you, Len my friend, it's even more amazing when it's not encased in denim."

Leonard opened his mouth to pull in a shuddering breath.

"My ass is a thing of beauty. It's gorgeous. It's perfect. High, hard and thick. Two massive globes of muscular power." Kirk smiled.

"Holy fuck."

"You have no idea, Len. No fucking clue what it's like. 'Holy fuck?' Truer words were never spoken. I am a fucking fuck god, Len. I am a sex piston, a volcano of cum, a man beyond your dreams of perfection." He leaned forward, and his deep, powerful voice dropped to a near whisper. "I expect you to leave with me, Len. Because I'm going to strip myself out of these clothes for you, just for you, and you're going to be able to see every inch of my power, every bulging muscle, every thick, hard, awesome cable of brawn." Kirk stood up. The evident and massive hard-on in his jeans was back. The shaft was stretching the material as if it was made of steel. The helmet was bulging to be free. It seemed to be throbbing and swelling as Leonard looked at it.

"And then you're going to suck my cock until I'm satisfied."

"Yes," Leonard responded.

"And then I'm going to give you a gift, Leonard. I'm going to give you your heart's desire. You think I look good, Len?" He twisted his arm around and the bicep swelled into a massive, hard ball. "You think you've seen everything?" Kirk's chest began to expand. The open neck of his Polo began to tear itself open. "Len, my friend, my old love, you're not going to fucking believe what's coming to you."



As Leonard stood up, Kirk leaned forward in the Carl's Jr. and kissed his college roommate on the mouth. He placed his wide paw behind Leonard's head and pulled him into the passion of the kiss. His scent surrounded them like a tonic.

"Let's go, Len," he said.

## Chapter Forty-Two: Marvin & Frank

Marvin looked up from his laptop as the doorbell rang. He stood and looked through his bedroom window to see who was interrupting his jerk-off session, and couldn't see anyone outside. The bushes blocked his view, and he contemplated just ignoring the intruder and continuing with his intent perusal of his vault of tasty naked men.

The doorbell rang again.

"Well, fuck," he said, as he pulled his pants up and tried to shove his eager hard-on back into his trousers. It was insistent and angry to have been interrupted in its pleasures, and refused to cooperate initially. Marvin huffed a soft laugh through his nose and looked down at the obvious bulge in his jeans. "At least there's no pre-cum stain," he said, and he left the soft glow of pornographic beauty behind and went to answer the door.

The bell rang a third time and Marvin called out, "Coming!" as he laughed again at the truth of that statement. 'If only,' he thought, rubbing his happy stiffy like a playful pup that wanted attention. Peering through the peephole, Marvin recognized the familiar brown uniform of the UPS man. He tried to remember what Amazon had sent him today as he opened the door, but all thoughts of new gadgets disappeared from his brain the moment he set eyes on the man standing on his front porch.

"Hey," the deliveryman said. His voice was so deep it nearly rattled the storm windows. A furnace blast of damp, hot Arkansas air hit Marvin full in the face, and he felt like he was sweating everywhere all at once. It never even occurred to him that there was no familiar brown truck sitting at the curb.

There was something odd and absurd about the scene, but something else in Marvin's brain couldn't quite put two and two together. Did the UPS often hire bodybuilders to deliver goods? And couldn't they have found a uniform that actually fit their drivers? And why was he barefoot? He was used to seeing the UPS guy in tight shorts, but these were ridiculously tight, almost obscenely so.

And... did men who looked like that actually exist in real life? The collection of naked male perfection sitting on Marvin's hard drive paled in comparison to what was right now standing at the threshold to his small house in Little Rock, wearing a UPS uniform that barely contained him, holding a small box in one hand as he leaned his tall, thick, muscular body against the door frame.

"Got something for ya," he said. There was a smile on his lips. His sensuous, full, moist, soft lips. He had brown eyes, dark and deep, surrounded by thick lashes. His nose looked crooked, but it fit his face perfectly. There was something familiar about its shape, something that tickled the back of Marvin's memory. He had never actually seen a 'square jaw' before, but this man defined the term. The arm propped up against the doorframe was overwhelmed with brawn, and the shirtsleeve was pushed back by the swollen brawn to

reveal a wealth of gleaming dark curls in the deep, sweaty armpit. The man couldn't even button up the shirt much beyond his navel. It was wide open, exposing an impressive, massive chest coated in more dark curls, and one fat nipple peaked out invitingly.

He moved his other arm forward and handed Mason the little brown box. It felt very light, as if there was nothing in it at all. "Hot one," the driver said in his powerful tones. He pulled back his empty hand and applied it to his chest, wiping his touch through the masses of fur so that its coat of sweat made it lay flat against his gleaming flesh. Marvin watched as several curls slowly pulled themselves free of the slick of the man's sweat to re-curl against the mass of his chest muscles.

Marvin nodded. "It is," he agreed. "Hot one."

The other man's smile increased. "Yeah."

They stood there for a few seconds in silence. Marvin's hard on was more insistent than ever, and his worries about pre-cum resurfaced as he felt a sudden gush erupt from his energized prick.

"Listen, buddy," the driver said, looking beyond Marvin into his house, "you wouldn't happen to have something cold to drink, would ya?" He straightened up and his entire body seemed to expand to fill the doorway. The shirt was seriously threatening to rip itself apart. "I'd be mighty appreciative." The other nipple made an appearance. It was as perky and fat as its brother, shoving aside the shirt like a chest-mounted dick head.

Marvin swallowed. It never occurred to him that the man didn't have the usual handheld device to gather his scrawled signature for the empty box in his hand. But he recovered his wits enough to show some southern hospitality. "Uh, yeah. Yes! Of course. Why don't you come on inside, all the cool air is escaping."

"Thanks, friend," the huge man said, and he stepped his barefooted body across the threshold and closed the door behind him. He stood near the door, folding his arms across his bared chest. The shirt strained to hold his arms inside its sleeves. Maybe it even tore a little. The hem lifted up above the waistband of his shorts. More fur caressed the rippled contours of his tight, muscular stomach. "Nice place," he observed, but his eyes stayed glued on Marvin.

"Thanks," he responded. "I guess you guys can't have a beer while you're work..."

"A beer sounds perfect," he interrupted, giving Marvin a wink to accompany that killer smile. He had deep dimples in his tanned cheeks and his dark eyes twinkled with mischief.

"Have a seat," Marvin offered, then he went into the kitchen to grab his guest a libation. After reaching into his fridge and grabbing a couple of cold micro-brewed beers, he turned and found the man standing now in the door to his kitchen. Sun was streaming through the windows and it cast the man's muscles in shadows that highlighted just how big he was.

The crevasse between the hemispheres of his chest was insane. Even his fat little nipples were causing shadows of their own to fall on his skin. Marvin could see his tanned flesh beneath the wealth of curls and it looked like the dude had absolutely no body fat at all. "Oh!" Marvin said, surprised. "You startled me."

The driver reached out and grabbed a beer out of Marvin's hand. The arm attached to the driver's grip was overwhelmed with brawn. Every muscle was in stark detail, and every stark detail was netted with a collection of thick veins, feeding power into his muscle. "Thanks," he said. He pulled the bottle to his sensuous mouth and sucked the bottle's lips between his own. Marvin watched as he tilted his head back to welcome the cold suds inside his body. His Adam's Apple bobbed and the cords of brawn lining his neck and throat flexed and bulged. He seemed to be sucking on the bottle like it was Marvin's own...

Lowering the bottle, the driver locked eyes with Marvin. The smile came back to his lips again. 'Fuck,' he thought, 'he really doesn't know who I am. This is too fucking fun!' The UPS man reached down with his free hand and adjusted his basket, making the copious length of cock and his two fat balls obvious during manipulations. Marvin followed the gestures with hungry eyes, and felt a thrill of passion upon seeing the treasure trail of dark fur leading down into the man's crotch.

Catching himself staring so obviously, Marvin brought his gaze back up a little too quickly and blushed, the heat of his embarrassment pushing the air-conditioned coolness away in a split second. The other man's smile increased in wattage. "You feeling okay?" he asked, tilting his bottle toward Marvin's burgeoning hard-on. "You look a little... excited."

The man walked forward into the kitchen. He was a towering monster of a man, 6-foot 4 or 5 inches tall, easily outclassing Marvin's 5-foot 10-inch frame. "Good beer," he said softly, his eyes never leaving Marvin's steady gaze. "I bet you taste good."

"Pardon?"

"I said, 'you have good taste,'" the huge man said. But Marvin was sure he hadn't heard him incorrectly. The UPS driver was now standing two feet in front of him, easily within reach. He smelled rank and sweaty and altogether sexy as fuck. With every breath, his massive chest swelled outward, his nipples rubbed against his shirt, and his rippled 6-pack grew and receded. The driver hiked a thumb into the waist of his small shorts and they drew down an inch or two, revealing more of that enticing forest of pubes growing in such lush abundance. "You sure you're okay?"

"I'm okay," Marvin barely whispered. His heart was beating fast. His dick was painfully hard.

"Do you want me to leave?" He stepped even closer.

"No," Marvin admitted.

"What do you want me to do?"

“What?” Marvin’s breath caught. He almost came right there.

The man took another step. They were now so close that Marvin felt the huge man’s heat pouring off his muscles. His scent was overwhelming. Marvin could almost taste him. “What do you want me to do?” the man asked again. Their bodies were nearly touching.

“Take off your shirt.”

The driver’s mouth broke into a smile as he set his beer on the counter behind Marvin, reaching around him, surrounding him with his power and his smell and his sensuous presence, and put his hands on his hips. “Why don’t you do it,” he instructed.

Marvin blinked and gulped and set his beer aside. He looked at the three buttons on the lower half of the UPS uniform. They were pulled tightly across the man’s muscled belly. Soft curls of dark hair surrounds the material like vines. Mason carefully applied his touch to the first button and unfastened it. The other man let out a soft, deep moan of satisfaction, as if that simple gesture had felt like a sort of sexual bliss. Marvin steadied himself and undid the second button. Another deep, penetrating moan of satisfaction accompanied the action.

Just one button held the huge man’s shirt to his muscular body. Marvin rubbed the final release with his fingertip, almost hesitant to finish the job.

His hands were shaking as he unfastened the final button and the shirt fell open. The driver’s massive muscular form seemed almost to swell even larger as it was revealed. He was breathing slowly and steadily, and the movements of his torso were sensual and erotic, even in those minor movements. The huge man sighed and groaned as his body was unsheathed, and he turned around and said, “Take it off me.”

Marvin reached up and circled his hands around the driver’s thick neck to grasp the shirt. He pulled it off the man’s shoulders, revealing fat lobes of brawn covered in smooth, golden flesh. The UPS driver rolled his massive shoulders to free them, then moved his arms back to allow the shirt to more easily come off his body.

Marvin moved it down the man’s wide torso, revealing inch after bulging inch of massive muscular development stretching across his back. It was awesome and mesmerizing, just how much muscle and how big it all was. Then the shirtsleeves became caught on the man’s upper arms. “It’s stuck,” Marvin said softly.

“Is it?” the man answered. “Let me help you,” he added. As Marvin watched, the man straightened to his full height and brought his arms up, balling his hands into tight fists, and swelling his biceps and triceps to full glory.

Mason heard a rip. A pop. Another rip. The man turned around slowly as his arms tore through the dark brown material. He seemed to be able to pump them larger and larger, as if they could grow more massive at his command. The sleeves tore open across the high

peaks of his awesome biceps and as he lowered his arms, the shirt fell from his body, leaving him naked from the waist up.

“Oh my god,” Marvin whispered.

Frank felt a surge of sexual excitement through his Transformed body. They said it would be like this, that he’d have a hard time containing himself the first few times. But he never imagined it would feel like this.

His body was straining at the restrictions he’d placed on it. He wanted to show Marvin exactly how much he’d changed, what he had become, and what Marvin had in store for him.

When they told Frank, after they’d given him the gift of membership in The Brotherhood at Transformation Gym in St. Louis that he had a duty to find more men to bring to the fold, but that these men had to want the gift as it was given, he knew exactly who he’d pay his first call on.

Marvin. Marvin the Muscle Master. Marvin would appreciate what Transform did to a man, and he’d welcome it with open arms. Hell, hadn’t they as much as fantasized about this very thing, in this very house? They’d sat there on Marvin’s couch, watching some Colt porn, some gay-for-pay bodybuilder pleasuring himself, and as they stroked out mutual loads in a friendly, professional manner (“because we’re friends!” Marvin had protested, when Frank first suggested they do a little more than jerking off on the couch, “and it would feel weird!”) they both agreed that what they wanted to see was some huge, muscular behemoth and some skinny little dude going at it. One would overpower the other – but it would be the skinny dude making the Alpha Male do his bidding.

Marvin even mentioned his UPS fetish. Maybe when a guy finally realizes his fantasies, he doesn’t even realize it?

Finding the uniform had been easier than he imagined. Who knew that Goodwill had a selection of old uniforms, from Postal Worker to orange construction vests to operation room fatigues? Frank realized he could knock on Marvin’s door and pretend to be a meter reader, or a Mailman, or even a pizza delivery dude, though that one seemed a little too ‘bad porn cliché,’ particularly since it required that Marvin had actually ordered a pizza.

The uniform was nowhere near big enough to contain his new bulk, no matter how tightly he managed to compress it. His new altered body didn’t quite conform to human norms anymore, and finding an actual UPS uniform at all was miracle enough. So what if it didn’t fit?

Now his old friend was standing before him with a raging hard on in his pants and evident muscle lust in his eyes. Frank allowed a knowing smile onto his lips. This was going to be fun!

Frank pushed his desires and the overwhelming lust for growth and strength back down. He wanted to draw this one out, his first Transformation, the one he'd always remember, and to give his friend every second of pleasure he could deliver. "That feels better," he said, as he started to flex and stretch his monster frame, displaying the awesome dimensions and beauty of his muscular body for the appreciative audience.

"Excuse me," he said softly, as he reached around Marvin again to retrieve the beer he didn't actually want, but it put on a good show. He nursed the mouth like a hard cock, again, wrapping his lips reverently around the bottle's lips and sucking against the suds, swallowing greedily. He wiped his mouth with his arm, sending out another thick cloud of male pheromones, and hooked his thumbs in his waistband again, pulling the shorts lower on his narrow hips. He arched an eyebrow and said, "Aren't you going to open your package?" He chugged another swallow of cold beer and shifted his gaze south, staring openly at Marvin's urgent erection. His own cock swelled in lustful desire.

"What? Oh... oh, yeah. Um, pardon me?" Frank's massive bulk was blocking his way. The huge man stepped aside with a smile and sucked in a calming breath. This was proving harder than he had anticipated. But he knew it would all be worth the wait.

The box was sitting on the floor. Had Marvin even realized that he dropped it? He picked it up and examined it for a return address. It was from his old friend, Frank, who'd relocated to Missouri a few months ago. Was it two years now? They emailed each other occasionally, and each had promised the other a visit, but neither had managed it. Marvin liked Frank a lot. They shared a lot in common, and he immediately wished that his old friend was here right now to get a load of the prime beef on display in Marvin's kitchen.

He heard movement behind him and Marvin turned around. The huge man was looming over his shoulder, looking down at the small brown cardboard box in his hands. "Something unexpected?" he asked. His voice rumbled against Marvin's body like a detonation.

"Something from a friend," he answered.

"Something personal?" the shirtless, barefooted, entirely too sexy UPS driver inquired.

Marvin shrugged. "Don't know."

"Mind if I finish my beer before I go?"

"Oh, no! I mean, not at all. Have a seat while you finish it."

The UPS driver pivoted with a smile and a nod and sauntered toward Marvin's deeply cushioned couch. Marvin watched his ass move as he walked. It looked almost as if the man was giving him a show. And it was quite a good show, too. The globes shifted and flexed, the two cheeks somehow carving out individual globes of power beneath his shorts. It looked, almost, as if the two muscled bubbles were kissing each other as he walked. Then he paused, looking down at the couch, as if there was already someone sitting there. He moved that amazing ass around and plopped his bulk down, opening his legs wide to allow his overburdened basket room to spill its contents forward. The couch literally sagged and groaned under the weight of his bulk. He stretched his thickly muscled arms across the back after setting his beer on the side table, then moved his darkly sparkling gaze back toward Marvin.

The other man appeared frozen in place. He was staring not at Frank's face, but rather at his crotch. With a glance down, it was evident why that was. In shifting his bulk into the couch, the plump head of his prick had become entirely evident under the material of his shorts. Not only that, but it was also exceptionally obvious that the UPS driver sitting on Marvin's couch had a copious length of thick cock. His basket was nearly bursting. The material had pulled away from the zipper and thin lines of bunched brown cotton were gathered into tight arrows pointing at the wealth of meat thickly coiled in his groin.

The huge man cleared his throat to gain Marvin's attention away from his inviting prick. Marvin swallowed and looked at the box in his hands. It felt absolutely empty. He peeled the packing tape from one flap and tore the box open. Something small and shiny fell from it and landed at his feet.

It was a single foil-wrapped condom. A Durex XXL Extra Large, to be precise. Nine and a half inches long. An inch and three-quarters wide. The biggest condom available.

Marvin picked up the little black and blue packet and turned it over in his fingers. "Wanna see a trick?" he heard a deep, sensual voice ask him.

"Pardon me?"

"I have a trick I want to show you," the driver said. "I think you'll appreciate it."

"A trick?" Marvin looked over at the huge man.

"A kind of a trick," he said. "More like a talent, really. You want to see it?"

Marvin nodded.

"Okay. Just watch. I think you'll enjoy this."

For a few seconds, nothing appeared to be happening. Marvin was holding the condom packet in his hand as he stood in front of the UPS guy on his couch, who was sitting on his couch staring back at him with a bright, beautiful, cock-hardening smile on his full lips.



Then Marvin noticed it. The man's groin. Specifically, the man's prick. He saw it swelling. He could see the head plumping, visibly growing larger. The whole of what was contained behind his zipper was starting to manifest itself more fully, pushing insistently at its cloth cage.

As Marvin watched, his mouth dropped open slowly, and he forgot to blink. The other man's cock continued to develop until his shorts were severely tented and a dark stain was spreading around the zipper's silver teeth. The UPS driver was just sitting there, breathing slowly, his gaze locked on Marvin's amazed face, as his cock swelled and lengthened inside his shorts.

After only a couple of minutes of this continual swollen growth, the zipper was starting to show signs of strain. The man's cock was shoving itself at the opening, swelling ever larger, wanting release from its confines. The bulge in his groin was filling up with more prick than ever, and the material was stretched to its limits.

Then he heard it. The smallest ripping sound. A seam giving way. The smile on the man's face grew slightly brighter and he tilted his head slightly, his gaze never leaving Marvin's enthralled expression.

Another rip. Small, still. Frank pushed more growth into his cock. It eagerly bulged forward. The tear grew slightly. He was ripping his shorts apart using only his dick. His bulging, fat, hard as steel cock was tearing itself free of his shorts, little by little.

Another rip, and the zipper's teeth started to give way. Marvin swallowed and licked his lips. He wanted to see this beast, He wanted to see it burst from its cage and witness the glory of it. He'd never seen anything so erotic in his life.

Another small rip and a flash of reddish pink skin shown through. The zipper refused to yield. The driver's ever-growing cock swelled larger still. Another small tear, then another, and then a final rending of the brown fabric and his colossal cock spilled forth, having successfully ripped its way from his pants.

It was as glorious and beautiful as Marvin had imagined. The head was still cowed in a sheath of foreskin, and it glistened with pre-cum. As he watched it emerge, the shaft seemed to swell and lengthen, as if its new freedom allowed it to realize its awesome potential all at once. The sheer size and girth of the shaft, thick as the bottle of beer in his hand, ripped the shorts apart and it throbbed and plumped and rose upwards, growing still, and now hardening into its ultimate erect perfection.

Frank fed his cock to grow fatter and longer, feeling the heat of it grow as it was engorged with blood. The veins pumped and throbbed, the foreskin retreated, and the plum of its head emerged glistening and shiny.

At last, Frank's enormity achieved its designed majesty. Twelve inches tall, thicker than a man's wrist, gleaming and throbbing.

"Did you enjoy that?" he asked his audience. Marvin nodded mutely. "Me, too," the UPS driver agreed. "Think that'll fit me?" he asked. Marvin shook his head. "No? Let's give it a try, anyway. Why don't you come over here and put it on me. I want your hands on my cock."

Marvin's bottle of beer dropped to the carpet and spilled its foaming contents. Frank pushed his pelvis forward, causing his enormous erection to stand straight up, the eye drooling pre-cum as it pointed at the ceiling. He could feel an enormous supply of cream in his balls. He put his hands to the waist of his shorts and ripped them fully open with ease. His pelvis and groin were forested with a thick bush of dark curls. His individual scent sprang forth from his exposed groin, and he ripped the legs open so his balls could swell with their cargo.

Marvin ripped the packet open with his teeth and pulled out the small rubber hat. It looked ludicrous next to the towering majesty of the erection throbbing hotly before his eyes. He'd never seen a cock so big, or so beautiful.

Marvin placed the condom over the tip of Frank's dick and started to slowly unroll it down his shaft. The condom's bulbous end seemed to grip onto the head tightly and Marvin doubted it could contain the other man's bulk. Beyond his view of the giant erection, all Marvin could see was furry muscle. Muscle everywhere. The UPS driver sat on his couch, breathing with cool, easy inhalations. He smelled like sex. Marvin wondered if the A/C was failing. He felt so hot.

Everything was going swimmingly, Frank thought, as he watched his old friend sheathing his amazing prick. God, it felt good to have another man's hands on his body. A thick flow of pre-cum erupted up the fat inches of his cock and into the reservoir tip of the XXL condom. He groaned and closed his eyes and bit his lip, trying harder than ever to contain the beast that roared inside him. His cock swelled thicker, visibly bulging and lengthening in a single sudden spurt, and another flow of clear honey bubbled from the piss slit.

Marvin slowly unrolled the condom down the rock hard cock. It was so fucking hot in his grip, and he could feel it swell whenever the UPS guy delivered a load of pre-cum. He'd never seen anything like this. It was like the man's balls were in overdrive. Pre-cum was erupting like an orgasm. It was flowing almost constantly, inflating the tip of the rubber with thick honey.

"Oh, fuck," the UPS guy moaned, slowly. It was almost a growl, a passionate plea. Marvin felt a thrill of sexual pleasure move through him, as if the words themselves had some special power. He grabbed the huge prick in his left hand, unable to fully encompass it in his single grip, now, and used his right to unfurl the condom to its limit. Several inches of cock were left exposed, down to its furry root. The man's balls, huge and hairy, were moving and throbbing like living things. Fat veins wound up his cock and, as he held it, Marvin could've sworn he felt it growing bigger still.

"Stroke me," the man said. His eyes were on fire. He was looking at Marvin like his next meal, and he was a starving man.

Marvin did so, happily. The UPS man's reaction was instantaneous. His cock swelled even larger. How that was possible, Mason didn't question. It swelled in his grip, he could feel it growing, pushing his hand wider. He worshiped the huge manhood with reverent attention, slowly caressing its hot surface, grasping it in his hands, rubbing the mushroom cap's flaring lip, the spongy head, the enticingly lickable dent running along the helmet's underside.

It gushed happily, filling the rubber sheath with clear pre-cum. Then the man sucked in a breath and squeezed his eyes shut and the dick swelled bigger still. Marvin could feel the fat rush of cream erupting up the tall shaft and watched a flood of white cum mix into the clear pre. He shot once, twice, three times, four, five, on and on, filling the rubber's reservoir like a water balloon.

Again and again, flood after flood, an endless tide of hot cream came from the spouting tip until the rubber was filled, but still he came. "Fuck," he moaned, "oh, fuck, so good."

Marvin kept stroking. The cock kept erupting. A pint of heavy hot cream filled the rubber sock, bigger and bigger, tighter and tighter, and suddenly it burst, showering its load over the two men, the couch, the carpet, the walls and the ceiling.

And still he came. The unsheathed cock was fountaining fat spurts of hot cream. Marvin's face and arms were coated in warm wetness. He opened his mouth and applied it to the man's incredible prick and swallowed in greedy gulps.

"Oh, fuck," Frank said, realizing what had happened, and that now it was too late.

Marvin was already growing, starting on his path to The Brotherhood.

## Chapter Forty-Two: Stuart & Francois

Rain was falling. It made Paris look romantic. The sky was the color of slate, and the avenue was empty of tourists, for once. Stuart scribbled in his Moleskin, drawing penciled pictures of the café's interior and its sole other inhabitant.

The man was squeezed into a white ribbed tank top that was stretched to its limits. He had a bald head and a thick, muscular neck. He sat sprawled in a wrought iron chair near the entrance, half in and half out of the café, his long powerful legs extending onto the sidewalk. A small cup of espresso sat untouched before him, and his eyes were covered with a pair of mirrored Aviator sunglasses.

Stuart was attracted to him the minute he walked in. Stuart was a muscle fan, so there was that, but there was something more, something both familiar and oddly alien about him. Also, his appearance itself was weird. One moment the table was empty, the next the man was sitting there just as he was now, his long, powerful frame stretched along a line, one arm resting on the table, the other lying across his lap.

Stuart was a student on a yearlong European "study vacation," though it had been more vacation than study, of late. His American dollars weren't stretching nearly as far, thanks to some rather poor monetary decisions by the current U.S. administration, and his interest in art had waned along with his stipend. Mommy and daddy were quickly losing interest in financing his continued debauchery, not that it was his real Mommy or his real Daddy anymore, anyway. How many divorces had there been, and him tossed around like so much rubbish.

He sighed and drew a thick line representing the swelling bulge of muscle along the man's upper arm. He would have been an excellent model, Stuart decided. His body was etched with powerful lines everywhere. How much fun would it be to sit before his naked body and make love to every inch of him with pen and ink?

Stuart looked up to study that arm again and discovered that the man had moved. The man had, in fact, moved toward his table and was now, this very moment, staring down at the drawing that Stuart had been slowly fussing with.

"Est-ce que c'est supposé être moi?" Stuart felt a chill run through him. The man was absurdly tall, and absurdly powerful. That white athletic shirt did absolutely nothing to hide his massive build. His voice was a deep, gruff burr, and he had a dark goatee and mustache surrounding a beautiful mouth.

"Oui, si elle n'est pas très bonne." Stuart tried to give the man an apologetic smile.

"You are Americain?" His French accent and deep voice made the question eminently sexy.

Stuart decided to answer in French. "Oui, comment pouvez-vous dire?"

"Your accent is good, but is not great." He was smiling as he pulled an adjacent chair around and spun it with a deft and confident elegance, sitting down at Stuart's table, his legs spread open as he sat facing the back of his own chair. He folded his massive arms over the chair's back and leaned forward, peering at Stuart's open notebook. "Is not bad," he said. "I think, though, my head is not so... comment dit-on 'carré'?"

"Square." Not so square." Stuart looked down and he had to agree.

The other man laughed slightly and a hand was thrust into Stuart's view. "I am called Francois."

Now it was Stuart's turn to laugh. Of course that would be his name. "Stuart," he introduced, and he grabbed the wide paw. The man's grip was almost painfully strong, though he seemed to realize this and softened his hold. The muscles of his arm twisted and flexed in a most agreeable manner, and he had a thick bush of shining black hair in his pit. Stuart felt both attracted and apprehensive. He was just so fucking huge!

"You are an artiste?" he asked, tilting his head in a most puppy-like fashion. He smiled into the word 'artiste,' as if he enjoyed saying it.

Stuart blushed and shook his head. "Not really."

"May I look?" Francois's hand moved toward the open notebook. Stuart nodded and lifted it into the man's hands, watching him with curiosity and a growing sexual interest.

There was no denying the man's beauty. It was a kind of pure masculine handsomeness. His face had powerful lines around the mouth, though it was otherwise smooth. His cranium was beautifully sculpted, elegant and real. He looked to be in his mid 20's, maybe five years older than Stuart was himself, though he was possessed of a powerful self-confidence. And why wouldn't he, built like that? The man looked like he could take on an army!

His hands, though strong, made delicate work of the notebook. After lifting his mirrored glasses to rest on his forehead, he turned the pages carefully and his dark, almost black eyes danced across them. The smile on his animated face grew and shrank in intensity as he moved through Stuart's pencil drawings of Paris street scenes and gardens, and he lingered the longest on the pictures depicting the various handsome men that Stuart had captured with an admiring hand. Clearly, they shared an interest in a beautiful man.

He looked up as he handed the notebook back and said, "Vous êtes très bien!"

Stuart blushed again. Something about the man's voice went straight to his crotch, and having the man pay him a compliment only made it worse. "Merci," he said, tucking the notebook into his satchel, "Vous êtes trop aimable."

"Oh, mais non!" he protested. His handsome face tilted and he added, "You have a very good eyes."

"I think I miss the details."

Francois raised his eyebrows into an arch and said. "Ah, no. My meaning is... you have good eyes. Very pretty." He pointed to his own eyes and smiled. It made Stuart melt.

"Thanks," he mumbled.

"You will want to draw me?" Francois sat up and puffed out his chest. It was a wonder his shirt didn't explode. He was truly a massive man, with wide shoulders and a barrel chest with two rounded, very distinct globes of muscle. His nipples poked tents against the white cotton of his tight T-shirt, and his arms bulged with an almost frightening amount of brawn. "I am posing!"

Stuart laughed. The dude was a ham. "I would love to draw you, Francois."

"Excellent!" Francois relaxed his impressive collection of brawn and scooted his butt back on the seat, resting his chin on his arms across the back of the chair. His Aviators were perched on his gleaming shaven head and his dark eyes studied Stuart carefully. "I have seen you here before."

Stuart's brow furrowed. It was true, this was his favorite café, but he didn't remember ever seeing Francois before. He would have remembered him. He was a remarkable looking man, and anyone that big was bound to stand out in Paris.

"Oui?"

Francois nodded emphatically. "You are always sitting here, drawing. The light is good, yes?" Stuart nodded. "The light is good," Francois repeated, softly. "Do you know Henri?" That smile was back again. Gorgeous.

Stuart said, "A little." Henri was the proprietor of the little café. A handsome man, and built as well. He was the prime reason Stuart frequented the café, just to watch Henri work. He was built like a dockworker, with a massive upper body and strong legs. Stuart had a few drawings of Henri's face and body in his notebook, he was a favorite model. But hard to capture, because the man never seemed to stop working. "He's very nice."

Francois said, "Do you think? I will tell him!"

"You know him?"

"Very well," he answered, and then he winked. "We are lovers."

It was hardly shocking, and it wasn't meant to be. Almost everyone Stuart met in Europe claimed to be bi. But a vision of the two muscular men naked together, tangled in each others' strong arms, lips locked, cocks hard, flashed across Stuart's mind and his cock jumped.

"He is very good," Francois volunteered, "but we are not... exclusif?"

"Exclusive," Stuart repeated.

"You?" Francois pursed his lips and allowed his dark gaze to scan Stuart's body.

Stuart blushed again and shook his head. "No, no boyfriend."

"Ah! I knew you liked mens. It is obvious from your drawings." The huge man suddenly stood up and grabbed onto Stuart's shoulder. "We go to your appartement. I will pose for you! Yes?"

"I'm not sure... I don't think..."

"You are scared?" Suddenly the other man almost looked hurt.

"No, I don't think that would work. I live... I'm in a very small place. In Le Marais." Francois stood over him looking for all the world like a wounded puppy. A giant, muscular, sexy as fuck wounded puppy. Stuart sighed and stood up. "All right, let's go to my place."

Now that he stood next to Francois, he realized just how huge he actually was. In fact, 'huge' didn't even come close. His muscles had muscles. Yet his face, as handsome as it was, had this odd innocence and openness about it. Stuart felt that, for whatever reason, he could trust the man.

Francois laid his heavy arm across the smaller man's shoulder and spun him toward the door. They walked out into the warm rain and started up the boulevard toward Le Marais.

It wasn't a fine mist that fell from the sky, but it wasn't a torrent, either. Still, it was enough wetness to turn Francois's shirt transparent, so that from a distance, someone might have thought he wasn't wearing a shirt at all. Stuart was feeling increasingly uncomfortable as they walked together through Parisian streets. The man was decidedly sexy, and his body was a wonder of muscular beauty.

He was a very animated and friendly sort, which contrasted with the utter physical sensuousness with which he moved. Did he not notice how sexy he was? And if that was true, it made him even sexier!

He asked Stuart about his favorite gardens and buildings, and where he had found such handsome men. He asked him if he liked Paris as much as Francois himself did. He asked him about his lovers, and if there was someone back home.

"I wish," he answered. "I'm not very good at..." Stuart's face showed his struggle to explain his lack of sexual activity. "I'm not sexy."

Francois stopped dead in his tracks and grabbed Stuart's shoulders, spinning him around. Francois was a full head taller than the American in his grip, and probably twice as wide. "Vous êtes très sexy. Tu es magnifique." He said it with such conviction that all Stuart could do was stare at his face. "Maybe you have not found your lover, yet, Stuart." The way Francois said his name made Stuart feel like swooning into his arms. The look on the huge man's kind face and in his gorgeous eyes was breathtaking.

There was a moment there, in the summer rain, on a Paris boulevard, when time seemed to stop. Stuart felt something strong passing between them. But he passed it off as imagination, or a dream, or a wish. Francois was looking into his eyes with an intensity that made Stuart feel weak and vulnerable. It was so strong that it scared him a little, and he broke the eye contact and gestured up the block. "We're nearly there," he said.

They reached Stuart's apartment building and climbed the stairs to his tiny third floor flat. The stairs creaked menacingly under the weight of his muscular companion, and Francois literally had to turn sideways to fit his bulk into Stuart's doorframe, but once inside he was smiling again and looking at everything among Stuart's collection of ephemera.

"C'est beau!"

Stuart, after hanging up his jacket and setting his satchel down, turned around to see what Francois was considering so beautiful. What his eyes found was that the man, standing near the tall open window, was looking across the Paris skyline as the rain fell, making the city glow and glisten in the soft gray light. What Stuart found beautiful was the man himself, rendered in that same light, looking almost like a dream. He was posed in a relaxed stance, leaning against the sill, his strong hands at his side. The prominence of the bulge in his pants was almost absurdly large, as if his manhood was pushing for release. The material gathered around it with slim, hard folds.

Stuart felt himself grow suddenly very warm, even though the storm had chilled his little flat, at the site of Francois standing utterly, completely, wonderfully perfect at the wide open window, looking out across the square at the gray afternoon light filtering across Paris.

The huge, muscular man was an orchestrated symphony of perfect brawn. Stuart could hardly believe that such a collection of muscular perfection actually existed outside a comic book. Every muscle on the man's enormous frame was a sonnet to the male body. He was incredibly beautiful. C'est beau, indeed. "Francois?"

"Oui?" The man turned his face, and then his entire body, toward Stuart.

"Do you want anything to drink? Something to eat before I sketch you?"



The other man's smile made his hard sculpture of a face light up. "Non, merci. I would like it to take off my clothes, if that is possible. I am wet with rain."

"I don't think I have anything that would fit you." Of course he didn't. Stuart lacked Francois's bulk and height by leagues.

"No problem," the other man said, and he began slowly to strip the clinging shirt from his upper body. It moved as if it refused to surrender its hold on his muscles, dragging itself along the bulging inches as he revealed the glorious and amazing collection of brawn he had no doubt worked years on perfecting. He owned a light dusting of curls that clung to the heavy roundness of each peck and accentuated their separate glory. He easily tossed the discarded shirt into Stuart's kitchen sink and set his fingers to the button fly of his tight jeans, and the swollen mass pressing urgently at its crotch.

He wore no underwear, and as each button was released, a glorious wealth of dark curls revealed itself. Stuart's breath caught in his throat at the personal striptease he was being afforded, and Francois watched the smaller man's reaction with interest.

As his magnificent and abundant collection of sexual equipment began to come into view, Francois reached his left paw into the crotch of his jeans to grab hold of his cock and balls and pull them forth, working them from their tight cage into the open air. The fat, uncut prick and heavy nut sack easily overwhelmed his huge grip. Then he stood there, naked from the waist up, his manhood arching out from his splayed jeans, and smiled.

Rather than look small in comparison to the rest of the man, it could more than compete for attention. He owned a huge, fat, long length of cock, arching proudly over a set of balls that were unusually large. Farm fresh eggs wished they looked like that. Stuart usually found an uncut cock kind of... ugly. Like it wasn't quite done maturing, or it wasn't all there. But Francois owned an uncut length of gorgeous, thick prick. His foreskin was ample enough to grip more than half of his thick helmet, but not so much that it resembled a thick turtleneck that overwhelmed it. It complimented the shape and size of his godlike cock, and it was, in a word, perfection.

"Wow." Stuart looked into the other man's dark gaze and said, "You're naked."

"Bien sûr! I am posing for you now. Is this not how you want me? Do you not like the view?" He grinned foolishly and brought his arms up, suddenly swelling his collection of muscles into stark, swollen perfection. "Ah, I see you do like me!" His gaze had fallen to Stuart's own crotch, which was showing definite signs of life.

Stuart paled, then blushed. "You're gorgeous, Francois. You're easily the most beautiful man that I have ever seen."

Francois nodded and lowered his arms. In the soft afternoon shadows, his skin took on a silvery glow and his eyes twinkled and flashed. "I am glad you are happy." He set his hand to

the waistband of his jeans and shoved them down his legs. They were amazing. Colossal. Every muscle was a swollen wedge of power, flexing and jostling for space under his bronzed skin. When he turned around to deposit the jeans in the sink as well, Stuart was gifted with a view of the most gorgeous bubble butt he'd ever seen, and certainly the most beautiful one he'd seen in all its naked glory.

Francois strode toward Stuart and, quite suddenly, surrounded the smaller man in his embrace and applied his lips to Stuart's mouth. His beard and mustache tickled, and Stuart felt his thick, soft tongue as Francois pushed it easily inside his mouth.

A rush of sexual bliss erupted inside Stuart, with a passion so strong that his cock was instantly hard and shoving insistently against his underwear and jeans.

Francois moved his hand down to Stuart's crotch and began to easily and eagerly massage his hard-on, squeezing his shaft and rubbing his head through the denim. A blazing rush of tingling sexually erupted under the huge man's ministrations. Stuart had never been touched so expertly, and he felt he could already start cumming inside his shorts, so he extracted himself from the other man's handling and gulped, finding it suddenly hard to breath.

His whole body was hot, flush with sexual heat. Francois was grinning, and his massive cock was showing signs of life. "I am sorry, but you are so beautiful, Stuart." He snapped to attention and saluted the smaller man comically. "I am your slave. Where do you want me to be posing?" He winked and that gorgeous smile was back again.

Stuart tried to gather his wits about him and he said, "No, it's all right. You kind of took me by surprise." He tried to smile but so much blood had rushed into his cock he wondered if any of his other muscles would even work. "Why don't you go back to the window. The light is perfect and you looked... your body...."

"Oui, Stuart. I am your slave." Francois turned around, giving Stuart an expert view of his marvelously high and tight buttocks, and he stood again at the open window. "Like this?" he asked.

Stuart retrieved a larger notepad and a pencil, then he looked at the large man standing at the window in the filtered light. "Just relax, Francois. Like you were before."

"I am relaxed," he said.

"Not entirely," Stuart replied, pointing toward the other man's burgeoning hard on with the end of his pencil. The man's mammoth appendage was visibly throbbing and swelling. The 10-inch shaft was arching forward over his balls, and the foreskin was retreating from the plumping head.

Francois looked down and grinned. It made him look mischievous and almost evil. "Mon Dieu, regardez ce que vous avez fait pour moi!" He reached down and easily and

unashamedly tugged on his growing erection, playing with his foreskin and rubbing his thumb across the helmet before slowly stroking its massive shank, biting his lower lip and closing his eyes. A low, softly whispered sigh escaped him, accompanied by an almost-silent but deeply powerful moan. It emerged from his massive chest and Stuart felt the power of the man's voice once again zeroing in on his own crotch.

Francois looked up again as he continued to slowly, contentedly bring himself to orgasmic release, his cock continuing its inexorable climb toward erection, and he asked Stuart, "Do you want it to go down? Or do you want to go down?" He laughed at his awkward pun and then seemed to feel an intense shock of pleasure, because he sucked in a tight, hard breath and shut his eyes, tossing back his shaven head and bringing his overwhelming wealth of muscles into sharp relief.

Stuart was amazed and enthralled. So much man, so naked, so beautiful, so sexual, just standing here in his apartment in Paris. Francois lifted his palm to his mouth and set his tongue to the skin, slicking the surface with a shine of spit before applying it back to his raging hard-on. It was arching upward, now, and still growing. How long was it going to get? How big was he? Stuart started to push against his own hidden erection in his pants with the heel of his hand, watching the other man's obvious pleasure mounting.

Francois was looking down at his own mammoth cock with a kind of reverence and worship when his eyes shifted toward Stuart. A naked, feral need shone in his dark gaze. His grip was moving with slow deliberation, using the wealth of loose skin covering the hard shaft to easily stroke the entirety of his massive meat. His shining red helmet, gleaming with a coating of pre-cum, appeared and disappeared beneath its cowl of foreskin. It was evident to Stuart that the man was using him as an erotic tool, focusing his gaze on Stuart while his body was growing more powerfully charged with sexual energy with every stroke of his swelling cock.

Francois opened his sensual mouth slightly and moved his pink tongue across the thick expanse of his lower lip, pulling it between his teeth and rubbing the soft, moist flesh across the pure white. His chest, a massive set of muscular globes, slowly rose and fell as he breathed, and his free hand moved up his body to start playing with one of his thick, dark nipples. He never closed his eyes or took his gaze from Stuart's face as he continued to so easily and openly pleasure himself at the open window, visible to anyone who happened to look up.

Stuart's prick was in pain. It was hard as a rock but confined in his pants, pushing urgently against his underwear and trousers. The room felt hot and Stuart momentarily forgot where he was or what he was doing when he dropped his pencil and the sound as it struck the wooden floor woke him from his reverie and he bent to retrieve it, causing his cock to shift to a more manageable angle.

Francois smiled, and huffed out a silent laugh. He turned more fully toward Stuart and spread his legs apart, pointing his now fully erect and monstrously huge cock directly at Stuart. The soft light from the window rendered the bulges and cables of muscle that

swelled from every inch in sharper contrast, and it lent his flesh a golden pink glow as if the man was made of copper. A drool of silver pre-cum was flowing from the tip of his dick, and he used his thumb to spread the warmth over his helmet.

Francois never stopped stroking his cock as Stuart walked across the room. His eyes never left the other man's, and his smile grew in intensity. His mouth quirked into a smile and he said, "Voulez-vous me sucer?" He removed his own grip from his cock, and it arched upward from between his legs. It was visibly throbbing and a long silver thread of pre-cum drooled from the top. His low hangers surged and moved like they were alive. He was breathing slow and deep, the band of muscles over his belly expanding and contracting.

Stuart felt excited and scared at the sight. The man owned the biggest cock he'd ever seen, either in person or in picture. Porn stars wished they owned that prick, and it was all for him. He nodded and swallowed and licked his lips. He wanted it in his mouth, to taste its deeply masculine tang and lick that honey from its fount. To feel its warmth against his tongue and the roof of his mouth and the back of his throat.

He approached the giant of a man and sank to his knees, the slowly, steadily throbbing tool an inch from his face. He leaned against it and felt its heat and hardness on his cheek, beside his eye, extending along the side of his face. He lifted his hand and placed it on the fat shank and wrapped his fingers around its mass. It was hard as steel. He squeezed it experimentally and it seemed to take intense joy in the action, swelling against his grip.

He looked up and found Francois looking down at him. He was all muscle, a collection of mountains leading up to that beautiful face. His eyes were unfathomable, dark pits of warm chocolate. Stuart guided his lips to the plum of Francois's cock head and he moved them around its exterior, sticking his tongue under the tight foreskin, pushing it back from the helmet and over its flaring ridge. The earthy, salty taste of the man's pre-cum sank into Stuart's senses like a tonic, and suddenly he was overwhelmed with the power of the man.

He sucked the head inside his mouth and tried to swallow him whole, all at once. Stuart fucking loved to suck cock. He was good at it, he knew, because he enjoyed it. He couldn't get enough of it, even given the gift of the biggest cock on the planet, as far as he knew.

Was it a foot long? Longer even than that? 13 inches? 14? It didn't matter, it was fucking enormous, fucking hot and fucking hard. He wanted the cannon to blast its load all over him, flooding his mouth and coating his face and bathing him in its white, sticky heat.

A kind of sexual delirium took over Stuart's mind. The man's cock was hard and hot and pumped salty deliciousness into his mouth. He looked up the muscled contours of the man's perfection and drank in the sight of his gorgeous, haunting eyes looking down at him. Francois placed his huge hand behind Stuart's head, lovingly, rapturously, and closed his eyes and let his head fall backward and slowly began to fuck Stuart's face.

Stuart brought his hands up to grasp the thick shank of the huge prick and felt its heat in his grip. It almost seemed to pulse, and swell, and throb in his hands, a living thing with its own

needs and desires, a swelling mass of masculine power delivering a steady flow of sex into his mouth. His tongue and throat tingled with some alien but altogether agreeable feeling of warm bliss, as if the man's cock was delivering orgasmic pleasure directly to his senses through his mouth. He closed his eyes and sank into the sensation.

The feeling of ultimate sexual bliss washed over Stuart in a flood of wet warmth. Francois tasted like pure sex. Stuart wanted to swallow him whole. His body felt suddenly hard and light at the same time, like he was made up of metal and filled with helium. He opened his eyes as he swallowed the huge cock and looked up the muscled contours of the other man's enormous muscular form. A gush of something sweet and salty filled his senses and Francois was smiling at him.

"Kiss me, Stuart," he growled. "Stuart," he said softly, "kiss me. I need a kiss."

Stuart didn't want to release him. He wanted to remain here, on his knees, sucking this cock forever. But there was evident need in Francois's voice, and something in his eyes that made Stuart want to kiss him even more than suck him.

The man was huge, powerful, and overwhelmingly beautiful. Could he manage a kiss to satisfy such a man? Stuart fancied himself an excellent kisser, and valued a good kiss beyond almost anything for its passion and satisfaction. A good kiss could make him as hard as Francois, though not nearly as huge.

He moved his mouth off the throbbing length of meat and kissed the tip with a slight suck, pulling another gush of salty pre-cum inside his mouth. He held it there, intending on allowing Francois to taste his own sex. He rose slowly to his feet, his gaze moving up the bulging muscles of the other man's torso, over the egg carton abs and the huge overhanging pecs and the dusting of fur coating his beautiful flesh.

Stuart moved his hand behind Francois's massive neck and the other man bent his head down to meet Stuart's mouth with his own. A strong masculine scent surrounded Stuart as they came together, accompanied by a sensation of heat and a remarkably sexual rush like a shock of hot oil dripping along his skin. Francois moved his arms around Stuart's body and turned to allow the other man closer contact. The heat and hardness of his erection pushed intently against Stuart's smaller body like a further reminder of the other man's strong sexual power.

Their lips met, tentatively at first. Francois possessed soft, warm, perfect lips. His kiss was tender and loving, then more insistent, with growing passion, until the two men were locked together in an embrace, their lips and tongues combining to bring both to a heightened sense of glorious sensuality.

The kiss lingered for minutes. It felt to Stuart as if he were melting. Francois's body seemed to swell against him, like his muscles were swelling as large as his hard-on. Francois broke the kiss and sighed contentedly. He moved his mouth to Stuart's ear and whispered, "Fuck me, Stuart. I want you inside of me. I want to feel you with me."

"I can't," Stuart said. He felt intimidated and scared. He felt shy and embarrassed. Francois was so beautiful, so powerful, so sensual, so massive. Francois was perfection.

"Fuck me." Francois moved his hand down to Stuart's caged beast and squeezed against his hardness. "Fuck me," he asked, pulling the other man's smaller body into a tight, muscled embrace. His hand was deftly releasing Stuart's belt, opening his pants, digging inside to caress his cock. "Fuck me."

Francois was a volcano of suppressed sexual energy. An off-the-Richter Scale earthquake waiting to happen. Transform was pushing an insistent tide of power through his body and it wanted release.

He'd been targeting Stuart for three days. Henri wanted him, of course, because he was a beautiful youth, with an angel's face and an ass to die for. But Francois set eyes on him first, and laid claim to him. He lingered and waited and bided his time, enjoying the feeling of anticipation of this moment, now, here, in the young man's rooms.

It was everything he had hoped it would be. It was like a film, the seduction and the walk in the rain and the striptease. Wonderful. Perfect. Exactly as he had wished it would be.

But now he could no longer wait. His ass hungered for the man's cock. His body trembled with its cargo. He was ready to explode.

"Fuck me," he repeated, pulling Stuart's pants down his legs and pausing to lick his stiff little prick. It was throbbing and red and hard as steel. He had a shaven ball sack and lovely, lithe legs coated in a soft golden fur. "Fuck me," he said, sucking Stuart's bulbous cock head inside his mouth for just a moment and sending a shivering hint of his full sexuality into the young man's body. His majestic form rose to its full height and he locked smoldering dark eyes with Stuart, and his sensuous lips parted and he repeated, softly, "Fuck me."

Francois took Stuart's hand in his. Even his hand was large, but his palm felt warm and smooth and comforting. Francois pulled Stuart toward the bed and turned to kiss his mouth again, sending cascades of sexual bliss through Stuart's body, before sitting on the edge of the bed and caressing Stuart's hard-on with intimate reverence. He moved his mouth forward, his dark eyes staring into Stuart's, and he sucked the cock into his warm mouth and applied a wet coat of spit, licking the tool everywhere until it was slick and shiny. "Fuck me," he said gently, but insistently. He lay back on the bed and pulled his legs up and revealed the tight pink rosette of his asshole.

Stuart obeyed the man's request. How could he refuse? He moved his hands to his rock-hard prick and managed to point it toward the target. The scent of Francois surrounded him in a fog of sexuality. He pressed the head of his cock to the puckered entry to heaven and pushed himself inside, and found himself suddenly feeling a deep tingling sensation of orgasmic bliss such as he'd never experienced before. A sense of incredibly intense erotic

pulses grabbed onto his cock and echoed into his body, suffusing his sense in the overwhelming sexual power of the man beneath him.

Francois smiled. At last, they were connected. He welcomed Stuart inside and closed his eyes and concentrated on the feeling of being fucked. It felt so god, so right, so perfectly powerful. He sent throbbing pulses of Transform's erotic power through his ass into his lover's body. He pushed growth into Stuart's cock. He wanted it to fill him up entirely, and he wanted to return the sensation of erotic bliss he was experiencing now.

Stuart felt it starting, but it didn't feel entirely different from the feeling he always got fucking a tight, perfect, well-trained ass. His cock suddenly felt huge, almost unbelievably large, swollen with sex and seed.

"Here it come," Francois said, softly. "Vous serez transformé."

Stuart knew the meaning. 'You will be transformed.' It sounded more like a promise than a statement. He looked down and Francois was smiling again. His body seemed more impressive than ever, packed with muscular power, overwhelmed with masculine beauty, the very epitome of male perfection, almost as if he were glowing. His skin was sleek and golden, his pecs swelled enormously, his nipples looked like dark stains on the godlike chest, with fat caps pointing toward Stuart.

Something inside him snapped. Something tilted and broke apart and erupted. A flood of cream was suddenly erupting from his cock, uncontrolled and massive, pouring from him like a flood, swelling inside Francois's gut. He felt hot, hot everywhere, like his flesh was on fire, like his very muscles were bursting through his skin, huge and powerful.

"Fuck me," Francois instructed him. "Fuck me, harder!"

Stuart pushed himself in with renewed vigor, pistoning his hips and fucking Francois deep and hard. He felt like he was already cumming, like his cock was thrusting gallons of cream into Francois with every push, and his balls were shoving more out every second. His entire body shook with unrestrained sexual bliss, and every fiber and cell seemed to throb and tingle.

Francois was still rock hard, and he moved his arms back, pushing his upper body up onto his elbows. His belly erupted with an 8-pack of power and his cock pushed up his body, trailing a thick stream of pre-cum across his golden skin. Impossibly, Stuart watched Francois lean up and bend his mouth closer and closer to his long, thick cock, stretching his wet tongue forward and licking his own tip. It was possibly the sexiest thing Stuart had ever seen.

Francois released more Transform into Stuart's body. He allowed his cock to lengthen and swell, he pulled himself up and sucked his own prick inside his mouth and delivered a thick, hot gush of cream that he swallowed hungrily.

Stuart felt a sudden hard explosion of heat through his body. His cock was on fire. His ass was, too. He was made of sex and power and strength. He fucked Francois harder, watching the other man sucking his own cock as his ass was pounded deeper and deeper.

Francois looked up and their eyes met and Francois shoved an overload of Transform into Stuart's body and watched his shirt ripping itself apart at the seams. He was growing steadily now, his body's muscles were shifting and swelling and bulging under his skin. He seemed unaware that anything was happening. Francois gulped another fat flow of salty cream inside his throat and pushed another heavy dose of Transform into Stuart.

He grew larger, and larger. His biceps expanded. His chest inflated. His neck thickened on his widening shoulders. His cock went deeper and deeper into Francois's ass. He was shooting thick ropes of hot cream and drowning in sexual bliss. His muscles burned with power as they grew fatter with hard meat. Veins wound across his body to feed his growth. Sweat poured from his skin as he tore through his clothing and fell headlong into his own dream, made real.

Stuart was becoming Transformed.

## Epilogue

Adam looked up from his desk, a smile on his face. "Good morning!" he said jovially, and he stood up and offered his hand to his guest.

"Good morning, Adam," answered the other man, Geoffrey, taking Adam's offered grip and shaking his hand briskly. "How are you today?"

"Perfect," he answered. Because he was. He straightened and clasped his hands together, excitedly. His biceps swelled like hard balloons. "Do you have the current membership numbers?"

"Indeed I do," answered the other man. The conversation sounded as normal as any other conversation that the head of a small number of gyms might have with his secretary. Except that in this case, both men were naked, gorgeous, overwhelmed with muscle and exceptionally tall. Not as tall as they could be, if they wanted to, but taller than the average mere mortal not gifted with a powerful supply of Transform swimming through every cell of their body. "I think you'll be pleased."

Geoffrey handed over a slim folder with the week's readout from the computer system that networked every T Gym in the United States. Ground had been broken on new gyms in France, England, Germany and Russia, and plans were finalized for China, India, Japan, Ireland, Spain, Italy and Israel. Growth, not surprisingly, seemed limitless.



"Annapolis is doing amazingly!" His bright eyes scanned the table of facts and figures, showing member numbers, divided into stages of development, and visitations by the senior members of the Brotherhood. He lifted his hand to brush a stray lock of golden hair from his bright blue eyes and a sudden whiff of his signature intoxicating scent wafted outward from one furry armpit toward Geoffrey, who felt his cocks stirring at the unexpected sexual gift.

"Indeed. I don't think the government's policy of Don't Ask, Don't Tell is favoring their military as much as it favors us."

"Navy men?"

Geoffrey nodded. "Mostly, though also some government employees from Washington."

"Excellent, excellent. What about Oakland?"

"Numbers are a little confusing there, Adam. Attendance is phenomenal, as one might expect for the Bay Area, but membership numbers aren't accurately reflecting it."

"What accounts for it?"

"Members don't stay very long. They find the selection of enticements in San Francisco and its surrounds... rather too inviting."

"Spreading the seeds in the wilds instead of tending to them on the farm."

"In a manner of speaking." Geoffrey smiled. Adam laughed.

"Numbers for Miami are very good. I find that odd, in relation to what's happening in California."

Geoffrey shrugged. "It can get awfully hot in Miami. Perhaps they prefer air conditioning when they're... inducting new members."

"Perhaps, though the fact that we're not effected by temperature might contradict that assumption." Adam flipped the pages one by one, his smile increasing with every page. "Wow."

"Sir?"

"I've asked you not to call me that, Geoffrey."

"My apologies."

"Unless we're playing Master and Servant."

“Of course.”

“Uh, what I was ‘wowing’ about was this line, here. Is this accurate?”

Geoffrey moved around behind the desk to scan the page Adam referred to. Adam’s hand found its way onto Geoffrey’s ass and squeezed him firmly, shoving two expert fingers into his warm, moist hole. Geoffrey’s toes curled at the amount of The Touch that Adam was pushing through their contact. “I believe that’s accurate. I can check, if you like.”

“No, there’s no reason. But it is quite remarkable.”

“A doubling of membership in a week isn’t unheard of.”

“For a start-up site, yes. But this is New York.”

“I believe they had a visitor this week.”

“Who was... oh.” Adam looked at the roster, and smiled widely. “Chuck.”

“He’s quite... good at soliciting members. I believe a party of celebration was involved.”

“Damage?”

“Severe, but repaired within the week.”

Adam laughed again and shook his blonde head. He closed the folder and handed it back. “Are the newest brothers ready?”

Geoffrey nodded. “They await you in the ballroom.”

Adam chuckled. The ‘ball’ room. He honestly loved Chuck.

Strolling onto the cavernous floor of the gym, Adam felt a surge of pride and lust filling him up. Everywhere he looked, gorgeous men filled his view. The gym was a panorama of masculine beauty, and most of the guys were taking advantage of the unique benefits of being a T-Gym member, notably the non-stop orgy of sexual activity intermingled with the iron pumping and muscle building.

Most of the men weren’t fully Transformed yet. Several were well on their way, and even the newest recruits looked pumped and primed and imminently fuck-worthy. How many men there actually were would be difficult to estimate, because the tangle of limbs and bodies sometimes made it hard to tell where one man ended and another began.

There were machines arrayed around the walls of the cavernous hall of sweat, cum and muscle designed to push these men to their physical limits and beyond. Some of the

machines were in use, and Adam scanned the naked bodies that were engaged in pumping themselves even bigger than they already were.

Some of the machines were designed strictly to punish one muscular group, sending paroxysms of growth and power into the chest, or inner thighs, or shoulders. Others delivered full-body stimulation to make everything work its hardest to break through to new levels of power. Some of the machines were solo affairs, and others invited guests to help out, so that a brother might get a work out and a blow job or a right good ass fucking at the same time. Carlos had even somehow managed to design a very popular machine – nearly constantly in use – that allowed several men to simultaneously pump up their muscles and engage in a variety of sexual positions with multiple partners all at the same time.

Adam made a mental not to order the manufacture of a few more of that one.

He strode naked among them, his twin dangling pricks thick and drooling, and soaked in the abundant sexual and Transforming energy that suffused the very air he breathed, and swam through the smells of sex and sweat and power that clung to his skin and made his brain bubble with erotic fantasies.

He was a god among gods.

The ballroom was where large gatherings of Transformed men usually took place. Orgies involving dozens of huge, muscle-swollen gods shooting gallons of hot cum from their twin cannons, slurping at ass holes and fucking with abandon. But on one day of the week, Adam called in the newest fully Transformed members of any Transform Gym to personally welcome them to The Brotherhood, and provide the list of suggested rules that they would follow before enticing any new men into the fold.

There were ten of them this week, at this Gym. He would fly to the other Gyms during the week to welcome dozens more men. It was his favorite duty, and he treasured these hours he had with the men he loved.

They were already familiar with Adam, of course. Everyone who came to the T Gym had an audience with him prior to even starting along the path to the Brotherhood. Adam welcomed them all with a kiss and a promise. The kiss was for luck and for love, a symbol of his boundless passion for every other brother in his huge family. The promise was for this – a night with him, of boundless passion and ultimate sexual fulfillment.

There was a collective sigh as he entered the ballroom. He was at his most majestic, all restrictions to his ultimate perfection and awesome masculine beauty were set aside. He was the culmination of every man's fantasy, the expression of their dreams.

He was perfect.

He towered over them, a literal giant of a man, with two thick and heavy cocks hanging abundantly between his heavily muscled legs. His two balls, ponderous and fat, churned inside his low hanging nut sack. A scent of masculine power surrounded him, sweat and sex and leather and sunlight, earth and musk and granite and metal. His entire body was overwhelmed with power. Brawn stood out stark and beautiful along his limbs and torso. He was a walking, vital, virile symbol of complete and utter male power.

They stood before him in a semi-circle, each at varying stages of development, but none having achieved ultimate Transformation. Black skinned and pale. Hairy and smooth. Dark-eyed, bright-eyed, bearded and shaven. All of them completely beautiful and perfect in Adam's eyes.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said. His words were saturated with The Voice. They fell upon the ears of his brothers and licked their balls, sucked their dicks, rubbed their nipples and fucked their asses. "Welcome to The Brotherhood."

They didn't exactly snap to attention. This wasn't a military order, after all. But they did stand a little straighter and look a little more impressive. "We are The Brotherhood," they intoned together, their deep voices falling in synch as they spoke. "The Brotherhood is us."

Adam smiled. He scanned their handsome faces. He drank in their beauty. He loved them all. "As members of The Brotherhood, you will be given great power. You will be free to use this power as you wish. You will be unconstrained by the rules of any land, or any government, or any people. But you must adhere to our Laws.

"You are already on the path. Today you will achieve the final goal. My name is Adam. I am the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood is me."

He looked at the first man in line, a beautiful Asian man with smooth, dark skin and a fat uncut cock. Soon, he'd have two of them. He smiled and nodded to him. "My name is Li. I am the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood is me."

"My name is Rex. I am the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood is me."

"My name is Miguel. I am the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood is me."

"My name is Ernie. I am the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood is me."

They continued around the circle, each man declaring his membership into the Brotherhood, and his understanding of the meaning behind that membership. He would be joined mind and body to every other Brother. He would become the Brotherhood, sharing of himself utterly, and answering the call when and if it came.

The last man, Cary, spoke the words, and there was silence in the room again. Adam closed his eyes and felt the presence within himself of hundreds of other Brothers. Some were with others of the Brotherhood, making love to them. Others flew through the clouds. More

stood on mountains, or swam in oceans, or stood atop the highest buildings and watched humanity scrambling below them. He was joined with all of them, and they were joined with him. He opened his eyes.

“What is the First Law of The Brotherhood?”

“Love is a gift. I will give it freely.”

Their joined voices were strong, powerful, beautiful. “What is the Second Law of The Brotherhood?”

“Love is a bond. It will join me to all men.”

A surge of pride filled Adam’s mighty form. “What is the Third Law of The Brotherhood?”

“Love is forgiving. I will forgive my foes.”

They spoke it with conviction, and with belief. “What is the Fourth Law of The Brotherhood?”

“Love is powerful. I will control my power.”

“What is the Final Law of The Brotherhood?”

“Love is perfect. The Brotherhood is love.”

“Love is forever.”

“Long live The Brotherhood!”

The last was shouted, the deep rumble of voices joined in chorus echoing off the mirrored walls. Adam opened his arms to his new Brothers. Transform poured from him like fire, inundating the men in the room in a sexual torrent that infused them utterly, and they began to swell with power.

## Chapter Forty-Two: The Broadcast

Jackson Kinkaid, 28, and a citizen of Atlanta, Georgia, sat before his television with the remote in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other. His heart was racing and his mouth was dry in anticipation of the next hour of broadcasting beaming live into his small apartment.

The commercial ended, the opening graphics faded, and a familiar face filled the screen.

“Good evening, and welcome to this special broadcast of Dateline. I’m Brian Williams.

“Before we start this live and uncensored program, a word of caution for some of our viewers. Tonight, I’ll be conducting a one-on-one – or, to be more accurate, a one-on-three interview with a trio of the so-called Trumans. If you haven’t already encountered these extraordinary individuals, please be advised that tonight’s conversation will deal with frank issues of sexuality and sexual identity, and that my three guests have elected to conduct the interview entirely naked. Luckily for you, I have elected not to follow their example. When you meet and see our guests, you may begin to understand their decision, which is one of both choice and practicality. Thank you for joining us here today, gentlemen.”

The scene switched suddenly to the opposite side of the studio set. Three chairs had been set up next to each other. Occupying each chair were, at first glance, what looked to be bodybuilders naked from the waist up. The sheer size of the men involved meant that the angle of the camera couldn’t contain their bulk in a single shot, so a slow pan across their features meant that Jackson was allowed to sit, stare and drink in all the muscular pulchritude on display.

Each man had an overwhelming build stretching wide and thick with bulges of heavy muscle. The skin that stretched over that massive meat was uniformly beautiful, shining with health and evidently polished to a bright sheen. One of the men, a dark-haired muscular giant with bright blue eyes sitting in the center, opened his mouth revealing two rows of bright white teeth. As he spoke, as he moved, Jackson felt his prick throb. He was easily the most beautiful man he’d ever seen. His actions, his demeanor and his voice were all somehow super-sexualized and hyper-masculine.

“Thank you for having us.” His voice was deep and penetrating. It seemed to emit from Jackson’s A/V system and shake his bones. It was powerful and eminently erotic. Jackson’s cock shoved against his jeans.

“Would you please introduce yourselves to anyone watching who doesn’t know who you are, yet?”

The dark-haired man nodded. “Of course. My name is Michael Taylor.” He looked to his right, smiling broadly. The camera moved to follow his steady gaze.

“Dr. Carlos Martinez,” said the second man, a dark-skinned Hispanic with a shelf of pecs as broad as a mountain capped with thick, perfectly round, fairly large, chocolate brown nipples pointed at the floor. The separation between his twin globes of power was deep enough to lose a hand inside. His body was the color of coffee with a luxurious dose of heavy cream. His voice echoed his companion’s for depth and power. It was almost too much to bear. The man’s wealth of shining hair, hanging across his heavy, wide shoulders in a blue-black cascade, gently shimmered as he looked across Michael toward the third, and possibly the most beautiful, man.

“Adam Truman.” If the other two owned voices of inhuman power, the third man’s was positively godlike. He was blonde and blue-eyed, with deeply tanned copper skin. His muscles bulged with obvious power and consummate masculine perfection. His body was almost too wide to easily fit inside the camera’s view, filling up Jackson’s 42” widescreen with his gorgeous visage. He had a dick-hardening face and an equally amazing body. He looked exactly like some comic book super hero, minus the skin-tight suit and cape.

The camera switched back to Brian William’s familiar face. “Adam, even among your brethren, you’re something of an anomaly.”

“I prefer to think of myself as unique.” He smiled. Jackson almost creamed.

“Would you like to tell us something about yourselves?”

“I believe Carlos is more suited to that question.” He raised his hand and reached around Michael’s enormity to grasp the dark man’s shoulder with familiarity and obvious affection. The muscles along his arm swelled and flexed with incredible definition.

“Thank you, Adam. Good evening, Brian.”

“Good evening, Dr. Martinez. Perhaps you could start with the name Trumans.”

Carlos smiled and nodded, a lock of his long hair falling across his sea-green-eyed gaze. He brushed it back, the split globe of his huge bicep swelling like a grapefruit beneath his shining, coffee-colored skin, and Jackson noted that even the man’s fingernails looked perfect. “Adam has adopted the title for his surname, but it was originally a shortened version of the slightly longer title Transformed Humans. I’m not sure where it originated, but within our own little society we attribute it to a man named Chuck, who has a somewhat unique sense of humor...”

“And style!”

“Right, Adam. Chuck is indeed a character, and it was he who truncated Transformed Human, which is a phrase the news media attached to us, to Truman. He said it was because we aren’t strictly human, by most definitions, but we are also ‘true men.’ Not a very good joke, but an apt one.”

“Michael, you were among the original trumans.”

“Yes, but Carlos pre-dates me by a few hours. Adam came along some weeks afterwards, though his introduction was and remains unique.”

“As unique as he is.”

“I see you’re blushing, Adam.”

“It’s hard not to, Brian.” If the man was simply ‘blushing,’ then Jackson was simply ‘interested’ in this program. Anyone who knew anything about physical attraction and the art of seduction knew that what Adam was doing was more like preening, or cruising. He looked hungry and feral. Jackson wanted to fuck him. And it looked like the camera was panning upward slowly, trying to keep something out of view. “I truly love my brothers here, and all my brothers out there, as well.” He looked directly at the camera for the first time. Jackson would have sworn he felt a hot rush of sexual bliss pouring out of the screen and all over his body. He started nervously undoing his jeans, pulling his belt loose and fumbling with the button fly.

“As I mentioned before we began, any discussion or encounter with a Truman inevitably leads to questions regarding your overt and, may I say, demonstrative sexual behavior. Adam, I can’t help but notice your growing arousal.”

“How nice of you to notice, Brian!” The camera was now focused more closely in on the blonde man’s face and part of his neck. Nothing below that was visible.

“It’s a bit hard not to. Is it true that your behavior and, to some degree, personality is driven by sex?”

“May I answer that?”

“Please, Dr. Martinez.”

The camera allowed a wider view of Carlos. Perhaps he wasn’t feeling as aroused as his friend. “A very intrinsic part of what we are, our very genetic make-up, in fact, is built upon our masculine sexuality. We possess several unique abilities and capabilities regarding the use, control and gratification of sexual drives, both personally and in those around us.”

“Those around you? Should I be concerned?”

His smile was beatific. He waved his hand. The bicep tightened and swelled. “Of course not, Brian. We don’t perform any actions on others without their consent or request. It would be irresponsible to take advantage in that way, though when we are among ourselves it’s understood that we share our sexuality deeply and completely, without limit or reservation. It’s practically expected that we should enjoy each other physically and sexually to our fullest.”



“How big are you?”

“That’s a leading question, Brian.” He laughed gently. It sounded like sex.

“Pardon me. I meant the dimensions of your bodies rather than any particular appendage.”

“No problem, Brian. I’m just pulling your leg.”

“Are you referring to our current appearance or our true appearance?”

“I should explain to our audience that Trumans have the ability to adjust their physical appearance to a degree that to us may sound impossible, or at least improbable. My three guests are maintaining a diminished presence for us here, and even their faces and bodies may not fully display the true nature of their actual appearance. Is that an accurate assessment, Dr. Martinez?”

“If anything, that may be an understatement, Brian. We are, actually, quite a bit bigger than we now appear. We are also modulating our voices so that the true resonance and power doesn’t overwhelm the electronic equipment, and also so that we don’t inadvertently send a listener into orgasmic overdrive.”

“So, merely speaking to someone could..?”

“Only men, Brian. We have no direct effect of a sexual nature on women. Other than, I suppose, the usual effect an attractive man might have on a woman.”

“By ‘direct effect,’ you mean...?”

“We’re physically and genetically different from you, Brian, in several dramatic ways. How our minds and bodies function are similar in most respects – we breathe, we sleep, we dream – but we have a few new capabilities and have rediscovered some latent ones. Among those is an ability to make another man feel very, very good without ever touching them. We can also affect another man with our voices, with the touch of our skin to theirs, in fact exposure to almost any aspect of a Truman can prove to cause a dramatic and noticeable sexual and physical effect on another man.”

Jackson was seriously turned on. His imagination was in overdrive. How could this possibly be true?

Brian Williams raised an eyebrow. “Without even touching them?”

“That’s correct.”

“How do you do it?”

He glanced at his companions before answering. "I should first mention that I don't actually know how we do this. That is to say, there are no studies or data available to explain the method of transmission, if transmission is even the right term. But the short answer is that I can access the pleasure centers of your brain and turn the dial as high as I, or you, want me to. In other words, I can automatically tell your brain to tell your body to feel really good."

"How good?"

He paused as a sideways smile came to his full, moist lips. He wrapped his mouth around the next words as if they were a huge cock ready to burst. "Very, very good."

"Could you provide an example?"

"Are you volunteering?" Carlos smiled.

"If that's what you need."

"As I stated, we try never to do anything to another person without consent or request. Accidents happen, of course, and sometimes mere proximity is enough to have an unintended effect on another man. Visitors to one of our gyms around the world can attest to that – in a very pronounced manner."

"Very well, I give my consent."

"I assume you don't want to actually experience an orgasm?"

"You can do that?"

"I can do much more than that."

"Now that would be a first. But for the sake of my own slender hold on composure as I sit before you gentlemen, let's agree that you stop short of orgasm."

"Of course."

At first the camera was focused on Carlos. Nothing appeared on the surface to be happening. Then the soft sound of a sigh came from off screen, and the view shifted to Brian Williams again.

The man's eyes were closed and he was tilting his head. A wide smile wound across his lips and it appeared that a sheen of sweat was breaking across his brow and upper lip. He sucked in a deep breath as he suddenly threw back his head and several deep, shuddering breaths escaped him, his chest heaving. Then he opened his eyes and licked his lips, evidently attempting to regain some composure.

"Are you okay, Brian?"

“Just let me catch my breath for a moment.” The camera didn’t adjust quickly enough to avoid seeing the man’s pants tented with a rather impressive erection.

“Certainly. I’m glad you enjoyed that.”

He pulled in a shuddering breath, and he smiled. “It gets stronger?”

“Quite a bit, in fact. That was maybe 5% of the extent of what I could provide for you.” The dark-skinned man’s green eyes sparkled as he said, “All you have to do is ask.”

“For our audience at home, I can only describe it as being akin to experiencing a very powerful sexual thrill. It definitely had a physical effect on me, and one that isn’t diminishing at all.”

“That sounds nice.” It was the blonde man, Adam, who spoke. The camera still wasn’t showing whatever was occurring from his neck down.

“It was quite agreeable.” He paused, looking away for a moment. “Adam, my producer is telling me that you have complete control over your own body.”

“That’s correct.”

“He was wondering if you wouldn’t mind allowing your erection to cease. He says it’s spoiling the shot.”

“Not from this angle,” Michael volunteered. “I must confess that I’ve never understood the odd reaction to an erect penis, as if it’s something wrong and shameful. In Asian societies, particularly Japan, they celebrate and even venerate it. But I suppose our Puritan ethic here precludes us from enjoying the sight, even though it is among the most beautiful things in the world.” He smiled. “And Adam’s, in particular.”

“Be that as it may, I’m afraid we here at NBC are still beholden to the FCC, and the last time I looked they took a dim view of showing a woman’s nipple, let alone a man’s penis, erect or otherwise.”

“Penises,” Adam corrected. But the cameraman again had a view of him nearly to his waist. He was grinning and evidently rubbing his appendages out of view.

“Let’s talk about that. Trumans have two penises. How did that happen? And are they both... functional.”

“Oh, fully functional. More than, if you wanted to compare to your own, Brian. Our penises are perhaps the truest and most obvious indication of our sexual power. Unlike untransformed males, we can ejaculate continuously, as well as experience a continuous orgasm.”

“Do you mean multiple orgasms?”

“No, Brian. I mean continuous. Non-stop, everlasting, copious orgasms. Complete with ejaculation and erection.”

“When you say continuous, you mean for as long as you desire, correct?”

“Technically, that’s correct. No one is going for any records, as far as I know, but if we choose too, our bodies are capable of producing sperm and ejaculate until we want to stop.”

“To what end?”

“Aside from the sexual gratification – which is ample, I must confess – our ejaculations serve a few other purposes as well. I’m not sure how graphic I can be here, considering this is a live broadcast.”

“I’ll just caution anyone watching that we’re liable to enter graphic sexual territory here and suggest they may want to tune in to another channel before we proceed.”

“Does that mean the gloves are off?”

“So to speak.”

“Very well. I should start out by explaining that the original intent of the transformation process was military in nature. I think anyone interested could locate most of the pertinent documentation and data on line, now, thanks to the Freedom of Information Act, so I won’t go into too much detail other than to say that a transformed man was designed to be able to function without any external means for extended periods of time under extreme and extremely dangerous circumstances. We’re something like a tank, built for power and stealth but also meant to exist and thrive on our own or with other T-men in the field without any means of outward support.”

“Meaning clothing and weaponry?”

“Those, obviously, but also without food, water or other means of on-going sustenance.”

“How is that possible?”

“In effect, we create our own. Our sexual emissions provide ample protein as well as sustaining and prolonging the transformation of our bodies. The addition of the direct consumption of another transformed man’s ejaculate heightens and in some cases extends these capabilities, though that last point was a happy surprise that was unintended and unexpected. It seems that the transforming entity is affected by its host in some ways that may act on them like a trigger, which is how most of the additional capabilities and powers came to be. But to your point, one reason for the capability of continual orgasmic emission

is so that if we found ourselves in a situation that precluded fuel from any other source, we can suck our own dick and feed ourselves the purest and most potent form of fuel.”

“So it doesn’t take two to tango, so to speak.”

“No, Brian, our bodies are also incredibly pliable, to an extent that would allow us to gain access to even the tightest access points or hide in some otherwise uncomfortable positions.”

The man next to Carlos, Michael, spoke up and the camera moved onto his face. “However, our phenomenal growth since that time would more or less cancel out squeezing into tight spaces. Though, thankfully, we all retain the ability to, um, fold ourselves up.”

“Would you care to demonstrate?”

Michael smiled. “It will be difficult for your audience to avoid seeing those parts of my anatomy the FCC deems off limits.”

“Though I understand that you have a method of hiding your penises.”

“True.” He stood up quite suddenly and Jackson caught a glimpse of the fabled cocks. The man had a wealth of gleaming pubic curls sprouting from his loins and there were definitely two very fat, very heavy shafts swinging from between his legs, though when the camera panned down at last to show the man’s full body, there was nothing between his legs but a forest of pubes. There was a definite bulge at the crotch, signifying that something, impossibly, was situated inside his groin. But he looked otherwise like the most handsome and muscular Ken doll that Jackson had ever seen.

“I assume there’s a practical reason for that as well?” Brian was staring pointedly at the space where there had been two prodigious pricks just a moment before. He looked somewhat alarmed.

Michael nodded. “It makes traveling by foot at speed easier. We can run at a very accelerated rate, and for extended periods of time, and having those two appendages flapping about can be something of a distraction, to be blunt. It doesn’t hurt, and I must admit that flying with them free is very exhilarating, but it’s more efficient if we can tuck them away temporarily.”

He stepped to the side and his right leg began to lift off the floor with an effortless ease, as if an invisible wire were pulling the leg to a 90-degree angle, before it continued to rise higher and higher, the muscles flexing and extending and bulging under his tanned skin, until, impossibly, his right leg settled perpendicular to his body, his right foot wiggling easily and comfortably above his head.

He then began bending at the waist, keeping his leg in the air, until his face was at his left knee. It looked as if the man had no bones in his body at all.

He remained in this impossible position for a few moments before allowing his leg and torso to return to a more natural posture. Then he smiled and winked at the camera and two of the biggest cocks Jackson had ever seen suddenly spilled forth from his previously empty loins, shoving themselves forward, out and down before a set of fat balls dropped into place behind them. There was a beat before the camera operator regained his senses and lifted the lens away from that display of male perfection, but the deed was done.

Two cocks. Two perfect, beautiful, massive cocks. It was all true.

“Thank you Michael, though I dare say you’ve probably cost the network a fairly substantial legal fee in the process.”

“You’re welcome, and my apologies.” He smiled as he sat back down, clearly pleased with himself.

“Can you elaborate on some of your other capabilities? You mentioned flying, for example. That sounds like an impossible falsehood.”

“Yes, we can fly, though it’s more like controlled falling and extremely high jumping. Our heightened muscular abilities allow us to literally push ourselves into the sky from a standing start. And we’ve rediscovered or perhaps uncovered a latent ability to sense air masses and wind patterns that we use to support ourselves.”

Carlos added, “Air has mass, of course, like water. In a sense, we swim through the sky.”

“So you’re able to bend your body to almost any shape, you can control the physical properties and sizes of your bodies, you can control another man’s pleasure centers, you can fly, you can achieve continuous orgasms... what about physical strength. From appearance alone, one could surmise you possess enormous muscular power, but could you, for example, lift a car?”

Michael smiled, making his face achingly beautiful. “Easily.”

“A truck?”

Michael nodded. “Probably a train engine, if I wanted to. I haven’t taken measurements of my own strength for some time.”

“These gyms you’ve built, I assume they contain more than the usual weights and machines.”

“Of course. Ordinary methods of strength development no longer work for us, we are literally too powerful for anything less than, perhaps, a ton of resistance to even begin to tax our muscles. The T-Gyms allow our members to enjoy any and all physical pursuits they

may wish to, including increasing their physical strength using special resistance training machines Carlos helped to design.”

Carlos nodded, adding, “We now have numerous engineers, doctors, bodybuilders and athletes, all of whom have contributed their knowledge of the human body and its unique physical properties for increasing muscle mass and power to create some new machines that, quite frankly, might look like implements of torture to anyone not familiar with their properties. Our bodies have been designed from a cellular level to automatically adjust and provide adequate muscular strength, with the necessary muscular size to allow for that growth in power, to account for nearly any test of physical strength we might encounter. This was originally meant for field use, of course, since we didn’t know exactly what challenges any single Transformed man would encounter.”

“So you’re all incredibly strong.”

“To put it mildly. Our size gives only a glimpse of the actual strength these muscles possess.” As Carlos said, ‘these muscles,’ his entire body seemed to swell and flex, and every distinct belly, cable, wedge and fiber of his muscles emerged in stark detail.

Brian’s eyebrow arched as he asked, “Is there anything you cannot do?”

“We cannot cause a pregnancy, Brian. Our sperm has been altered as I stated earlier to something more like a sustaining body and it also contains the ability to transform another man, but we cannot impregnate a woman.”

“Does that cause you any concern?”

“Not really. Modern science has provided us with... alternate means, if any of our brothers has an urge to father a child. Though it is likely that any child conceived in that method would turn out like Adam, here.”

“Adam, I understand that you were born as a Truman.”

“Essentially correct.”

“How old are you?”

“I’ll be two years old next week,” he answered, beaming proudly.

“Is an accelerated growth rate normal?”

“Accelerated growth and development, Brian. Adam here is not only fully grown; he is also mentally and emotionally fully developed. In some ways his development surpasses any other transformed man.”

Carlos spoke. "Adam is, at the moment, the only Truman by birth. We have no way of knowing how future trumen would develop, though it's logical to expect that any more trumen born to us would follow his example."

"Michael, you and Carlos would appear to be the same age as Adam, judging solely by appearance."

"I am 24 years old."

"And Dr. Martinez?"

"Nearly 70."

"We have a picture of Dr. Martinez from a government ID. When was this taken?"

Jackson nearly gasped as the image of a wrinkled, bespectacled, clearly elderly man came on screen. The unsmiling visage looked only vaguely like the man who was sitting in the studio, and a slow dissolve from one face to the other heightened both the differences and the similarities between the two. Carlos smiled and shook his head, seemingly amazed at his own evolution as well. "That was during my employment on the Transformation Project, so probably four years ago. Possibly five."

"And today, you look no older than Michael."

"Thank you. I try to exercise and eat right." Michael chuckled beside him.

"Do you know how you'll age, given the physical transformation you've undergone?"

The doctor spoke some about their physical properties, and the lack of degradation they were experiencing suggesting long lives free of disease or infirmity. Their bodies would prevent accidents or damage, and they had been given accelerated healing properties as well. Brian Williams asked about any shortcomings. Michael answered the question honestly.

"Our heightened sense of sexuality and our amplified abilities to perform sexually means that we can really only enjoy the company of each other, though I doubt you would find many of our brothers who would claim that's a disadvantage. Still, we're in a nearly constant state of sexual arousal and it is sometimes... challenging to maintain one's demeanor in the presence of other men. Any other men. I find them all incredibly sexy and thoroughly erotic. Though I don't suppose that is far different than what most of us felt prior to transformation, though we may have been loathe to admit it." Michael looked at the others, and Adam spoke up.

"The physical strength can be a burden. I really have to tone down my muscles in most circumstances, so there's a constant element of caution in almost everything I do. And though most of us have chosen to do away with clothing for the most part, under certain



circumstances a modicum of covering can help mitigate the other conditions of our physical bodies, and finding anything that fits us,” he said, raising his arms to illustrate and performing an awesome and stupefying double-bi that made his arms swell with huge power as his lats unfold into a wide, thick V taper and his shoulders mound up into massive mountains, “can be a real headache.”

Jackson’s hard-on was in overdrive. Everything he was seeing, everything he was hearing, everything his body was experiencing was conveying an urgent need to become one of these men. He had cast aside all fears and thoughts of caution after the interview. Nothing on Earth would have pleased him more than the answer to Brian Williams’s next question.

“If any members of our audience were interested in joining your membership, after this admittedly limited demonstration of your capabilities, what should they do?”

“There are a few ways to become transformed. The easiest manner is to simply visit our web site. The URL should be on the bottom of the screen. On the navigation bar, click on ‘join,’ then simply follow the onscreen instructions. This particular method utilizes another of our lately discovered talents, namely the ability to send the method of transformation directly over electronic means.”

“So anyone visiting the site would be...?”

“Oh, no, not anyone. There are plenty of stop gaps before the final transformation occurs, and frankly we don’t like to advertise this method too much because it avoids one of the basic pleasures of the process, which is sharing it with others present and physically transforming another man. For us, the process is akin to sex, only somehow more... intense than that. And we strongly encourage anyone interested in being transformed to visit one of our gyms, located around the world, or if you happen to encounter one of us on the street, all you have to do is ask.”

“So, if you can do this via electronic conveyance, does that mean you could do it to the entire audience right now, over the airwaves?”

Adam considered his answer. “We’ve never attempted anything quite that large at one time. Visitors to the web site actually get some one-on-one experience with a transformed brother over a web cam connection. The process works whether the media is live or recorded, but it’s rather enjoyable for us to get to interact directly with our visitors. We’re happy to answer any questions honestly and openly, and the process takes very little time. We find that being in a small room can have some rather unfortunate consequences, too. Again, the best possible method is to visit a T-gym – unless one is in a hurry.” He smiled broadly and looked directly into the camera. Seemingly, directly at Jackson.

“Again, just to be perfectly clear, we would never transform anyone who did not specifically request to be transformed.”

“But that wasn’t always the case.”

“Unfortunately not,” Carlos admitted. “Michael here was an accidental transformation, and I would say the majority of our early members may not have been fully aware of what would happen to them. But we no longer do that.”

“And you have means of policing your members?”

“In a sense, we do. We’re all mentally joined to each other. We are individuals, but we are also of a group mind. It’s another facet of the transformation, and it provides some definite benefits of its own.”

“You mentioned running into one of you on the street. How many trumen are there, now?”

“There are 13,209 trumen around the world. We’re a very small percentage of the population, obviously, but it’s not hard to pick us out.”

Adam leaned forward, eagerly, “And now that we no longer hide in the shadows or attempt to conceal what we are, it should be easier than ever. You can also send us an e-mail to the web site and we’ll come to you.”

Jackson was instantly at the keyboard to his computer, the hard on between his legs wagging like a flagpole in a stiff wind. He was considering doing the online version of the transformation, but the fact that he could have one of these men as a guest in his own apartment, all to himself, was almost more than he could stand.

The site came up slowly. It was probably getting hammered. He wondered whether there were enough trumen to meet demand. He looked at the Join link for a moment, rubbing his fingertip across the mouse button, before moving his cursor to ‘Contact’ and waiting for the form to fill the screen.

There was a short paragraph of greeting and some copy about congratulating him on his decision. He filled in his personal information and came to the menu of choices for his coming transformation.

- a) Make an appointment at my local T Gym
- b) Receive a packet containing Transforming fluid
- c) Link to the online Transformation method
- d) Request a T Gym representative to pay me a very personal visit

He clicked D and hit the enter key.

Shockingly, it was only a moment later that his cell phone rang, vibrating in his pocket eagerly. The caller ID showed that it was coming from T Gym World HQ, and the area code

meant that was in New York. Trembling with excitement, he clicked the line button and said, "Hello?"

"Hi, Jackson, my name is Chuck." Even over the slim connection of his poor cell signal, the other man's voice dripped sex. He had a deep, dark, husky voice and Jackson could practically hear his grin through the phone line. "I understand you're interested in meeting me."

"Yes." His mouth was dry, He was literally shaking.

"How interested are you, Jackson?"

He gulped. "I'm extremely interested."

"Are you hard right now, Jackson?"

"Yes."

"Is your hand on your cock?"

He placed it there. "Yes."

"How close are you, Jackson?"

"How close...?"

"Are you gonna come, Jackson? Are you one stroke away? Two strokes? Or do you need someone's eager and talented mouth to suck on your fat joint and make your toes curl?"

"Oh, holy fucking Christ."

"Mmm, perfect. I can almost taste you already." The man on the other end of the line laughed softly. "I'd love to come... and meet you, Jackson. When would it be convenient for you?"

He swallowed hard. "Any time."

"Right now?"

"Now?"

"Yeah, Jackson. Do you want me to come over right now? Do you want me in your house, at your feet, kneeling before that huge hard-on you're holding in your grip? You want my tongue wrapped around it as I finger your hole and massage your balls? You want to look down into my eyes while I swallow every last gush of cream you can deliver, Jackson?"

“Yeah.”

“I’ll see you in a couple of minutes.”

“Where are you?”

But the line was already dead.

Jackson felt a sudden sense of panic set in. His apartment was a mess. He was wearing yesterday’s T-shirt and unwashed jeans, which he attempted to re-button over his angry, urgent erection. The carpet needed vacuuming and the whole place was filthy with dust. He wanted to impress this man, he realized, and worried he’d be a disappointment to him. He was just starting toward the kitchen to put the dishes into the sink when his bell rang. Someone was downstairs. Someone wanted in.

Jackson wandered toward his front door and activated the camera attached to the intercom that faced his guest’s visage, to help him determine if it was friend or foe seeking access. The camera was positioned at around Jackson’s own height, he knew, and was equipped with a fisheye lens to gather all the visual info it could.

But all he could see in its view at the moment, in grainy black-and-white, was a man’s naked chest. It was huge, stretching to fill the entire screen, with a clearly defined, deeply etched crevasse sandwiched between a set of gargantuan pectoral muscles. The skin that spread itself across those mountainous pecs seemed to gleam, slightly, its furry expanse broken by two fat, firm, lickable nipples pointed toward the sidewalk. Their caps looked as large as peanuts, with silver dollar rims aching for Jackson’s mouth. His cock grew harder.

He pushed the intercom’s talk button and said, “Hello?”

A deep and powerful voice answered. “Hello, Jackson. It’s Chuck.” The chin of the man dipped into view as he leaned down to speak. It was chiseled and firm and square of jaw, with a dark shadow of whiskers surrounding his obviously full and moist lips. He smiled then, and his perfect teeth shone as if lit from inside.

Jackson answered, “You’re very quick!”

“Not in everything,” he answered. There was no mistaking his tone. “May I come up?”

“Oh! Oh, yes, sorry. Of course. It’s number 406.”

“Yes, I know. You put it on your application form.”

Jackson admitted the mysterious man into his building and looked around hurriedly, trying to figure out what needed the most attention, but he had no time to do anything because there was a knock on his door, and he stood there excited and afraid in equal measure. He

reached out and closed his hand around the doorknob, and turned. The door opened with a loud complaint and Jackson raised his eyes to look at his guest.

The man on the other side of the door was completely naked from the waist up. Gloriously, erotically, fantastically naked. He was huge in every sense. Seven feet tall. Possibly taller. His body was overwhelmed with brawn. That was the word that leapt into his head. Brawn. Not mere muscle, not the bulging bellies of tight power that a bodybuilder possessed. The man's muscles were more beautiful, more powerful, more amazing in their sheer size and perfection. He looked, to Jackson, like what a bodybuilder would look like if everyone else already looked like an ordinary bodybuilder, and this is what they would become if they worked out.

The thick forest of dark curls that spread across his chest and wound down between the egg crate of his 8-pack abs only heightened the effect of his overwhelming masculine power. Fat, perfect nipples poked through the fur. His shoulders were gifted with thick lobes of power and his arms owned a collection of massive muscular beauty accentuated with fat veins that seemed to pulse and bulge as he stood there. Though his legs were caressed by the tightest pair of blue jeans with the lowest possible waistband that Jackson had ever seen – they were very, very close to being indecent – it was crystal clear that his legs were every bit as muscled and defined as the rest of his body.

A scent surrounded the man, and it quickly enveloped Jackson. Untamed and wild, it was a funky collection of sex and ball sweat and leather and earth. It was a toxic perfume of heavenly erotic bliss, and it sank into Jackson's senses like a hot shower.

The smell reminded him of cock and ass, and his gaze naturally fell to the man's crotch, where there appeared the obvious outline of one thick, amazing prick. Inches long if not an entire foot, the fat shaft, beer can thick, pressed forward proudly against the straining denim, winding across to his narrow hip and ending in a full, heavy cap easily identified under his jeans. It was a thing of epic sexuality and made Jackson's mouth water.

A voice said, "Hi, Jackson," and the sound drew his attention up from the collection of muscle and cock to a face that had him on the edge of creaming his jeans. Chuck had green, green eyes and a mouth of sensual beauty surrounded with a dark collection of whiskers carefully trimmed. He looked devilish and handsome, and that sensuous mouth broke into a sideways grin that made Jackson feel faint. One eyebrow arched on his masculine brow and a gleam of mirth and lust shot through his bright jade gaze. "Can I come in?"

"Fuck," Jackson said quietly.

"Well," he answered, slowly easing the door further open and stepping around the much smaller man, "that, too." He walked with a sleek, sexual grace and his ass moved like two heavy globes. A furry crevasse could be seen peaking above the hip-hugging jeans between the two bubbles, bobbing around each other. From behind, his legs were lined with more of that consummate and perfect muscle, thick cables and heavy wedges dancing and flexing as

he moved. He turned around and smiled, and Jackson melted. "But introductions first. Then fucking. I'm Chuck. I'm exceedingly happy to make your acquaintance, Jackson."

The god held forth his hand and waited for Jackson to accept it. When he did so, a heavy shock of something sexual and orgasmic passed through Jackson's body and the other man, rather than simply shaking his hand, pulled him easily into his muscular embrace and leaned his heavenly face down toward Jackson's and set his full, moist, warm lips to Jackson's own.

It was a kiss like none Jackson had ever experienced. Passionate, hot, lustful, erotic, needful, loving and complete in its delivery. The man could definitely kiss. And his body felt as hard as iron, but the skin that covered that collection of muscle was warm and smooth and silken under Jackson's groping hands. The scent of the man grew very strong, and Jackson decided he never wanted to smell anything else ever again. Something shoved at Jackson's belly, and he realized all at once that it was the man's huge cock, already swelling toward erection, growing thicker and longer by the heartbeat.

He sucked in a breath and broke the kiss, pulling back slightly to catch his breath. "Fuck," he said again.

"I like a man with a one-track mind," Chuck observed. "Particularly that track." He straightened, more than a head taller than Jackson, and folded his arms across that gigantic chest. His cock was definitely lengthening, Jackson could see it growing fatter in the giant man's pants. The tip seemed already to be drooling a steady stream of pre-cum that made a dark, growing stain on the blue denim. The gigantic appendage was slowly, but continually, plumping with size, pumping hotter and fuller and longer every passing second. It seemed to be shoving his jeans outward, as if it were some kind of muscle in itself and wanted to rip free of its cage. "Did you like the show?"

"What?" Jackson couldn't look up from the amazing display that Chuck's cock was providing.

Chuck nodded his head toward the television, where his comrades were still being interviewed on national television. "The show. I wanted to be on it, but they were afraid I might do something rash."

Jackson realized Chuck wasn't talking about his amazing dick. "Like what?" He licked his lips and swallowed, eager to pull that fat tube of hard meat into his throat.

Chuck shrugged. His shoulders split and reassembled as the muscle swelled and flexed. "Fuck Williams. Send some sex vibes through the network. Something like that. I mean, look at the dude! Wouldn't you fuck him?"

"I don't think I ever really..."

“Yeah, he’s right fuckable all right.” Chuck’s deep voice drew Jackson’s attention away from the screen and he looked at the huge, furry, half-naked muscular man standing in his apartment. He scanned along the furrows and bulges and let his eyes rest on the massive shank of meat between his thighs and one of his eyebrows shot up. “Something amiss, Jackson?”

“I was hoping...”

Chuck looked down at himself. “Hoping what?” He moved his hands along every inch of bulging muscular glory until he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of the straining jeans. “Oh, I see. Well, there’re still a few laws concerning public nudity, Jackson. Not that there are any jails that could hold me, but we try not to be too overly stimulating when we’re making house calls.” He started to undo the top button. “After all, it’s not everyone who can handle all I have to offer.” He popped the second button. “There’s a hell of a lot of me to love, Jackson.” The third button, evidently tired of trying to strain to contain all of Chuck’s ample cock meat, popped open on its own. Then the fourth followed suit, and suddenly a thick inch of dick neck appeared. Chuck folded his arms across his chest again, and allowed his amazing colossal cock to continue its inexorable push towards its inevitable reveal. “And I’m very anxious to get started.” The final button popped and Chuck’s enormous wealth of prick fell out of his pants.

It was, indeed, a glorious sight. Huge, thick, perfect and beautiful. A cock created by god to showcase the perfection of man. The head shoved free of its cowl of foreskin and a thick silver strand of pre-cum drooled to the carpet. Chuck moved his hand into the crotch of his jeans and pulled the rest of his ample equipment free, revealing a set of balls to make a hen jealous, large round eggs resting in a hairless sack. Chuck stroked himself toward erection and groaned deeply. “Ohhh, fuuuck,” he said softly.

Jackson gulped and blinked and watched the huge muscle man push the tight jeans off his body. His skin was bronzed and the muscle on his thighs and calves echoed the incredible size and definition already revealed by his upper body. He straightened and looked at Jackson, chuckling softly. “Yeah,” he said, “I’m pretty impressive ain’t I?”

Jackson nodded mutely.

“Cat got your tongue? Maybe you wanted someone bigger?” As Jackson watched, the entire collection of muscle that was packed on Chuck’s tall frame began to amplify. His chest swelled thicker and wider, each huge pectoral shelf divided and continued to swell, with each cable and fiber distinct and defined as they multiplied. His arms bulged even thicker and harder. His biceps ballooning with meat under his silken skin, and his triceps keeping pace, swelling outward magically. Each lobe of his tightly defined ab wall grew larger until his 6-pack became an 8-pack on its way to a 10-pack. The lobes of his calves spread wider and the fat wedges of brawn fighting for room on his thighs blossomed with new growth. Chuck was developing before his eyes, every muscle growing fatter and bulging with power. “How big do you want me?” Chuck’s head was slowly rising higher. He was approaching the seven foot mark and the muscle just kept swelling.

"I..."

"What do you want, Jackson?" He smiled as the muscle continued to swell everywhere on his huge, majestic body. His chest kept gaining size and heft, the meaty muscular globes growing outward and downward as they just kept getting larger and larger. The hair across the powerful expanse spread across it all, and his fat juicy nipples increased their size to keep it all in perspective. The cords of his neck thickened. His entire body was continually growing taller and wider and ever larger with nothing but thick, amazing power. "Just tell me."

"I thought... I was wondering..." Jackson's eyes were locked on Chuck's increasingly amazing but singular cock.

Chuck laughed softly and asked, "The twins?"

Jackson swallowed hard. "Yeah."

"You want to see both of my cocks?"

"Yes, please."

Chuck's lopsided grin brightened into a smile of pure sexual lust. "Fuck, Jackson, why didn't you just say so. I love letting the boys out for some fun." He wiggled his eyebrows and looked down, and Jackson followed his gaze. Another massive prick unfurled from the man's furry loins with a surprising suddenness, jutting out and down and hanging abundantly next to its partner before joining it in erect perfection, inflating with shocking speed and achieving its ultimate glory in seconds. Two perfect, fat, long, thick, massive and beautiful cocks. The top of Chuck's head was now only inches from the 8-foot ceiling of Jackson's apartment. His shoulders looked at least a yard wide, and the lats that flared below them were a foot wider than that. He was packed with muscle everywhere, thick and hard and bulging with power. His scent was stronger than ever, wrapping Jackson in a heavenly sexual embrace. His two cocks stood in throbbing perfection by the foot over a fat, massive ball sack, and his face was devilishly handsome, highlighted by that shit-eating sideways grin that said more than any words the man's sensual voice could utter.

Chuck folded his arms across his massive chest and asked, "Wouldn't you be more comfortable out of those clothes, Jackson?"

"What?" He looked up, finally.

"Wouldn't you," he said, stepping towards him, "be more comfortable," he set his hands to Jackson's T-shirt, "out of those clothes." He pulled the shirt over Jackson's head and tossed it aside. Chuck moved his hand over Jackson's naked chest and belly and let out a low, soft moan of pleasure. "You have a beautiful body, Jackson. I can't wait to watch you swell with power."



Chuck's touch along his skin was magical, sensual, almost electric. "How does it happen?"

Chuck moved his hands to Jackson's belt buckle and undid it, then deftly unsnapped his jeans and unzipped his crotch. "How do you want it to happen?" Chuck moved his hand inside Jackson's pants and grabbed his equipment and gingerly, but forcibly, started to grope his cock and balls. Jackson was already rock hard, and a gush of his pre-cum erupted under the huge man's expert manipulations. "Do you want me to go slowly," he asked, stroking Jackson's cock with aching patience, "or quickly?" And he suddenly thrust his hand under Jackson's briefs and pulled his cock out, grasping the shaft and rubbing his thumb around and over the helmet before pulling his pre-cum-slickened digit into his mouth and sucking Jackson's salty essence off.

"Fuuuuck," Jackson repeated, rising up onto his tiptoes.

"Well, that's a given, Jackson," he volunteered, "but that comes later."

"Sorry."

"For what? You're doing everything absolutely right. Frankly, I've never found a wrong way of doing this. And besides, I'm here for your pleasure. I'm going to welcome you into my family in the best possible way. I'm going to enjoy this no matter what, believe me. So my question is... how do you want it to happen?" Chuck fell suddenly to his knees with a heavy thud and sucked Jackson's stiff prick into his mouth, sucking with vigor and evident pleasure.

The warm, wet slurping of Chuck's hungry mouth all over Jackson's stiff prick was driving him batshit. It felt like there were two or three mouths pleasuring him. Chuck's huge paw grabbed him by the shank and he felt the man's furry head rub his belly as he started to quickly suck and lick Jackson's rod. He was on the verge of cumming a fat load of hot cream when Chuck suddenly stopped and squeezed his cock hard. "Not yet, Jackson. Not yet. You'll want to hold onto all that delicious juice for me. I'll let you know when it's time to cum."

A firm, hot pain erupted in Jackson's balls when he was denied his orgasm, but then Chuck set his hand against Jackson's body and a wash of incredible pleasure radiated out from his touch. Filling him up from the inside with a glowing, powerful sexual bliss. "There you go, Jackson. Just hold on. The rewards will make it all worthwhile."

Chuck pulled Jackson's pants and underwear off his body before rising effortlessly to his feet again. He carelessly tossed Jackson's clothing aside and looked down at his patient. "Yes, you're going to turn out beautiful, Jackson. I can already see your new body emerging. Can you feel it? I've started changing you into someone even more amazing than you already are. Your outside is going to match your inside. Beautiful, powerful, strong and passionate."

Jackson felt a sudden warmth coating his body. There was a perceptible tightening along his limbs, and around his chest and stomach, and across his shoulders. It felt as if his skin was growing smaller, and the accompanying warmth grew stronger.

"We're going to do this slowly, Jackson, so you can enjoy every inch of muscular growth, and every second of your second cock's development, and every moment of pleasure that comes with transformation into your new body." Chuck grinned and winked. "By the way, Jackson, this is a hands on process. I hope you won't mind." Chuck lifted his hands and paced them against Jackson's chest, resting his palms against each pec. "Here we go."

The subtle tightening Jackson felt in his skin suddenly grew very strong, and he could feel something dramatic happening to his chest, in particular, and a strong sexual tingling erupted in his nipples as if they were being super stimulated. Looking down, he watched his pectoral muscles swelling outward as if by magic. His chest was inflating, and he felt the weight and power increasing in equal measure to the sudden muscular growth.

"Nice," Chuck growled. He shifted his green gaze to Jackson's arms and watched them start to swell in concert with his chest. The biceps filled in his upper arms and the triceps quickly caught up, creating highly defined horseshoes and swollen bulges of power that inflated under his skin. He watched Jackson's network of veins manifest and thicken, feeding his muscles size and strength as Transform quickly multiplied and began to infiltrate every cell in his body. "Feel good?" he asked softly.

"Feels great," Jackson answered, because it did. He'd experienced the subtle and satisfying burn that came with muscular development that happened at the gym, but it was nothing compared to this feeling of swelling power saturating his senses. He shifted his own gaze toward his shoulders because they were manifesting into his peripheral vision as they grew. His chest was easy to see growing, but it surprised him that his shoulders could get so large.

And it was only beginning. Suddenly he felt a throbbing sensation in his already hard prick and realized it was getting bigger. He reached down with his growing arm and grabbed hold of his hot, hard cock and felt it swelling in his grip, it was actually enlarging as he held it, the shaft shoving against his fist, forcing his fingers wider to encompass its quickly swelling size. The throbbing sensation echoed through his whole body, as if his heart was beating so strongly that it was physically enlarging him to accommodate its power.

Jackson watched Chuck move his hands down his body onto his belly and felt a sudden surge of strength and growth there and watched each abdominal muscle pop into power. His belly sucked down on the six-pack and it quickly grew fantastically defined, as well as the intercostals and the twin wedges of his Apollo's belt grew distinct and thick.

"I think of myself as a gardener, Jackson. Used to think of myself as a sculptor, y'know, creating these works of art out of flesh and blood, adding muscle here, lengthening a cock, making a new one sprout and swell. But a sculptor takes something and makes something else out of it. A slab of marble becomes a man. That sort of thing." Jackson's chest blossomed forward, each globe of power swelling with mass and definition. "A gardener

only helps things along, lets them bloom into their most beautiful form.” Chuck rubbed his fingertip around Jackson’s right nipple and it grew larger and larger. “A gardener can guide the growth, nurture it, use his talents to help something realize its own ultimate perfection and beauty.

“That’s all I do, Jackson. It’s already inside you. I only help you grow.

“A little more room, I think,” Chuck aid, and something inside Jackson seemed to snap like a rubber band stretched too far, and he felt the sensation of tightness and stretching suddenly grow very powerful. His bones were stretching to accommodate more growth, and his whole body was rising higher. He raised his eyes and looked at Chuck’s face, and the handsome god looked back at him and smiled. He was making this all happen. He was making Jackson grow taller, and wider, and heavier.

Jackson still had one hand on his cock and he was enjoying the sensation of it continually swelling in his grip when another sensation in his crotch made him gasp and blink. Chuck said, “Yes, here it comes,” and looked down to watch. Jackson joined him, gazing over his broadening chest and the tight six-pack of muscles on his stomach and saw something happening in the full, dark curls of pubic fur crowning his swelling prick.

It was the oddest sensation Jackson had experienced yet. It was both a pushing and a tugging in his groin, a tingling of sexual power accompanied by the now-familiar sensation of growth. He watched a tiny nub of flesh poking its head from his pubic hair, to the right of his still growing cock, exactly at the base where its massive shaft emerged from his groin. It was unmistakably a very tiny dick head, with a small piss slit just visible inside a tight, thin cowl of foreskin. It emerged like a snake from his body, providing a growing sexual thrill as it emerged, as if his free hand was stroking it to erection, the entire new cock tingling with the sexual bliss that accompanies the stimulation of a man’s prick.

He watched with careful fascination as his second cock materialized from his body, so tiny at first and perfectly formed, but inflating with accelerating speed. The head shoved forward and a small shaft formed behind it. It moved straight out from his body until it was about three inches long when its weight and length allowed it to droop downward, which seemed suddenly to make it grow at a fantastic rate.

Now that it was a fully formed cock, it was swelling with amazing speed. Inch by inch it grew, and suddenly it was rising and swelling and growing shiny as the skin stretched tightly around its girth. The helmet was sheathed in a wealth of foreskin, so much that it covered the mushroom cap and gathered into a wrinkled donut around the tip, but the size of his second prick was gaining quickly on its brother, and it became evident that all that skin would be coming in very handy very shortly.

It was throbbing and tingling and felt that it was going to blow his load any second, and the two cocks together multiplied his sense of sexual power. His balls, too, were swelling larger, perhaps, he thought, to accommodate enough jizz to fill his two cannons for explosion. He moved his free hand onto his new cock and a hard, intense shock of erotic bliss shot

through his body, and Jackson gasped and sucked in his stomach and felt his balls seize up. He closed his eyes and sank entirely into its power.

“Not yet, Jackson,” Chuck said. His voice sounded close, intimate, intense, as if it were inside Jackson’s own head. “You have so far to go. You’re so beautiful, Jackson. You’re perfect. Are you ready for more?”

“Yes,” he answered. “God, yes.” His own voice sounded strange to his ears. Deeper, purer, incredibly masculine and powerful. He felt lips pressing against his own. Soft, warm, moist lips. A tongue pushed against his mouth. He opened his lips and welcomed it inside. He sucked against it and kissed the mouth back, hungrily, eagerly, totally.

Jackson removed his hands from his twin erections to embrace and surround the god who was kissing and changing him. The other man’s body felt so warm and hard, he could feel every muscle move as Chuck began to pour immense quantities of Transform into Jackson’s system.

“The best part, Jackson?” Chuck paused as he pushed renewed Transform into Jackson’s swelling muscles. He let his own body radiate a saturation of The Touch, passing deep erotic bliss into Jackson’s entire body. “The best part? This is only the beginning. This is just a taste of what’s to come.” Suddenly, a cavalcade of muscular perfection started playing through his head. Chuck joined Jackson to the collective and sent him through the hundreds of men all waiting for his acceptance into the Brotherhood. African men with dark, smooth skin and monstrous muscles, European men with blue eyes and fat cocks, Asians with shining hair and dark lickable nipples, Hispanics with heat in their gaze and mouths ready for kissing, Native Americans, Russians, Indians, Thais, Koreans, Swedes, Frenchmen, Brazilians, Iranians, Israeli, and on and on and on and every combination of the above, huge, beautiful, perfect men defined not by their birthplace or their skin color or their language but by their unending, overwhelming, uninhibited lust and passion for him.

“Oh, Jackson, we are going to have so much fun fucking each other. Shit, Jackson, you think you’ve been fucked before? Just wait, Jackson. Wait until you feel me inside you. Wait until you feel me blasting gallons of warm, salty cream inside your guts, feeding your muscle, making you get bigger and bigger. And then, Jackson? You get to fuck me. You get to use those two huge cocks throbbing between your legs and shove them deep inside my tight, hot, perfect ass. Oh, Jackson, just you wait.”

“Awww, fuck... I’m gonna cum,” he growled. The tide was building. The dam was bursting. It was all too much.

“No you’re not, Jackson. Not yet. I know how you feel.” Chuck’s lips were at his ear. He was whispering into Jackson’s head. He was licking his neck. “I know you feel like you’re going to explode. I know. But you’re not going to, Jackson. Not yet. I’ll tell you when, Jackson. And it’s going to feel so good you’ll think you’ve died and entered heaven. Feel it? Feel that surging, swelling, explosive load in your balls? Feel how your cocks – both your cocks, Jackson, you can feel both your cocks now – feel them down there? So hard? So hot? So

thick and long? Fuck, you want to cum so bad right now. You're right at the edge, aren't you? Right at the edge..."

Jackson's mouth was covered with Chuck's. He was kissing him again, and flooding his body with Transform. His growth suddenly kicked up several notches and he groaned and swooned and felt energized and horny as hell. His cocks bulged and his muscles shoved against his tight skin and he got larger, still, and thicker, and stronger.

"Oh, fuck," he moaned. "Oh, fuck."

The two men stood naked in Jackson's apartment. Jackson's clothing lay shredded on the carpet at their feet. Jackson's shoulders were visibly stretching wider. His neck was growing thicker. The lobes of muscle mounted on his arms were swelling fatter beneath his skin, the cables and fibers multiplying as veins appeared and reached across their ever widening expanses. The muscles that formed his back separated and grew ever more distinct as they grew, heavy rounded bulges moving beneath his flesh. His butt, each rounded glorious projection, grew thicker and higher, almost a shelf of brawn below the Christmas tree at the base of his spine. His legs pushed against each other. The muscle was so large that it was shoving his legs apart for more room to grow.

"Oh, fuck," he moaned. His voice was a powerful bass growl. He rested his forehead against Chuck's own massive shoulder and felt the other man's masculine force pouring into his own body.

"Yes, Jackson. That's it. Right there. That's the beginning of understanding. Now you know what it feels like to be really alive, really a man. It's fucking awesome isn't it? That feeling of muscle and strength, so pure and hot and powerful. Fuck, your cocks are so big now they're gonna fucking explode with cum, aren't they my man? Aren't they, Jackson?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"I'm going to fuck you even bigger, Jackson."

"Fuck me," Jackson pleaded softly. "Fuck me hard."

Chuck lowered Jackson to the floor and looked down at the man before him, all his muscles slowly swelling larger, the mounds of his chest bulging wider and higher, the width of his shoulders growing by the inch. Jackson met Chuck's gaze and said, again, "Fuck me hard," pulling his knees to his chest and opening himself up to Chuck's twin monsters.

Chuck smiled and set his hands to his cocks, one on each, and lubed up his steel-hard meat with the wealth of pre-cum pouring from each eye. Then he moved his fingers to Jackson's rosy pucker and slowly circled the entrance to his ass, pushing against the other man's hungry hole and marveling at the way in which it sucked him inside. Jackson wanted him badly. His growing body was gleaming with sweat and his scent was growing stronger as Transform continued to change him.

Chuck dropped to his knees and leaned it, positioning his cocks at Jackson's tight hole, playing them against and around the entryway. They were drooling clear honey that felt hot and wet to Jackson, and again he begged "Fuck me. Fuck me hard."

Chuck smiled, and shoved himself inside. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard, Jackson. I'm gonna fuck you big and hard."

Chuck started thrusting his hips and shoving his cocks into Jackson. With every deep thrust, the man before him swelled with sudden growth. Chuck was literally fucking Jackson bigger, pushing in waves of Transform with every piston fuck.

He pulled his 16-inch pricks nearly out of Jackson's ass, slick and hot and hard, and Jackson moaned from their absence. Then, with a sideways grin and a powerful thrust, Chuck plunged his fat dicks fully into Jackson's sweet, hot ass with an accompanying heavy dose of Transform, and Jackson's muscular form suddenly swelled outward in every direction, bulging with fresh, hard brawn that piled upon itself in huge, thick cables.

Chuck withdrew again. 18 inches of cock, now. Fat and hard and hot. Feeling every inch of Jackson's ass. Then pushing in again, slapping Jackson with his heavy ball sack, gushing hot cream and another wave of Transform, and again Jackson's body grew. His chest exploded outward, the valet between each pec deepening by the inch. His arms stretched wider, and the muscles bulged and throbbed. His cocks stretched and thickened. His neck grew fat with muscle and his face resolved more fully into the perfected masculine vision he would become.

Jackson groaned and his voice was saturated with sex and male force. It shook Chuck and made him fuck him with renewed vigor, now easily pistoning his two 24-inch cocks in and out of Jackson's ass, and every deep push made the other man grow bigger and bigger. Chuck watched Jackson's development with open lust and wonder.

It never failed to impress him. No matter how many men he personally Transformed. Each one was better than the last.

"Oooohhh, fuck, yes." Jackson's voice was deep and powerful.

"Yes," Chuck echoed. "Are you ready now, Jackson?" Chuck leaned forward, his cocks buried deeply inside Jackson's ass. The two were one. Jackson opened his eyes and met Chuck's gaze with his own. "Are you ready?"

"Ready?"

Chuck nodded. "Here I come, Jackson. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Chuck. I'm ready."

Chuck smiled his sideways grin. "I believe you are."

He pushed his mouth onto Jackson's lips and rested his chest against Jackson's enormity and poured himself into Jackson's body, suddenly shoving the full, unleashed, untempered, unbound power of Transform in its purest form into the other man's hungry body through every orifice, every pore, every inch of his magical body, and Jackson was exploding with muscle and sex and growth.

Bigger and bigger, now. Growing by the foot in every direction. Bones breaking and resetting. Skin stretching. Muscle expanding with size and power. Bigger and bigger.

"Dude," Chuck said softly, his voice a soft growl of restrained lust and unrestrained masculine power, "you're amazing. You're so beautiful. You're perfect. I wish you could watch yourself. Feel yourself. Feel your muscles growing against mine. Feel your skin, so soft and smooth. You smell so fucking good, Jackson, Fuck, you make me hornier than anything, just watching you grow and get bigger and better and more beautiful by the second. Feel this?" Chuck blasted a thick, hot fountain of cum into Jackson's ass. "Ooh, so good. You feel so, so good." Chuck bent his mouth to Jackson's again and kissed him deep and hard and true. He came again, his twin guns blasting another fat load of cream into Jackson. Then again. And again. "Fuck, you're so good, Jackson. I could fuck you forever."

"Do it, Chuck. Fuck me forever."

And Jackson kept growing.

## The End





# Transform Extra: Coffee and Cream

"Anyone can join?"

"It's a men's-only gym, but other than that, yeah, anyone can join."

Willie allowed his eyes to slowly move across the muscular dimensions of the man sitting before him. He'd heard of them before, the trumans, of course. Who hadn't? They were almost unavoidable lately. But this was the first one he'd seen in the flesh. He never would have had the guts to go up and talk to one if he saw him on the streets, but here was not just one, but two of the supermen sitting at one of his stations at the small corner restaurant in Denver, Colorado. A new T-Gym had just opened downtown, and though he was curious about it – and them – he had yet to screw up the courage to walk through its doors and soak in all the testosterone on display.

They were easily the two largest men Willie had ever seen. Large in just about every sense. Tall, wide, thick and hard, and every muscle lining their long limbs and mounted on their impressive torsos was incredibly large and well-defined. The triceps were made up of several lobes. The biceps split into twin globes. Their nipples were pushed low on their huge pectoral shelves. Their shoulders stretched out wide and heavy with brawn. Even their necks were impressive. They seemed to glow with a kind of easy sexuality, and as they spoke quietly to each other in their deep and rumbling tones, their hands could not keep from touching each others' bodies. They kissed frequently and openly, and sat with their legs wide so that the display of their ample sexual equipment was both prominent and unavoidable. They were not sporting erections, but they were very definitely aroused.

It was past midnight and his was one of the very few dining places still open. His heart flipped over in his chest when he saw them come in, and he prayed to a God he didn't even believe in that they would sit at one of his tables, rather than one of Rachel's. And then they did. And now here he was, feeling his cock getting harder in his pants, listening to the deep masculine tones of the two men talking to him, looking at him, smiling at him.

"Why haven't you come in..." the man's darkly smoldering green eyes narrowed as he peered at the name tag pinned to his chest, then he issued a deep chuckle and winked as he added, "Willie?" His teeth were white and perfect, and as he finished his question his full lips quirked into a sideways smile. One hand was now resting on the cock in his jeans, and he was openly and easily moving his fingers up and down its long shaft, squeezing and rubbing and petting the snake as he cradled the head in the warmth of his palm.

Willie shrugged, feigning ignorance. "Dunno. Just... time, maybe?" Willie was experiencing the usual shyness that always struck him when he was truly, deeply attracted to someone. It was frustrating and annoying, and the more he stood there, the worse he could feel it growing. Just as the man's prick was simultaneously growing thicker, longer and more rigid by the second.

The other one spoke. He was dark-skinned, nearly black, with a shaved head and almond-shaped eyes. His face was almost supernaturally beautiful, and his chocolate skin was begging to be touched. It looked like silk, but it covered a collection of muscle so overwhelming in dimension and definition that Willie felt breathless before him. His cheekbones were absurdly high and he owned a long, but muscular and thick neck. "Doesn't take much time to just drop in, Willie. Do you need an invitation?"

"By the way, my name's Chuck. This is Frazz." The one named Chuck offered his huge hand, pulling it from his burgeoning dick, and his grin grew into a bright smile.

He had a squared jaw, and his cheeks and chin were dusted with a closely cropped set of black whiskers, lending his face a shadowed, slightly evil appearance. His prominent brow was edged with two thick caterpillars that arched slyly, and his nose looked as if it had been copied from some classic Roman statue, broad and proud above his full lips. His skin had the same kind of sheen that the black man's had, but it was a sun-kissed bronze. A network of thick veins criss-crossed his enormous collection of brawn, as if he possessed no body fat at all.

They both wore ribbed cotton tank tops, Chuck in white and Frazz in black, that clung to their amazing bodies like second skins and ended an inch or two above the waistbands of matching dark denim jeans that sat precariously low on their hips. Chuck was evidently furry all over, with a prominent treasure trail erupting from his navel and spreading invitingly before plunging into his crotch. Frazz was smooth, but his pants were so low that some dark curls of pubic hair were clearly evident.

They were sitting around a small round table, currently empty except for a napkin dispenser, salt and pepper shakers and a bottle of ketchup. Willie realized that Chuck's cock was thicker and longer than the ketchup bottle.

They both appeared to be very tall, easily eight or nine inches past six feet, and between the two of them it looked like 500 or 600 pounds of powerful, purified, heavy-duty muscle sat on their bones. Oddly, or divertingly, Willie could easily smell that each man had his own deeply funky scent. Not cologne or perfume, clearly, but the raw, earthy scent of a man, and everything that implied.

"Did you know what you wanted?" Willie bit his lip, realizing what he'd just asked, and he smiled in spite of himself. He was having a very hard time concentrating on anything but a sudden and almost unavoidable urge to kneel down, pull out Chuck's thick cock and go to town on him, slurping and sucking and licking until he received his just reward.

"Wow, you just left yourself wide open there, didn't you?" Chuck's smile was positively indecent. His green gaze went south and rested on the growing bulge in Willie's pants. Willie could feel his prick pressing against his jeans and he could swear his nipples were tingling. "As a matter of fact, I know exactly what I want." Then he met Willie's embarrassed face again and said, "Looks like you do, too."

Frazz shook his bald head. "You're embarrassing the man, Chuck."

"This man has nothing to be embarrassed about," Chuck answered. He lifted his hand from his fat prick and sat forward, leaning toward Willie.

Perceptible warmth, and what to Willie felt like a sudden growing sexual heat that made his hair stand on end, came with the huge man's advance.

Chuck reached forward without preamble or evident embarrassment and set his large hand against Willie's loins, cupping his balls and growing erection, and he squeezed gently. "You need any help with this?" he asked.

Willie gulped and his eyes rolled into his head. He almost felt like he was cumming already. A strong sexual throbbing sensation struck him as soon as the other man touched him, and he was lost for words. He barely heard Frazz's voice asking, "What are you doing, Chuck?" as the nearly orgasmic experience subsided.

"Just giving our friend a taste of heaven."

"Just a taste?"

Chuck's low voice rumbled a laugh and he removed his warm grip from Willie's groin. "Just a taste."

"Oh, fuck," Willie whispered.

"Yeah," Chuck answered in a low growl, "I'm pretty good."

"Practice makes perfect," Frazz added, smiling.

Chuck let out a small laugh like a rumble of the earth's core and pulled his hand from Willie's happy loins, sitting back in his chair and allowing his hand to drift back to his own massive meat, where his manipulations continued. "Anyway, I'd just like a coffee, Willie. Black and hot."

"Like me!" Frazz said, laughingly. "Same here, bud. Just something to take the edge off." He looked at his lover and at his lover's enormous and growing prick, shoving intently against the crotch of his jeans. "So to speak."

Their waiter wasn't moving. He simply stood there, his hands in tight fists, eyes closed, visibly shaking slightly. "Willie?" Chuck's tone was amused. "Earth to Willie?"

Frazz's brow furrowed. "You didn't...?"

"Nope. Well, nothing major. Just a friendly little nudge."

“Nudge?”

“Little nudge.” Chuck waggled his eyebrows and looked up at Willie, and Frazz followed his gaze. He noticed, now, that a series of veins was winding along the young man’s exposed arms like tributaries from a swollen river. He could see them inching down his muscles under his skin, each thin branch growing quickly longer and thicker.

Movement from the young man’s sleeve drew his attention away from the vascular development. His shirt sleeves were both slowly retracting as Willie’s biceps and triceps began to slowly swell with power and growth. They were inflating with muscle, filling the sleeves and pushing them higher to make room.

Then his forearms followed suit, thickening with brawn. The veins there were massive, and looked like they were pulsing, echoing every beat of his heart, and with every new pulse, his arms grew bigger.

His shirt began moving and shifting on its own as his pectorals slowly moved forward and spread wider, pushing his erect nipples down as the muscle grew. His upper body was expanding with brawn, lifting the shirt higher and pulling the placate apart, every button on the dark navy Polo shirt straining to retain its tenuous hold as the body inside it kept gaining more and more muscle.

Now a flash of skin appeared at the hem of Willie’s shirt. His body was starting to compensate for its muscular development by stretching itself taller. Frazz watched as Willie’s shirt rose up to expose one or two inches of his belly. His navel appeared and a fresh collection of dark curls emerged from his flesh, leading a trail down into his jeans. Then Frazz noticed the most dramatic change of all. Willie’s crotch was being filled up with something. His basket pushed forward and swelled like a balloon, and something thick and long was pushing out and then up, shoving insistently for freedom. “Chuck...” Frazz said softly, as he watched the young man’s cock and balls growing larger and larger.

Chuck laughed softly. “Just a little nudge,” he said again. He set his hand against Willie’s growing prick and said, “Maybe a little more than a nudge in some places.”

Willie’s pants were growing tighter. His crotch was filling up in front, and two round globes of muscular ass were filling in behind. He was still gaining height, too, so that the waist of his pants was being pulled lower on his hips. By now, three or four inches of his midriff were exposed, and the development of his six-pack was evident. From small, smooth bumps of muscle, large squared-off rocks were growing in prominence. His treasure trail grew dense and the forest of his pubic bush was rising above the loose waistband of his jeans.

Frazz looked up and was struck by the overall growth that Willie’s body was now evidencing. His shoulders were stretching, becoming taller and wider, and his entire body was still slowly stretching taller. His shirt was stretched tightly against his chest and upper body. Even his neck was fighting for room in the shirt’s collar. His face showed nothing at all

of the strain that his clothing was enduring. Instead, it was clear that he was feeling something closer to sexual bliss.

The masculine qualities of his young features were growing more pronounced. A beard was visibly growing on his chin and cheeks. His brow was more evident. His nose was more angular. His lips grew full and kissable. One button, then another, popped from his shirt as it could no longer fully contain the massive growth of his twin pectoral giants. His sleeves began to rip themselves open as his arms grew fat with power.

Willie's entire body, in a matter of a couple of minutes, looked like it had gained around 30 or 40 pounds of muscle, and his frame had stretched three or four inches taller to compensate. As he reached the peak of his new form, his entire body shook and he gasped and opened his eyes wide.

Willie's head was filled with erotic imagery. His body was pumped to overflowing with a massive injection of male sexual need. Everything felt hot and hard and pulsed with a familiar but overwhelming hunger for release. He felt his new muscles tense and bulge and his cock was constrained and angry, deeply throbbing with sexual potency and power.

Without thinking, he constricted his asshole and shoved more blood and more growth into his prick, and it surged and tightened and swelled.

His erection shoved suddenly out of its cage, fourteen inches long and fat as a beer can, ripping through his underwear and breaking the zipper on his jeans. The mushroom head, red and shiny, drooled a thick string of silver from its eye. His cock pulsed and throbbed and grew heavy with its cargo, clearly ready to burst, arching upwards toward its ultimate glorious length.

"Yeah," Chuck said again, "I'm pretty good." He leaned forward and grabbed onto the huge hard-on and placed his lips to Willie's newly grown fount and expertly sucked and stroked him to orgasm, greedily swallowing the young man's gushing flood of hot, sticky cum.

Willie moaned and grunted and grabbed onto Chuck's head and started face fucking the other man, pushing his hard, hungry prick deeply down Chuck's throat. He could feel his balls heave and throb as he shoved flooded waves of cream into Chuck's mouth. He came over and over, each flow heavier than the last, until he reached the crescendo of his orgasm and pushed a tide of hot cum from his aching balls, the muscles of his body growing suddenly tight and firm, swollen with power.

Willie's clothing – the remnants of his clothing, anyway – clung to his new body like a second skin. His jeans, low on his slim hips, hugged his new ass and muscular legs with a tight grip, even as his long prick hung free from the broken fly of his pants. His shirt looked ridiculously small on his muscular torso. The bottom hung loose around his slim waist, while the upper portion was little more than a tattered collection of cotton strips, ripped apart by the sheer size of his newly muscled chest, arms and shoulders. The collar was spread wide apart, showing the top of the crevasse that separated one plate of pectoral glory from the other, and a massive neck rose toward a chiseled jawline coated with a heavy

dusting of newly-grown whiskers. He had almost managed to Hulk out of his clothes entirely, and his chest heaved as he gulped in air, trying to calm his sexually-charged libido.

Chuck wiped the corners of his mouth before settling back into his chair and folding his mammoth arms behind his head. He was grinning up at his newest creation like the cat that swallowed the canary, admiring Willie's masculine beauty. "Oops," he said, before grinning deviously.

"Technically," Frazz pointed out, "you're supposed to ask him first."

"About which part? The muscle growing part, or the cock sucking part?"

"Well... both." Frazz chuckled in spite of himself. "I gotta say, though, you sure can pick 'em."

Willie looked down at his new body and sheepishly attempted to stuff his thick, limp 10-inch back into his pants, with little success. His balls were now much larger, too, and there was simply no room for that much meat. His shirt ripped itself apart even more thoroughly as he tried to hide his cock, rending wide tears across his back and shoulders, and his sleeves simply gave up entirely when faced with the 20-inch guns mounted on his upper arms.

After a few seconds, he simply stood there, half-naked, holding his dick in his hands, and said, "I'll be right back with your coffee, sir." His voice was deep and gruff, and he sounded now more like an army sergeant than a diner waiter. The shirt, or what was left of it, rubbed against his sensitive nipples as he walked, and Chuck and Frazz both felt their cocks twitch and throb watching how Willie's muscled ass shifted and bobbed in his tight jeans as he retreated. A good inch of ass crack rose above the jeans' waistband, showing the thick, proud arch of each muscular cheek, and the Christmas tree on his lower back flexed and stretched. His heavily muscled thighs moved around each other awkwardly, and he bumped into a few chairs and tables on his way from the dining floor, obviously unaccustomed to his suddenly larger size.

"He seems okay with it," Frazz observed.

Chuck shrugged his massive shoulders. "Told you it was all a lot of worry over nothing."

"Still, you might have just asked him, first. Or at least have brought along a new pair of jeans for the poor guy."

"I wasn't sure of his size," Chuck answered, grinning. "You want to stay for the coffee?"

Frazz shook his head. "Let's go have some more fun."

Chuck's eyebrow arched, and his sideways grin wound across his lips. "Someone catch your eye?"

Frazz nodded. "Tall dude? Skateboarder?"

"The guy with all the body art by the fountain?"

"The very one."

"Didn't strike me as your type, Frazz. Don't you go for the clean-cut All Americans?"

"I really don't care if he's cut or not, Chuck. As long as I get to suck on his cock, he can be anything he wants to be."

"An excellent point."

The two gigantic muscular men stood up. Chuck left a \$20 on the table and a business card. It said simply 'Chuck' on one side, and 'Transform Gym – Good for one free session' on the other. "See you again soon, Willie," he said softly. Then they turned and left the diner, ducking to clear the exit, and emerged into the cold, dark night, headed for the fountain.

# Transform Extra: Daniel

Daniel was suffering from what he referred to as 'invisible mode.' It happened occasionally, and most frequently in situations like this one, when he was surrounded by astounding male pulchritude on all sides. It wasn't unusual for him to be ignored, but it was more frustrating than usual when all he wanted was a beer.

The bar was hardly packed on this Tuesday night, so the bartender really had no excuse for not seeing him standing near the condiments and fruit slices, particularly since the guy – shirtless, muscular and perfect – had to stand not two feet in front of him to concoct the libations the clientele demanded unceasingly. He even had a \$20 in his hand as he stood there looking directly at the dude's nipples.

But he was used to it, even expected it now. He was over 40 in a world built for 20-somethings with zero body fat and daily gym regimens. He'd managed to keep all the hair on his head, but now it was also sprouting out of his ears and even his eyebrows were becoming weird shaggy shrubs. He wore glasses and a hangdog expression, and he rarely smiled anymore, if at all.

But a guy gets horny - even a 44-year-old overweight guy who maintains a gym membership but hasn't seen a barbell in a couple of years. Daniel pulled in a heavy breath and let out a long sigh as he stood at the bar, holding his cash, completely invisible to the flirty, handsome, horrible bartender.

"Let me get that." Daniel heard the voice behind him, but he neither turned nor nodded his head nor made any indication that he heard it, because he had become invisible. Whomever owned that low rumble of a masculine tone, he certainly wasn't addressing Daniel.

Then there was movement and body heat behind him. He could actually feel some huge shape there at his back, he could feel heat pouring off the guy and he could smell his scent, a thick, beautifully male mix of grease and sweat and leather and... something else. Something very like sex. It was as if his nose was buried deep into the guy's ball sack or something. Then a hand was resting on his shoulder, a very large hand, a very powerful grip, squeezing against him, and he started to automatically move aside to make room.

But the hand gripped on a touch harder and pulled him back. "Hey," the voice purred, like a tiger in his ear, "I said I'd get that for you." The huge form moved against him. It felt like a wall had somehow magically moved across the floor of the bar and was pressing itself on his back. A very wide, very muscular wall. That smelled like sex.

Daniel swallowed and turned toward the shape, the voice, the scent. At 6'1" he was no slouch, but he found himself looking at the other man's perfectly white smile before he adjusted his gaze up and felt himself grow suddenly very hot with desire.



The man was gorgeous. Deeply, powerfully, massively handsome. Not possessed of the shorn, polished beauty of so many of the recent porn stars with their airbrushed bodies and brains, but looking almost exactly like the kind of man that populated Daniel's most feverish fantasies. A man. With hair and whiskers and eyes that really did seem to smolder. Daniel's mouth dropped open but no words came out.

The man's smile shone against him like the sun and as their eyes met, he felt something erotic pass between them, like the recognition of a shared dream. The hand on his shoulder tightened slightly, and a cascade of sexual heat filled him up from that point before zeroing in on his cock and filling it with hot blood, pumping it fat and hard. His balls tingled and his mouth went dry. Then the man looked over him and addressed the bartender. "Gimme a beer," he commanded, "and one for my buddy here, too. Now, please."

The sound of two bottles hitting the bar brought Daniel back into the present and he found his voice to say, "Thanks."

The massive man smiled. His skin was dark, as was the shock of jet-black hair on his head and the locks falling across his blue-gray gaze. He had a broad nose and a prominent, squared jaw and his chin and high cheeks were dusted with a shadow of a beard. Fat, broad deltoids stretched out from his thickly muscled neck to reach as wide as possible to find the round lobes of his shoulders. He wore a white T-shirt that hugged him like a second skin. Prominent nipples were mounted on the mountain range of the man's chest, and they pushed against the thin cotton. Daniel's eye could easily pick out every defined cable and ribbon of muscle that stretched across his huge frame. "No problem," he answered. "I know what it's like."

Daniel's brow wrinkled. "What what's like?"

The man lifted his beer to his thick lips and guzzled down a few gulps. Daniel watched his Adam's Apple bob and the chords of power flex and stretch along his neck. Then their eyes met again, and Daniel's cock pushed a little harder against his jeans. "The silent treatment." He motioned with his head at the handsome bartender. "Dude thinks he's God's gift or something." He smiled again, and it was immediately clear just who in that room God had gifted. "My name's Chuck." He leaned his head down toward Daniel's and kissed him on the lips. His tongue playfully brushed up against Daniel's mouth before retreating. Chuck's intense sexual heat and scent surrounded them and made Daniel go a little weak, but he steadied himself against the bar.

"Daniel," he answered, then licked his lips to see if that taste was still there. Fuck, the dude even tasted like sex. He went silent again, almost afraid that his words might collapse the fantasy he found himself in.

Chuck seemed to regard him for a few quiet moments, his bright gaze drifting along Daniel's shorter body. He was checking him out, and then his gaze rested on the prominent and growing bulge at Daniel's crotch and he smiled, taking another long gulp of beer. "The strong, silent type, huh, Dan?" He reached forward and cupped Daniel's basket in his large

hand, squeezing him playfully. "And packing some heat, too." He started to gently rub Daniel's stiffening prick as he said, "Very nice to make your acquaintance, Dan. Can I call you Dan? And what brings a man like you to a place like this?"

Daniel swallowed hard and took a drink himself. It was suddenly getting very, very warm in that bar. "Honestly?" Chuck nodded. "The dream of meeting you."

Chuck laughed slightly. "Me? Little old me?"

Daniel closed his eyes to sink deeper into the waves of sexual bliss that Chuck's hand was providing. "I just never thought..."

Chuck pushed himself closer to Daniel's body like a shield and started to undo his belt. "Never thought what?" Chuck's deep tones pulsed against his body, throbbing through him. Chuck started undoing Daniel's button fly one button at a time.

"A guy like you..." Daniel was up on his toes. His cock was rock hard. He could feel a cool wetness at the tip, he was pre-cumming into his Calvins.

"A guy like me?" Chuck pulled Daniel's pants open and dipped his hand into his underwear. He ran his finger along Daniel's shaft and rubbed the piss slit with his fingertip. "You're fucking sexy, Daniel. You're the sexiest motherfucker in this bar, don't you know that?" He lifted the pre-cum-glazed finger to his mouth and licked Daniel's taste off. "Fuck, Daniel, you taste good." He pulled them closer together, moving his lips against Daniel's mouth. "Wanna taste?"

The next kiss was deeper, more passionate, more tongue. Chuck's lips were soft, his mouth talented, his whiskers rough. That scent he gave off grew stronger, as did Daniel's hard-on. Daniel moaned as Chuck's capable hand slowly, firmly started to stroke his hardness. "What a fat cock you have there, Daniel," Chuck remarked, casting his gaze downward. "What are you packing for me, tonight? Nine? Ten inches?"

Daniel shook his head. He was never much good at this part. He was always too literal, too logical. The fantasy part, the playful words, the rough demeanor, he could never pull it off. But somehow he felt like he did have nine inches down there. Hell, he had twelve inches of prime fuckmeat sticking out of his pants. He had a tool so big it took two hands to pleasure him. "Twelve," he corrected.

Chuck's eyebrow raised slowly and he grinned. "Twelve? Holy fuck, I am one lucky sucker, ain't I? I hit the motherload of cock my first try." He pulled his hand to his mouth and a long, gleaming, wide tongue came out and left a slick trail of spit across his palm. He moved it back to Daniel's dick and moved his grip around the helmet and down the shaft, lubing and warming Daniel's massive meat. "I believe you, Dan. You have a foot of thick, hard prick between your legs. Why shouldn't I believe you, I'm holding you in my hand." He leaned forward to kiss him again. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

“Y-yes.”

“Kind of a dumb question, I know, but I always like to know when I’m doing something right. Am I doing this right?” Chuck’s grip squeezed hard against Daniel’s shaft. Daniel felt a sudden gush of pre-cum erupt from his cock and glaze the head. “Is that how you like it?”

Daniel’s whole body was heating up. He felt wild and alive and horny as fuck. His collar was growing tight and the shirt he was wearing felt suddenly too small across his chest and around his upper arms. He felt it grip under his pits and his biceps were shoving against their confines. “What... what’s...?”

“What’s happening?” Daniel nodded to Chuck’s clarification. There was a slight ripping sound from somewhere. Chuck looked around them casually and then leaned his lips to Daniel’s ear, his grip never leaving Daniel’s throbbing, swelling cock. “Magic,” he whispered, then pushed his tongue into Daniel’s ear.

He felt his cock gushing another delivery of warm honey. He wasn’t experiencing an orgasm, his balls were just so profoundly happy that they kept pumping loads of pre-cum up Daniel’s fat prick and it just kept pouring from him. He leaned back against the bar, shoving against the bartender’s carefully arranged array of lime wedges and orange slices, knocking over a bottle of something. The room felt incredibly warm, and his feet were starting to hurt for some reason.

He opened his eyes and looked down at the dark space between him and this amazing gigantic muscular masturbator and watched Chuck’s huge hand slowly stroking him. The fist glistened with Daniel’s flow of pre-cum and Chuck paused again to squeeze hard on the shaft, delivering a sudden flood that swelled into a dome from his piss slit before cascading down over his entire tool. His cock looked huge, the head was swollen and red and gleaming like glass. Then Chuck was kissing him again, shoving his talented tongue inside Daniel’s mouth and bringing the man’s level of sexual rapture higher yet. “Whuh... Whuh...?”

“Why am I doing this?”

No! Daniel wished his mouth was working as well as his cock. “Where...?”

Chuck smiled brightly. “Where can we go? Something wrong with here? Or don’t you enjoy a little public sex now and then?” Chuck moved slightly away from him, though his sure hand never stopped in its ministrations. “Afraid someone will see you like this? With your cock out, streaming pre-cum, thick and hard and red, and me slowly jerking you to orgasm. You can feel it, can’t you? You can feel the beast growing stronger. Your balls are filled with hot, thick cream. They’re bulging with your load, pressing against your legs. You’re making so much rich, thick, hot cum right now. Your balls are bulging with it. They’re swollen with the abundance of cream that you keep building bigger and bigger. But you won’t cum until I let you cum, Dan. You know that, don’t you? That I’m in charge here.” Daniel nodded. “And all I want is for you to cum harder and thicker and deeper than you’ve ever cum before. And I want you to do that right here, with all these other beautiful men watching.”

He cast a glance around the room. "See them all? They all want one thing, Dan. They want what I can give them. They want non-stop, mind-bending, soul-screaming, body-blasting sex. They want to cum for hours and hours and get their tight asses fucked hard and deep and feel some huge, powerful, handsome man's fat cock shoved down their throats." Chuck looked at Daniel. "They want to feel me fuck them, feel my huge dick swell with another load that sprays down their throats and warms them up inside. You think you're big, Dan? Think you have a beast in your loins to uncage? I own a monster, Dan. I own the biggest motherfucking cock in the world. No one has a cock like mine, Dan, I can guaran-damn-tee you that."

Chuck scanned the dark bar. Several sets of eyes were now looking their way. "They're all watching us now, Daniel Every last man in this bar is aware of what's going on, what I'm doing to you, and what I intend to do. They all want it, Dan, but I'm giving it all to you. Every last bulging muscular inch of me.

"They want to smell the smell I give off, the smell of men in heat, the smell of hard fucking. They want to be naked and glorious and filled up with sex, Dan. They want to have their balls drained and then filled again and drained again and filled again. They want to feel their cocks growing high and hard and thick as a beer can. They want to feel the intense erotic thrill of sex scorching every inch of those huge cocks they own, to drown in sexual bliss, to be swept away by it."

His gaze zeroed in on Daniel's eyes again. "They want what I'm going to give you, Dan. But I'm only giving it to you. I'm going to give it all to you. Do you want it, Dan? Do you want it all?" Chuck squeezed Daniel's swelling cock again. "The whole enchilada?" Daniel nodded slowly. He was drowning in pleasure. It was overwhelming his senses, his brain, his body, it was everything. "Are you ready for me, Dan?"

"Yes."

Chuck smiled broadly. "Excellent. Let me tell you what's going to happen next." Chuck moved his hand up and down Daniel's fat prick. Up and down. Up and down. Each stroke deepened Daniel's level of sexual ecstasy. Up, and he could feel a cascade of orgasmic pleasure erupt through his body. Down, and he felt his cock and balls pulse and bulge with masculine power. Up, and every inch of his flesh was coated in liquid erotic bliss. Down, and his balls drooped with cream and his cock head flared and swelled and his shaft thickened and lengthened, the skin tightening around his ever-growing prick. "Your body is going to start changing now, Dan. I'm going to sculpt you into a model of male perfection unlike any you've ever seen, or even dreamed of. Do you believe me, Dan?"

He nodded. It was getting harder to concentrate. It was getting harder to do anything but drown in the tide of ecstasy that kept rising.

"Your muscles are going to swell with power. It's going to start on your chest. Can you feel that?" He could. He could feel it. All across his chest, a warmth and stretching and heavy

weight started to gather. He could feel the material of his shirt move across his upper body, he could feel his nipples swell and plump. "Your chest is growing. The twin mountains are swelling larger and larger. A deep crevasse is developing between the muscular globes. And now... your arms are growing, too. Your biceps and triceps are swelling fatter and fatter with brawn. You can feel your sleeves getting tighter and tighter. Your arms are growing fat with muscle, Dan. Bigger and bigger."

Daniel closed his eyes and let his senses concentrate on the feeling of muscular growth happening across his chest and arms. "The swelling power is moving down your arms now, Dan. You can feel your forearms swelling, feel the blood pouring into your muscles, feel your strength and size growing bigger and bigger." Dan flexed his hands and felt his muscles sing with power. "Now your belly is tightening, growing hard as steel, muscled with a tight six... no, no, let's make that an eight-pack. Each muscle is hard and defined. Feel them forming? Under your shirt? Go ahead, reach inside. Feel your stomach."

He could feel them, each muscle, as it constructed along his ab wall. Each swelling mound suddenly growing hard under his touch and swelling outward. "Now let's work on that ass of yours, okay? It's a fantastic ass, Daniel, but it's going to be so much more than that. You're going to have an ass that men would kill to lick. Sweet, perfect mounds of muscular beauty flaring out from a sweet, warm, wet hole that'll swallow their pricks and deliver them into heaven's embrace. Feel it, now? Your ass is swelling with power, Your puckered little rosebud is wet and hungry. You need the biggest cock in the world, and lucky for you I own it."

Daniel sucked in a deep breath and moaned softly. His ass tingled and throbbed with need. His butt muscles tightened and swelled and shoved against his jeans, pulling them wider in front and allowing his growing cock and swelling balls to spill out. Chuck grinned and sent a shockwave of sex and muscle into Daniel's body through his burgeoning prick. Daniel's balls bulged with cream.

"Oh no, Daniel, not yet. You can't cum until I'm finished. You won't cum until you're done, my man. And we haven't even started on your legs."

Chuck dropped to his knees before the ever increasing size of Daniel's body. The seams of his clothing stretched apart and the smooth, slick, sweat-drenched skin peeked through. Cables of raw brawn expanded and multiplied across his chest and shoulders. The lobes of muscle separated from each other and the valleys between deepened.

Chuck pulled Daniel's red hot cock into his mouth and sucked against the plum-size head. A rich stream of pre-cum flowed across his tongue and he moaned a deep, feral satisfaction. "Fuck, Dan, you are so good." He licked the shaft as he squeezed another flow from the tip, and he sucked that up, too. Chuck ran his hands along Dan's legs and they swelled with brawn. Fat cables sprang up under his touch and the jeans ripped themselves open under the sudden onslaught of power.

Dan's T-shirt hung in shreds off his muscled body. His arms were overwhelmed with power as they gripped the bar as Chuck serviced his enormous erection. Beyond twelve inches now, and thick and fat and hard as steel. His nuts ached with his load. He felt as if gallons of cum bloated his straining ball sack. His ass throbbed with need and Chuck ripped Dan's underwear from him and plunged two, three, four fingers deeply into his hot, wet hole, massaging his prostate to heavenly ecstasy.

"Almost there, Dan," Chuck announced. "Just one more thing and we'll be all finished with you. Do you know what that is?"

Dan watched Chuck rising to his feet. The other man's body looked larger too. It was growing even bigger, even more magnificent. His masculinity magnified as his body bloomed with muscular power. He leaned his hard body against Daniel's, rubbing their muscled chests together. Daniel's nipples released a shock of sexual force through him and he could sense Chuck's hyper-masculine scent overwhelming his senses. He knew what came next.

Chuck smiled as he rose to his full majesty and reached down and ripped his pants wide open. Daniel's breath caught and he let out a sudden rapturous moan at the sight of Chuck's mammoth and perfect cock. It rose from a deep shadow of dark pubic curls and seemed to swell ever larger, as if it was being inflated. The shaft was shiny and hard and the head, cowed in a wealth of foreskin, shoved itself free as it swelled to its ultimate glory. A drool of gleaming honey fell from the piss slit and Chuck gripped his colossal cock – the biggest, baddest, most beautiful cock in the world – and said, "Give me your ass, Daniel."

The two men were surrounded now. Every other man in the bar stood watching the site, hardly believing their own eyes. Daniel turned around and leaned his new body over the bar. Chuck's hands tore Daniel's jeans off his body and then he simply stood there for a moment in awe and wonder of the ass before him.

He stroked his massive meat in one hand and reached forward with the other, lovingly stroking the perfection of Daniel's butt. A strong smell of sex and funky musk rose from the warm wetness between his muscled mounds and Chuck felt his own amped up sexuality rise in anticipation. He dropped again to his knees to worship the perfection of the other man's ass, shoving his face deeply between the globes and plunging his tongue into Daniel's ass, tasting his essence with deep satisfaction.

Chuck lapped up the sweet sweaty sex juice and lubed up the tunnel before shoving his considerable cock meat inside. Daniel had never felt anything like Chuck's agile and adept tongue bath of his asshole. Was that his cock already? Could a cock do that? It was everywhere inside him and around him, hot and wet and firm and deep.

The men around them were moving into a sexual frenzy of their own, some beating off as they watched, others anticipating the act by grabbing the nearest available partner and fucking them senseless. The room was ablaze with the power of masculine sexual

dominance, and none could resist the driving desire that pulsed out from the two muscled behemoths at the bar.

Then Chuck stood up, spread Daniel's ass wide, and shoved himself inside.

An explosion of sexuality shook the room and Daniel felt as if he was falling into a bottomless pit of perfect bliss. Chuck's magnificent cock filled him utterly, and every shoving fuck inundated his body and mind with overwhelming tides of sexual pleasure. He closed his eyes and sighed and groaned and felt his own load building, building, building against the dam that Chuck had erected and now threatened to explode with the force of his talented prick. Wave after wave of ecstasy shook him, and his body swelled even larger with every thrust.

Hot waves of Transform poured from Chuck's body and flooded the room. Each man was suddenly overwhelmed with lust and sexual power, their bodies super-charged, their muscles suddenly swelling, engorged with power and brawn.

"I gotta cum," he whispered.

Chuck's voice in his ear. "Not yet."

"I gotta."

"Almost Daniel. Almost."

"Please, God, please."

Chuck smiled. "Are you ready, then?"

Daniel nodded vigorously. "Yes, please!"

And silently, Chuck released the bonds he had placed on Daniel's flood and the man's cock erupted with an explosion of hot, salty cum. It gushed in an abundant rush, the flow so fat and full and fast that it splattered the bar, the bartender, the walls behind and coated the mirrors with cream. It rushed from his balls as a hot torrent, swelling his already fat shaft and cock head another size larger. Daniel could feel the orgasmic release everywhere through his muscled form, in every follicle of dark curling hair, in every cell of his smooth, bronzed skin, from his toes to his fingertips to the top of his head. He was one large engorged prick going off like a rocket, spewing his heavy load everywhere it could reach.

And Chuck was flooding him with empowering cum and the essence of male sexuality, magnified and compressed within the overwhelming power of Transform. The two men were joined in an extended orgasmic release as Daniel and Chuck released an unending flood of hot cum that went on and on and on.

Chuck gloried in these moments. His true self was revealed in all its ultimate masculine sexual power. He could bring a man to orgasm with a thought. He could turn another man into a perfect muscular specimen of supreme male erotic supremacy with a touch, or a whiff of his pheromonal scent. The sound of his voice could drive another man batshit, causing him to become instantly erect and fountain a fat flood of hot cream. He was the perfected form of supreme masculine command, his body and mind and soul attuned to the act of intense, fulfilling, absolute orgasmic ecstasy. And only in these moments, with another man, bringing him to his fullest potential, unleashing the constraints of normality and bringing him into his world of absolute masculine perfection could he realize his own perfect state.

His cock was all and everything. Unleashed at last, he fed Daniel an unfiltered stream of pure male sexuality and watched the man impaled on his perfect cock surpass his potential and pass into the realm of godhood.

Muscle bulged across his frame. Fat cables of brawn built up and split and reformed and built up again. He could feel Daniel's body growing in strength and size and capability, and the orgasmic climax built on itself and renewed. His balls pumped out a flood of rich hot cream that splattered across the bar. The other men were growing as well, growing in power and growing in size and growing in their hunger for sex and more sex and even more sex. Cocks lengthened and grew fat with hunger for ass. Balls drooped and swelled with cum. Muscle bulged and flexed and grew bigger, fatter, more powerful with each passing heartbeat. Veins like rivers flowed over the growing bodies to feed the muscle larger and larger. The scent of male sex filled the room, an overpowering essence of masculine intensity.

Chuck sucked it into his lungs and gloried in its perfect power. He came and came, the wealth of his cream splashing out from Daniel's ass against his skin, a white hot flow of lava his body drank inside, feeding off the basic power of male sex.

And finally it ended, and Daniel rose in his new form off the clean surface of the bar, his naked flesh having absorbed all the perfect source of Chuck's power and now grown even bigger, a towering figure sculpted from bulging muscle. His body reverberated with power and hunger, hunger for more of what it had fed on, hunger for men and cock and ass. And he turned as he rose to his full height, his head now brushing against the ceiling, wanting to pull Chuck's mouth to his and suck that perfect massive cock into his mouth.

And Chuck was gone.